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Feb. 1885.

Theodore Sedgwick

See p. 78.

THE

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It is fine weather to day.

ma szép idő van.
to day fine weather is

I -	thou	he -	She
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We	You	They	
mi~~nk~~	ti~~k~~	ők	

I am glad ~~to~~ See ~~you~~.
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(thee)
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(you)
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Lóy e" Ön holnap velem ebédelni.

How old are you?
Hány esztendös Ön?

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" le Duc de Wirtemberg & les Marquis de
" Bade Anspach & Bade Dourlach. On
" aurait fait de Bohême un Royaume
" Electif, en y joignant la Moravie la
" Silesie & la Lusace. La Hongrie serait
" aussi devenue un Royaume Electif, à la
" nomination du Pape de l'Empereur des
" rois de France, d'Espagne, d'Angleterre
" de Danemarck de Suede & de Lombardie
" & parceque le Royaume devoit être re:
" gardé comme le boulevard de la Chrétienté
" on se seroit attaché a le rendre le plus
" puissant & le plus en état de resister aux i:
" fidèles en y ajoutant des a present l'arch:
" duché d'Autriche, la Stirie, Carinthie & la
" Carniole & en y incorporant dans la suite
" tout ce qu'on conquerroit en Transilvanie
" Bosnie, Esclavonie & Croatie - Les mêmes
" Electeurs se seraient obligés par serment de l'assis:
" ter particulierement & ils auraient eu grand soin
" de ne jamais l'accorder à la brique, mais d'en
" revêtir un prince comme par ses grandes qua:
" ités surtout pour la Guerre
[Mem. de Sully Liv: XXX.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF THE HUN-
.—The representatives of the Hungarian na-
mbled on the 14th of April, 1849, at Debreczin,
heir usual assembly hall, but in the Protes-
urch, in order to make the discussions and
of this great problem more solemn, and the
re suitable for a large auditory. Several
ds of the people were present. The Dictator,
, reported the last glorious victories of the
an army, and declared, with emphasis, that
the moment for shaking off the fetters by
e nation had been oppressed for three centu-
place itself among the great nations of
, and to rid themselves of that dynasty
id with perfidiousness and eternal treachery
lity and magnanimity of the Hungarian na-
he Hungarian people, who, in those great
r liberty made such boundless sacrifices, the
ngarian army who, with the most sublime
feelings, offered their lives for the salvation
ther-land, all these impose on the represen-
f the nation the high duty of taking such re-
. The fatherland, the world, God himself
i us to do so.
positions were then submitted by the Dicta-
ith, as follows:
ungary with all its legal provinces and coun-
ld be proclaimed as a free, independent and
stent state, whose integrity and unity can
attacked.
he dynasty Habsburg, Lorrain, whose
r and perfidiousness took up arms against the
n nation, which tried to divide the country,
late the holy constitution, to produce hatred
the different races, and which was even so
s as to make use of a foreign power, (Russia)
r a whole nation, which in this way has torn in
e Pragmatic sanction, which has violated
tual treaty, this faithless dynasty Habsburg-
should be deposed forever as ruler in Hun-
all its legal provinces and countries, should
and banished forever from all the territo-
ungary, and should never be allowed the
f Hungarian citizenship. This banishment
proclaimed in the name of the whole Hun-
tion.
he Hungarian nation being by a holy un-
right, self-subsistent, free, and independent,
laim its decided will, to keep peace and
with all nations of the world, for so long, as
are not violated, to keep particularly peace
dship with those people who were before
h Hungary, under the same ruler, then with
boring Turkish and Italian countries, and to
ties and alliances with them founded on
ecrets.
future system of government with its particu-
all be deliberated and decided by the Natio-
bly. Until the new principles of government
ted upon and accepted, a President, with res-
ministers, should be elected and invested with
tive power.
Committee of three members, should be au-
o publish a manifest of this resolution, and
les."
presentatives of the people unanimously

e proposition of the Dictator, and gave
sanction, and the church resounded with
shouts; tears of joy gleamed in the eyes
s and thousands.
is proposition came soon to discussion, and
ntatives with unanimous feelings and de-
laimed Lewis Kossuth, President, in
e of his unshaken patriotism, and his un-
fidence of the whole Hungarian nation.
en entrusted with the formation of a mi-

ame day, the (Magnatenbeféhl) Senate,
position of their President, Pereny, accep-
ove resolutions of the House of Represen-
hout farther discussions unanimously and

owing is the composition of the ministry of
ungarian Government:—Lewis Kossuth,
Casimir Batheany, War; Szemere, In-
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ion and Police.
ed for the Evening Post, by L. R.
H, a Hungarian by birth.

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THE *TIMES* AND THE FITZWILLIAM MEMORIAL.

The *Times* has fairly lost its temper. It has been thrown into a fit of ungovernable and unseemly passion, in consequence, as it would appear at first sight, of the publication of a memorial which is said to have been drawn up by Earl Fitzwilliam, and which has received the signatures of that nobleman, of the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Zetland, and about one hundred other Peers and Members of Parliament. This document, which is addressed to Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, will be found in another column; and we suspect that an unprejudiced reader will with difficulty detect in it "the *impudent assumption and ridiculous object*" which are courteously as well as modestly imputed by the *Times* to an address proceeding from no inconsiderable portion of the British Legislature.

The argument by which the *Times* endeavours to prove that the Austrian Cabinet may justly resent a recommendation from the British Government to adopt a milder course of policy towards Hungary, fails altogether. When the Sovereign of these realms shall have attempted to set aside the laws and customs of England, by proclaiming a new constitution emanating from his sole authority; when he shall cause a prime minister to be tried by court-martial for constructive treason, founded on his conduct in Parliament; when a king of England shall cause noble ladies to be flogged in the market-place, and shall, moreover, call in foreign troops to aid him in perpetrating such enormities, to the manifest disturbance of the balance of power in Europe; then we, for our own part, shall assuredly not resist the interference of foreign governments who may urge on the English monarch a more temperate line of conduct. We think that such circumstances, in the language of Lord Fitzwilliam, will permit, if they do not call for, such intervention.

We shall not follow the *Times* through the stale calumnies which it casts for the twentieth time upon the fallen Hungarians.

Although the trials of the leaders have been conducted before courts-martial *with closed doors*, and although the Austrian Government is probably not more scrupulous in getting up a case than the Prussian has shown itself in the trial of Waldeck, every attempt to establish the complicity of the Hungarians in the murder of Count Latour has proved totally abortive. The murder of Count Lambert in Pesth, like that of Count Latour in Vienna, was the act of a betrayed and infuriated populace. To punish such excesses, committed by a few obscure individuals, with the destruction of a time-honoured constitution, wholesale executions, and the oppression of an entire nation, would be absurd, if it were not atrocious. As to the "murder" of Count Zichy, he was tried for a military offence by a military tribunal. Professing to serve the Hungarian Government, he secretly conveyed the provisions destined for the Hungarian army to the Austrian troops. For this breach of his military oath and duty he was hanged by order of Görgey. We believe that his execution was the just reward of his treachery. But if not, why does the author of it remain unpunished? Why does Görgey go free at Klazchfurth, whilst Batthyany is shot at Pesth? The withdrawal of the Hungarian troops from Italy, which the *Times* makes an article of impeachment against Kossuth, was perfectly loyal, and in accordance with the treaties which unite Hungary and Austria.

It is not, however, as we suspect, the Fitzwilliam Memorial which has driven the *Times* into an attack on the Hungarians and their friends in this country, feeble in everything except vituperative eloquence. In the same number of that journal which contained the memorial, there appeared a letter signed "Alexander Asboth," giving to various assertions, which the *Times* and its correspondent have been in the daily habit of making respecting the dishonesty of Kossuth, a most flat, unqualified, and circumstantial denial. The *Times* has discovered that it has been most egregiously deceived and imposed upon by its Austrian friends, and that the day of exposure is at hand. Like an expert debater who finds his original case undermined and rapidly breaking down, the *Times* endeavours to raise a new issue, and abuses the memorialists in order to disguise its mortification at being unable to reply to Colonel Asboth.

In our opinion the *Times* has been very much ill used by its Austrian allies. No one, of course, having any intimate acquaintance with Hungary, would have trusted to statements proceeding from Vienna, respecting events in that country; but the *Times* having apparently had no direct relations with Hungary until after the conclusion of the war, seems to have trusted for information to Austrian diplomatists, who in return have most grievously abused the confidence reposed in them. It strikes us that this course was no less impolitic than perfidious. The Austrian opinions, which were no doubt dexterously interwoven with the information furnished, became widely disseminated; and were believed to be entertained by at least a considerable class in this country when they appeared in the columns of the *Times*. But this privilege has been abused until it has become nearly useless. It is beginning to be pretty well understood abroad as well as at home, that the *Times* no more correctly represents public opinion in England respecting Hungary, than it has faithfully recorded the events which have occurred in the latter country. The *Times* may well complain with some warmth of the "haughty silence" preserved by the Court of Vienna in the face of assertions so precise, so numerous, and so disgraceful as those which are daily brought against it. The *Globe* has compared the proceedings of the Schwarztzenberg Cabinet in Hungary with the career of Mrs Manning. The parallel, as it appears to us, holds good to the end. Mrs Manning, like Prince Schwartzenberg, preserved "a haughty silence." But it does not look well.

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MEMORIAL IN FAVOUR OF HUNGARY.—The following memorial has been presented to Lord John Russell and Viscount Palmerston. It is signed, as will be seen, by members of both houses of Parliament, holding various shades of public opinion:

"We, the undersigned, desire to express to your lordships, and through your lordships to the rest of her Majesty's confidential servants, the deep interest which we have taken in the contest which has been recently carried on between the Hungarian nation and the Emperor of Austria. Not less deep is the interest which we now take in the final settlement of the question at issue between them, and in the permanent pacification of that great country. Sincerely attached to the liberties of our own country, the final establishment of which is due to the successful termination of struggles analogous to those which have been made from time to time in Hungary—with equal sincerity desirous of maintaining the peace of Europe, we are fully sensible of the great importance that the settlement of the questions at issue should be effected in a manner, and upon terms, satisfactory to the Hungarian nation, not only for the sake of Hungary herself, but because we apprehend that a settlement unsatisfactory to the country will sow the seed of renewed discontent, may lead to fresh local disturbances, and by the local disturbance of so large an element of the European system, may endanger the tranquillity of the whole. The objects of the undersigned are, internal liberty—national independence—European peace. For the attainment of these objects we trust the Court of Vienna will bear in mind that the satisfaction and contentment of Hungary will afford the greatest security. Considering, however, the means by which the authority of the House of Hapsburg has been re-established, the undersigned are of opinion that the occasion permits, even if it does not call for, the intervention of Great Britain, in counselling the Austrian Government respecting the exercise of its restored executive power. With respect to the mode and opportunity of interfering, the undersigned offer no specific opinion, but we hope that her Majesty's Government will not shrink from suggesting to that of Austria, that, since republican France has abolished capital punishments for political offences, it will not be wise to allow a contrast to be drawn unfavourable to the clemency of monarchical governments. (Signed) Fitzwilliam, Northampton, Zetland, Beaumont, Kinnaird, Hatherton, Conyngham, Gosford, Montford, Ducie, Radnor, R. M. Milnes, T. Townshend, Robert Price, Harry Verney, T. S. Duncombe, T. Perronet Thompson, Thomas Wakley, John Sadleir, Pierce Somerset Butler, William Scholefield, John Fergus, Robt. A. Slaney, Thomas E. Headlam, John Reynolds, E. K. Tenison, Mich. Sullivan, T. Chisholm Anstey, James Heywood, Fr. Mowatt, Geo. Thompson, John O'Brien, James Kershaw, Henry Salwey, Joseph Locke, Will. Collins, William Fagan, Fr. P. Dunne, Nich. M. Power, Torrens M'Cullagh, J. G. Marshall, D. Jephson Norreys, S. Dawson Rawdon, James Wyld, Savile C. H. Ogle, Charles Pearson, Lawrence Heyworth, James Clay, H. A. Aglionby, The O'Gorman Mahon, B. M. Willcox, William Pinney, A. E. Cockburn, Richard M. Fox, W. Sharman Crawford, Alex. Hastie, W. J. Fox, J. Twizell Wawn, J. Pilkington, Pryse Loveden, William Hutt, William Evans, Thomas Sidney, B. Hall, P. T. Locke King, J. Macgregor, W. Marshall. T. Twisden Hodges, John Williams, T. A. Mitchell, Charles Cowan, Edward N. Buxton, Dudley Coutts Stuart, De Lacy Evans, Maurice Power, Wm. Ewart, R. Perfect, M. Forster, E. H. Bunbury, Wm. Clay, G. W. Fitzwilliam, W. Lockyer Freestun, T Milner Gibson.—November, 1849."

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HUNGARY.

Kossuth on the Close of the War.

The Tribune, translates the following account of the last events of the Hungarian war from a statement of Kossuth, published in London, and translated from the Hungarian language into German:

An aristocratic coterie was formed in the camp secretly conducted by Görgey. The plan began to be known to the Government. This was the state of things after the victories of Izsassegh, Waitzen, and Sazlo. At that time, Kossuth considered Hungary strong enough to conquer the Russians, or at least to pro ract the war until an honorable peace could be secured to Hungary by the intervention of European diplomacy. Görgey only knew how to gain a victory, but not to make use of it. The seige of Comorn might have been a second battle of Marengo, if Görgey had followed up the enemy with the Gaspar corps, which he permitted to be entirely idle. The General was then so popular that Kossuth hesitated to remove him from the supreme command; meantime he named him for Minister of War, and transferred the command to Damjairich. But Görgey delayed his departure from the camp, by all manner of pretenses, until the approach of the Russians. On the arrival of the first Russian corps the idea of treating with them was spread abroad by the friends of Görgey. The Russian intervention found Hungary fully equipped, and stronger to meet the Austrian-Rusian army than it had been against Austria alone. An army of 141,000 troops of the line, fortresses in the best condition and well provisioned, new battallions to reinforce the regiments, a reserved force of 19 regiments of cavalry all complete, manufactures of arms and powder in full activity, innumerable hospitals—these were the resources of Hungary. With those there were 140,000 Russians, 80,000 Austrians and 40,000 of Jellachich's men to be conquered. It was the plan to beat the hostile corps one after another. Kossuth agreed with Görgey to let the Russians enter without giving them battle, to beat the Austrians and march to Vienna. In case of defeat, the war was to be transferred to Gallicia, and if there was any loss on this side, an incursion was to be made through Steyermar into Italy, returning with the Italians and the Hungarians who served in Radetzky's army into Austria. This plan was approved by Görgey, but completely frustrated by him in the execution. The Government displaced him, but he organized a military revolution, which compelled him to disobey the Government. Görgey now threw off the mask.—At this moment," says Kossuth, "I stood alone, deserted, powerless. Nothing was left to me but the choice between banishment and death. As a patriot, a Christian, and a father of a family, I chose the former. I thought it might be possible by diplomatic intervention to secure to my country some degree of independent life for the future, I saw the power in England most suited for this diplomatic aid."

GERMANY.

Jan 1950

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KOSSUTH AND MADAME DEMBINSKI.—A series of calumnies, which some of our American papers have copied from the Austrian journals, touching the moral character of Kossuth, are set at rest by a correspondent of the *London Daily News*, who avers, positively, that they are the most unfounded lies. He says that he is intimately acquainted with both parties, that he travelled with them on the journey to Shumla, that the greater part of the time he lodged in the same room with Kossuth, and that he therefore knows that the rumors against Kossuth are utterly groundless.

The writer, who signs himself "Author of the Revolutions of Russia," a person well known in the literary circles of London, bears the highest testimony to the spotless character of the Countess Dembinski, who is a young woman, about eighteen years of age, of great simplicity of manners, and unquestionable integrity. Through the whole of the Hungarian war, she had not been absent from her husband a single day, most of the time sharing with him the dangers and privations of the camp. Count Dembinski is a young man, about twenty-five years of age.

It is suggested, by this writer, that these slanders are put forth by the Austrian police, to enable them to discover the retreat of Madame Kossuth, who, not being able to join her husband, is secreted somewhere with her children.

The stories about the dissensions among the Hungarian leaders, are equally without truth.

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As when the sun in darkness sets,
And night falls on the earth,
Along the azure fields above,
The stars of heaven come forth;
So, when the sun of Liberty
Grows dim to mortal eyes,
From out the gloom, like radiant stars,
The world's true heroes rise.
The men of human destiny,
Whom glorious dreams inspire;
High-priests of Freedom, in whose souls
Is shrined the sacred fire.
The fire that through the wilderness,
In steadfast lustre gleams,
That on the future dim and dark,
Sheds its effulgent beams.
Thus, oh Hungaria! through the night
That wraps thee in its gloom,
Light from one burning soul streams forth,
A torch above thy tomb.
Thy tomb! oh no—the mouldering shroud
The worm awhile must wear,
Ere, from its confines springing forth,
He wings the upper air.
Thy tomb! then from its door ere long,
The stone shall roll away;
Thou shalt come forth, and once again
Greet the new-risen day.
That day, that prayed and waited for
So long, shall surely rise,
As surely as to-morrow's sun
Again shall greet our eyes.
What though, before the shape evoked,
The coward heart has quailed,
And when the hour, the moment came,
The recreant arm has failed;
What though the apostate wields the sword
With fratricidal hand,
And the last Romans wander forth
In exile o'er the land;
What though suspended o'er thee hangs
The Austrian's glittering steel;
What though thy heart is crushed beneath
The Imperial Cossack's heel.
Not to the swift is given the race,
The battle to the strong;
Up to the listening ear of God
Is borne the mighty wrong.
From him the mandate has gone forth,
The Giant Power must fall;
Oh, prophet! read'st thou not the doom,
The writing on the wall?
The slaves of power, the sword, the scourge,
The scaffold and the chain,
Awhile may claim their hecatombs
Of hero-martyrs slain.
But they that war with Tyranny
Still mightier weapons bear; [light,
Winged, arrowy thoughts, that pierce like
Impalpable as air.
Thoughts that strike through the triple mail,
That spread and burn and glow,
More quenchless than that fire the Greek
Rained on his Moslem foe.
Rest, rest in peace, heroic shades!
Whose blood like water ran;
For every crimson drop ye shed
Shall rise an armed man.
Rest, rest in peace, heroic hearts!
Who wander still on earth;
Thoughts, your immortal messengers,
Are on their mission forth.
The pioneers of Liberty,
Invincible they throng;
They scale and undermine the towers
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Speak! sages, poets, patriots, speak!

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Aus Triest wird vom 26. gemeldet, daß sich noch zwei Schiffe der österreichischen Marine wieder an Oesterreich angeschlossen hatten. Die Eskadre bei Pola war ebenfalls gerettet.

— Die schöne Herrschaft des Grafen von Auersperg, Sonneg bei Laibach, ist am 21. von den Bauern schrecklich verheert worden.

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Deep, deep may seem the mortal groan,
Yet sweeter than an infant's breath
Is Honor's, on that field alone,

Where Kossuth call'd his Spirits forth
Aloft from Danaw's heaving breast;
They quell'd the South, they shook the North,
They sank by fraud not strength repressed.

If Freedom's sacred fire lies quenchd,
O England! was it not by thee?
Ere from such hands the sword was wrenchd
Thine was the power to shield the free.

Russells erewhile might raise their crest
Proud as the older of our land,
Altho' I find but in the best
The embroidered glove of Sidney's hand.

Rachel may mourn her children now . .
From higher source her glory springs,
Where Shakespeare crowns Southampton's brow
Above the reach or gaze of kings.

Russells! where? where? To waver high
Faction the slender twig may please,
And cover, when that twig shall die,
With plumes as dark its dark disgrace.

Drive the drear phantom from my sight,
O Kossuth! Round our wintery shore
Spread broad thy strong and healthy light,
And I will tread these weeds no more.

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...als Duellant.

...oder

...Regimentschirurg in Nöthen.

...Posse in 1 Akt v. Raupach.

Personen:

...ster Wall	M. Deetz.
...ine Tochter	Mad. Hochheim
...ine Schwester	Mad. Hofmeister
	Hr. Swan
Wall's Neffe	Hr. Prosch
Bataillons-Chirurg	W. Herrmann
...erichtsdiener	Hr. Werner
...er	Hr. Schröder
...gistratsperson	Hr. Remack

...rt der Handlung: Wall's Landgut.

Hierauf folgt:

Großes Valentine-Fest

...Valentine-Fest am vergangenen Montage mit ...Beifalle aufgenommen wurde, so haben wir ...lossen noch eines zu veranstalten und haben ...Zwecke

250 Valentines

...er Art angeschafft, die in gleicher Weise auf ...kum herabfallen.

Anfang präcis 8 Uhr.

...der Vorstellung: Großer Ball.

Eintrittspreis 25 Cents.

Familien-Tickets das Dutzend zu $2,25 ...be und viertel Dutzend sind im Theater-Lokale ...Abends zu haben.

...er Vorstellung, die dem Publikum eine ange-...terhaltung verspricht, laden wir ergebenst ein.

W. Herrmann u. M. Deetz.

...ag den 17. Feb. Großes Vokal und Instru-...oncert. Neue Wolkenbilder 2c.

...den 22. Feb. Benefiz der Mad. Hochheim. ...und Liebe," Schauspiel in 5 Akten v. Schiller.

Montag 18. Februar 1850

...er Fancy Dreß-Ball

im Shakespeare Hotel

...Besten der deutschen Flüchtlinge.

Anfang Abends 8 Uhr.

...zu $1 sind zu haben bei

C. Lievre, Shakespeare Hotel.
W. Hartung, 20 City Hall Place.
L. Didier, Druckerei der „Schnellpost."
J. Tanera, French's Hotel
J. A. Hattorf, 74 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
L. Timp, Deutsches Casino in Brooklyn.
Louis Becker, in Hoboken. (18feb

A. O. G. F.

...itglieder der Brüder der Freiheit, Loge No. 24 ...r G. F. sind hiermit eingeladen, nächsten ...Abends 7½ Uhr, im gewöhnlichen Versamm-...lal zu erscheinen, da wichtige Geschäfte vor die ...nen. Im Auftrage der Loge. 18feb

---

Newark! Newark!

Der hiesige deutsche Männer-Gesang-verein wird den 18. Februar in der Militär-Halle ein Conzert und Ball zum Benefice des Hrn. Direktors, Johann Rechsteiner, geben.

Für gute Musik, Getränke, Ordnung wird bestens gesorgt werden.

Tickets sind zu haben bei den Vereins-Gliedern und an der Casse, so wie bei den Hrn. Gastgebern:

Walter, Widmer, Köhler, Steinbrenner, Gottschalk, Eidelberger, Stiefbold und Schoch.

In Auftrag obigen Vereins:

Röllmer, Präsident.
Gerber, Sekretär.

Newark! Newark!

Heute am Sonntag den 17. Februar, Nachmittags 4 Uhr, werden wir, dem Wunsche unserer Freunde gemäß, nach Newark kommen und die Februarnummer der „Republik der Arbeiter" mitbringen. Wir laden deshalb die Subscribenten des Blattes, sowie Alle, welche es werden wollen, ein, sich bis gegen 5 Uhr bei Hrn. Hallgring zu versammeln. Es sollen daselbst die ersten Maasregeln zu einer Vereinigung im Sinne unserer Grundsätze besprochen werden. Wir ersuchen Jeden, welcher für diesen Zweck Vorschläge zu machen hat, dieselben schriftlich bereit zu halten.

16f* W. Weitling. Fr. Arnold.

Die von mir in No. 44 Avenue C, Ecke der Vierten St., angetretene Gastwirthschaft und Restauration,

Union Halle,

empfehle ich meinen Freunden und Bekannten, mit dem Versprechen der billigsten und reellsten Bedienung auf's Beste.

Zugleich habe ich im Basement unterhalb dem Gastzimmer eine deutsche Bierhalle errichtet, worin ich stets nur die besten Lagerbiere und die vorzüglichsten Weine und Liquöre zu den billigsten Preisen und gewiß zur Zufriedenheit meiner Gönner verabreichen werde. Auch Austern in jeder Art sind da zu haben.

14mai A. Dugro.

Abendunterhaltung

im

Freiburger Felsenkeller

No. 8 North William u. 211 William St.

Samstag den 16. Februar 1850

wird der beliebte Alpensänger Fritzel Tell mehrere Alpenlieder mit Jodeln, sowie unter andern komische Lieder vortragen, als: „die falsche Catalani," „Potpourri," „der Urfacher," 2c.

Sonntag den 17. Februar

wird Hr. A. Heß, Professor der Musik, mit mehreren Künstlern ein großes Concert geben. Hr. Heß wird auf dem Cornet A Piston Solo mit Variationen vortragen.

Hierzu ladet höflichst ein

C. V. Schmitt.

Philadelphia Lagerbier a 4 Cts. pr. Seidel. (17feb*

...zen werden, wurde nach der Bildung der Union ...die Bildung des Volkes berücksichtigt. Daß

Nikolaus Lenau. ...noch in der Kindheit blieb, daß Wort und ...Jahre hindurch verbarg das Jürgdies noch ... Gedanken und That ersetzten, daß

Sonntags Vorträge

unterzeichneten heute in Eagle Hall, Vormittags Uhr, Thema: „Ueber wahre Volksbildung". Abends, Thema: „Das Loos des Arbeiters, mit steter Bezugnahme der Explosion in Hague Str."

J. A. Försch.

Williamsburgh! Williamsburgh!

im Military Hall bei Hrn. Schönbalß u. Buß werde heute 3 Uhr einen Vortrag halten. Thema: „Welche Lichten gebietet uns unsere Zeit?"

J. A. Försch.

Socialistische Revolutionsfeier.

Die Socialisten aller Nationen werden hiermit eingeladen sich zu der am 24. Februar Abends 8 Uhr bei gegen Liebre im Shakespeare Hotel stattfindenden Feier der Februarrevolution einzufinden.

Das Fest beginnt mit dem Ihant du Derait und endet mit der Marseillaise. Musik, Gesänge, Festreden und Toaste wechseln nach einer bestimmten Festordnung.

Die Symbole der socialen Ideen: Triangel, rothe Fahnen und Bänder, so wie die Namen mehrer Männer deren Andenken in den Herzen Vieler fortlebt, als: Ulrich von Hutten, Thomas Münzer, Babeuf, Louis Blanc, Robert Owen, Fourier und andere, werden den Saal schmücken.

Die Mitglieder der Committee tragen die Decorationskosten. Die deutschen Zeitungen nehmen die Inserate unentgeldlich auf. Hr. Eugen Lievre übernimmt die Kosten der Musik, und jeder Theilnehmer zahlt für die Freuden der Tafel mit Einschluß einer Flasche Wein 56 Cts.

Es wird nur eine bestimmte Anzahl von Tickets ausgegeben. Wer an der Feier Theil nehmen will, versehe sich daher bei Zeiten.

Tickets sind zu haben im Shakespeare Hotel und bei den unterzeichneten Mitgliedern der Committee:

Windmüller, Didier, Helmich,
Kugler, Frontier, Devierry,
H. de St. Rigny, Menetrier, Vaslin,
Cornier, Vater und Sohn, Goetz.
Sorg, Abrends, Alybens,
Th. D. Murray, Weitling, Fr. Arnold.

Großes Promenaden-Conzert.

Sonntag den 17. Februar.

im Shakespeare Hotel, Ecke von William und Duane Straße.

arrangirt von **Heinrich Schriever.**

Programm:

Erster Theil.

1) Ouvertüre zu Jean de Paris — Boieldieu.
2) Lebenswulse, Walzer — Lanner.
3) Solo für Clarinette — Weber.
vorgetragen von Hrn. Drescher.
4) Marsch — Rupp.

Zweiter Theil.

5) Ouvertüre zu Zelva — Reissiger.
6) Träume auf Ocean Walzer — Gung'l.
7) Introduction aus Puritaner — Bellini.
8) Fortuna-Polca — Strauß.
9) Quadrille — Strauß.

Eintrittspreis 12½ Cents a Person.—Anfang präcise

Deutsches Concert

in Mager's Concerthalle, No. 101 — 5 Allgemeine St.

Unter Leitung

von Wilhelm Herrmann und Wilhelm Deetz.

Große Vorstellung.

Montag den 18. Februar 1850

Auf allgemeines Verlangen

Dieß brillantes Valentine-Fest

Zum ersten Male:

Instrumental-Conzert von Strauß' Capell

Samstag u. Sonntag d. 16. u. 17. Februar,

in

Fassert's Caffee-Hau

No. 17 und 19 North William St.

Muß frei wie gewöhnlich, wozu höflichst einladet

16*) C. P. Fassert.

An die Tischler in New-York.

Versammelt Euch nächsten Mittwoch den 20. Febr präcis 8 Uhr so zahlreich als möglich im Saale des H Hillenbrandt, 170 Hester St.

Das Committee wird seinen Entwurf zur Beguta tung sämmtlicher Mitglieder des Gewerbes vorlegen.

Im Auftrag des Committee's

19f) Herrmann Teaspern, Tischler.

Newark! Newark! Newark!

Deutsches Concert

in

Jacksons Hermitage,

No. 119 Market St.,

Heute, Samstag, wird wie gewöhnlich mein Abe Concert stattfinden wozu ich alle Herren und Dam höflichst einlade. Ich werde mich befleißigen meine Gä ner auf das Beste zu unterhalten und zu bewirth Eintritt frei. — Anfang 8 Uhr.

Jeden Tag ohne Ausnahme, ist mein Sa dem Publikum geöffnet, und wird es nie an Unterh tung fehlen.

Dienstag den 26. Februar

findet der

zweite Jahresball der N. Y. Turn gemeinde,

im Shakespeare Hotel statt.

Anfang Abends 8 Uhr.

Freunde und Bekannte der Mitglieder dieses Verei sind hiermit zur Theilnahme freundlichst eingeladen u können Tickets zu $1 in Empfang nehmen bei

Franz Peter, 249 William St.
Louis Zechiel, 41 Cliff St.
Wilhelm Freund, 34 Dey St.

Wir machen darauf aufmerksam, daß nur eine bestimmte Anzahl Tickets abgegeben werden und bei Beginn des Balles keine mehr zu bekommen sind.

20sch*] Die Committee.

Siebenter Jahresball

der

Jefferson Artillerie-Compagnie

gehalten Montag den 18. Februar 1850

in Tammany Hall.

Die Compagnie ladet deshalb zu obigem Balle ihre Freunde und das resp. Publikum höflichst ein u verspricht ihnen gewiß, einen genußreichen Abend verschaffen.

Tickets $1 für einen Herrn und zwei Damen sind den unterzeichneten Committee-Mitgliedern und Ballabend an der Thüre zu haben.

Capt. Färber, Ecke von Houston St. und Aven.
1r Lieut. Ph. Schäfer, Hester St. No. 126.
2r „ Ph. Deffer, 3te St. No. 233.
Serg. Lorey, William St. No. 259.
„ Ziegler, Avenue A No. 69.
Corp. Bort. Mulberry St. No. 73.
„ Lauber, Division St. No. 145.
Priv. John Diehl, 4te St. No. 568.
„ Ph. Herzog, Lewis St. No. 165.
„ William Finn, 3te St. No. 14.
„ Balth. Kreuscher, Cork St. No. 58.
„ Jacob Stutz, Ecke von Aven. B und 4.

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BOSTON, Oct. 24, 1849.

From Count De Laporte, late Instructor of French at Harvard University.

DEAR SIR — According to your desire, I have made a thorough examination of Spiers's Dictionary. I have found it complete in its vocabulary; the illustrations are numerous and well chosen; old expressions, now become obsolete, have been omitted; and irregular verbs are given with the first person of their primitive tenses, so as to enable foreigners to read French almost without the assistance either of a grammar or a teacher.

I am respectfully yours, CTE. DE LAPORTE.

BOSTON, Oct. 17, 1849.

QUARTERLY REVIEWERS ON HUNGARIAN AFFAIRS.

Opinion is one thing, fact is another. Tastes differ proverbially; and the writer on "Peace Agitators" in the last *Quarterly*, who depreciates the statesmanship of Lord Palmerston and the historical powers of Macaulay, may, if it so pleases him, extol the humanity of Haynau, or the consistency of Lord Brougham. It must be confessed, however, that there is often a diversity of opinion even among partizans of the same cause. The Emperor Nicholas, it is well known, piously attributes the overthrow of the Hungarians to his own "mission," in virtue whereof he, the said Emperor Nicholas, as the vicegerent of Providence upon earth, is called upon to trample underfoot all liberal tendencies in Europe; while the same event is somewhat more heathenishly attributed by the writer in the *Quarterly* to the influence of "the Goddess Atychia—she who presides over ill-luck"—this same goddess, if we follow the train of thought correctly, having caused the reverses of Lombards, Sicilians, and Hungarians, solely and simply for the purpose of spiting the present British Minister for Foreign Affairs.

With regard to matters of fact we quite agree with the writer in the *Quarterly* that a great deal of ignorance has been displayed in England concerning foreign, and more particularly Hungarian, affairs. But this ignorance has been displayed, not as he would insinuate, in the public meetings, and by the friends of the Hungarian cause, but by their opponents both in the press and in Parliament. Perhaps the most disgraceful exhibition of this nature was the speech in the House of Commons of a near relative of a Tory ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs. We say nothing of the feeling which prompted him to apply the epithet of "infamous" to the name of Kossuth; but he might have sought for some elementary information on the subject before he talked of 230,000 Hungarian *Magnates*, and asserted that the Hungarians were fighting for the pre-

servation of their ancient system, with all its abuses, the 230,000 Magnates included.

The same ignorance (real or assumed, natural or wilful) predominates in the *Quarterly* article. The abuses of the ancient Hungarian Constitution are set forth as being its essence; and the Hungarians are represented as having taken up arms in order to perpetuate those abuses, instead of (as was really the case) having had the struggle forced upon them by the Austrian Government, because they had reformed their Constitution and purified it of its abuses. Had they indeed been fighting in defence of those abuses, they would probably have had on their side the sympathies of many in this country who have been their bitterest enemies. It was doubtless a gross and most unjustifiable abuse that the Lords of Manors had the monopoly of meat and wine in the villages. In like manner we perhaps may think it a gross abuse that the corn laws should have caused a monopoly of bread in this country: but it does not follow that either the English or the ancient Hungarian Constitution was radically and essentially detestable, and to be done away with, because such abuses were tolerated under it; and we trust it will be long ere such a revolutionary doctrine finds favour in this country with any classes, except the physical-force Chartists and the writers in the *Quarterly*.

Of course the author of the article is careful not to afford us any intimation that these legal abuses were ever mitigated in practice. He does not dream of telling us, for instance, that although the noble class, under the unreformed Constitution, was legally exempt from direct taxation, local and general, yet there have been instances of individual members of that class voluntarily renouncing their exemption, and submitting to taxation; or that in some cases the whole body of nobles in a county had levied a rate upon themselves, for some particular purpose in the county administration, instead of laying it, as they might have done, upon the peasants. That the abuses mentioned in the *Quarterly* did not admit of any palliation, we freely allow; but we positively deny the allegation that any of them were removed, directly or indirectly, by Prince Metternich. Their removal was effected by the untiring exertions of such men as Count Széchenyi, Count Louis Batthyany, Kossuth, Count Ladislas Teleki, and others of the Liberal party; several of whom held office in the ministry of which Batthyany, Kossuth, and Széchenyi were the leaders.

It is fortunate that some measure is afforded by which we may judge of the accuracy with which foreign affairs are represented by the *Quarterly*. We have only to observe how occurrences at home, passing under our very eyes, are dealt with. All who have paid any attention to the subject must know that the debate in the House of Commons on the Hungarian question, in which Lord Palmerston made his celebrated speech, took place on Saturday the 21st July; and that the meeting at the London Tavern, with Alderman Salomons in the chair, was held on the Monday following. In the pages of the *Quarterly*, these occurrences, which are there made matters of long and serious comment, are completely transposed and transfigured. The meeting at the London Tavern is presided over by Mr Lushington, and the sentiments expressed there are subsequently "re-echoed" in Parliament. How are we to account for this? Was it simply a freak of the Goddess Atychia, she who presides over ill-luck, that led the writer thus to commit himself? If the reviewer takes such liberties with the proceedings at the London Tavern, what sort of authority must he be considered for the transactions of the Diet at Pesth. Or is all this deviation from the truth a purposed sleight-of-hand—a pious fraud, after the manner of the Jesuits? Was there any intention to convey an insinuation that Lord Palmerston was influenced in his speech by popular clamour, platform enthusiasm, and so forth?

However these extraordinary blunders may have arisen, they are not a little curious, especially coming as they do immediately after a laboured exordium intended to prove that the people must not be permitted to have any voice in the decision of foreign affairs, because they cannot be presumed to possess that strict regard for accuracy, in matters of detail, which is so essentially necessary to the formation of a just opinion on any complicated subject.

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1849.]
who was then at Pesth, and was subsequently despatched as commissioner to a different quarter, but never to Kikinda.
strict impartiality forbids us to award the palm for perfect accuracy—that essential quality in a writer on foreign affairs
either to the *Quarterly* reviewer or our "Own Correspondent." The prize must be divided equally between

4. Discoveries in Australia in 1837–43. By J. Lott Stokes.
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VIII. Darlington's Memorials of Bartram 210

Memorials of John Bartram and Humphry Marshall, with Notices of their Botanical Contemporaries. By William Darlington, M. D, LL. D., &c.

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Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States. By John P. Kennedy.

New Publications Received 259

Die Katastrophe in Ungarn.

Originalbericht von Ludwig Kossuth aus Widdin.

In die Gesandten und politischen Agente
in England und Frankreich.

Widdin, am 12. Sept. 1849.

Unser armes, unglückliches Vaterland
boren. Es fiel nicht durch die Stärke de
des, sondern durch Verrath und Nieder
tigkeit. — O daß ich das erleben muß
nicht sterben darf!

NORTH AMER

No.

JANU

ART. I. — *History of S*
TICKNOR. New York
vols. 8vo.

LITERARY history is th
writing. It is, in some res
and certainly, far the most l
history we gather from pe
amination of a comparativ
the historian transfers, wit
tary as he pleases, to his c
the books are the facts, a
cases, which are not to b
report of another. It is a
library in order to decide
worth reading at all.

Literary history must c
ment of a nation. It is
be no history of books till
moreover, a critical know
principles of taste, whic
and comparison of mode
product of an advanced
ture.

Although criticism, i
and exemplified by the

Ig.

No. 39.

Ich habe Görgey aus dem Staube erhoben, damit er sich unsterblichen Ruhm, dem Vaterlande die Freiheit erringe. Und er ward Ungarns feiger Henker!

Längst schon ward Görgey von Vielen beschuldigt, daß er anmaßend nach der Diktatur strebe. Ich, dem Ambition fremd ist, der ich nicht begreife, wie man außer dem Vaterlande und der Freiheit noch etwas lieben könne, redete ihn bereits vor Monaten und seitdem wiederholt an, mir es aufrichtig zu sagen, wenn er nach der höchsten Macht strebe; ich selbst würde ihm dann eine Partei bilden, die Partei aber, die ich schaffe, werde groß werde das ganze Va

in direct literary history. Neither has it been cultivated by all the nations of modern Europe. At least, in some of them it has met with very limited success. In England, one might have thought, from the free scope given to the expression of opinion, it would have flourished beyond all other countries. But Italy, and even Spain, with all the restraint imposed on intellectual movement, have done more in this way than the whole Anglo-Saxon race. The very freedom with which the English could enter on the career of political action has not only withdrawn them from the more quiet pursuits of letters, but has given them a decided taste for descriptions of those stirring scenes in which they or their fathers have taken part. Hence the great preponderance with them, as with us, of civil history over literary.

It may be further remarked, that the monastic institutions of Roman catholic countries have been peculiarly favorable to this, as to some other kinds of composition. The learned inmates of the cloister have been content to solace their leisure with those literary speculations and inquiries which had no immediate connection with party excitement and the turmoils of the world. The best literary histories, from whatever cause, in Spain and in Italy, have been the work of members of some one or other of the religious fraternities.

Still another reason of the attention given to this study in most of those countries may be found in the embarrassments existing there to the general pursuit of science, which have limited the powers to the more exclusive cultivation of works of imagination, and those other productions of elegant literature that come most properly within the province of taste and of literary criticism.

Yet in England, during the last generation, in which the mind has been unusually active, if there have been few elaborate works especially devoted to criticism, the electric fluid has been imperceptibly carried off from a thousand minor points, in the form of essays and periodical reviews, which cover nearly the whole ground of literary inquiry, both foreign and domestic. The student who has the patience to consult these scattered notices, if he cannot find a system ready made to his hands, may digest one for himself by a comparison of contradictory judgments on every topic under review. Yet it may be doubted if the multitude of cross

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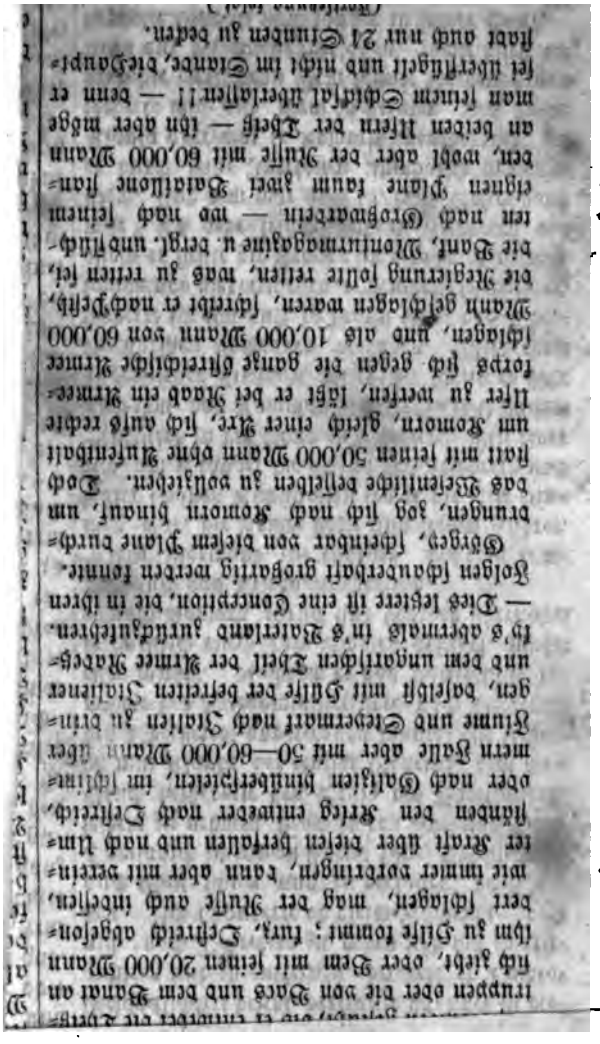

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No. 10.

Menſchen, welche Andern gern Freiheit in Allem laſſen, nur um ſich auch ihrerſeits keinen Zwang in irgend einer Art auferlegen zu müſ-

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and literature, left but a comparatively small portion to his own country. To his name may also be added that of Lampillas, whose work, however, from its rambling and its controversial character, throws but a very partial and unsatisfactory glance on the topics which he touches.

The only books on a similar plan, which cover the same ground with the one before us, are the histories of Bouterwek and Sismondi. The former was written as part of a great plan for the illustration of European art and science since the revival of learning, — projected by a literary association in Göttingen. The plan, as is too often the case in such copartnerships, was very imperfectly executed. The best fruits of it were the twelve volumes of Bouterwek, on the elegant literature of modern Europe. That of Spain occupies one of these volumes.

It is written with acuteness, perspicuity, and candor. Notwithstanding the writer is perhaps too much under the influence of certain German theories then fashionable, his judgments, in the main, are temperate and sound, and he is entitled to great credit as the earliest pioneer in this untrodden field of letters. The great defect in the book is the want of proper materials on which to rest these judgments. Of this the writer more than once complains. It is a capital defect, not to be compensated by any talent or diligence in the author. For in this kind of writing, as we have said, books are facts, the very stuff, out of which the history is to be made.

Bouterwek had command of the great library of Göttingen. But it would not be safe to rely on any one library, however large, for supplying all the materials for an extended literary history. Above all this is true of Spanish literature. The difficulty of making a literary collection in Spain is far greater than in most other parts of Europe. The booksellers' trade there is a very different affair from what it is in more favored regions. The taste for reading is not, or, rather, has not been, sufficiently active to create a demand for the republication always of even the best authors, the ancient editions of whose works have become scarce and most difficult to be procured. The impediment to a free expression of opinion has condemned many more works to the silence of manuscript. And these manuscripts are preserved, or, to say truth, buried, in the collections of old families, or of public institutions,

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No. 41

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Während der Quäker so überlegte, was er hätte thun können und nicht gethan hatte, dankte der Mann unter der Maske spöttisch, gab dem Pferde die Sporen und verschwand.

Der arme Tobias hatte Zeit, ehe er nach London kam, über seinen Unfall nachzudenken. Er gedachte schon im Voraus des Kummers der beiden jungen Leute, die sich so innig liebten, und den Tag ihrer Vereinigung nun wieder auf unbestimmte Zeit hinausgeschoben sahen. — Doch, was ließ sich thun! das Geld war fort, und er hatte keine Aussicht, dem frechen Räuber auf die Spur zu kommen. Plötzlich stieg ein Gedanke in ihm auf; er hielt still.

(Fortsetzung folgt.)

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kommen Hauptarmee angegriffen und nach der hartnäckigsten tapfersten Gegenwehr bis zur Vernichtung geschlagen, während Görgey mit zwei Armeekorps drei Stunden weit seitwärts

ments by a moral standard, which they had entirely overlooked in their passion for the beautiful.

With all his merits, however, and the additional grace of a warm and picturesque style, his work, like that of Bouterwek, must be admitted to afford only the outlines of the great picture, which they have left to other hands to fill up in detail, and on a far more extended plan. To accomplish this great task is the purpose of the volumes before us; we are now to inquire, with what result. But, before entering on the inquiry, we will give some account of the preparatory training of the writer, and the materials which he has brought together.

Mr. Ticknor, who now first comes before the world in the avowed character of an author, has long enjoyed a literary reputation which few authors who have closed their career might not envy. While quite a young man, he was appointed to fill the chair of Modern Literature in Harvard College, on the foundation of the late Samuel Eliot, a name to be honored by the scholar, not only for its generous patronage, but for the important services it has rendered, and still renders to the cause of letters. To prepare himself for this post, Mr. Ticknor visited Europe, and passed several years there, to study the languages and literatures of the different countries on their own soil. A long time was passed in diligent study at Göttingen. In Paris, he explored, under able teachers, the difficult *romance* dialects, the medium of the beautiful Provençal.

During his residence in Spain, he perfected himself in the Castilian, and established an intimacy with her most eminent scholars, who aided him in the collection of rare books and manuscripts, to which he assiduously devoted himself. It is a proof of the literary consideration which, even at that early age, he had obtained in the society of Madrid, that he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History. His acquisitions in the early literature of modern Europe attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, who, in a letter to Southey, printed in Lockhart's Life, speaks of his young guest (Mr. Ticknor was then at Abbotsford) as "a wonderful fellow for romantic lore."

On his return home, Mr. Ticknor entered at once on his academic labors, and delivered a series of lectures on the

Castilian and French literatures, as well as on some portions of the English, before successive classes, which he continued to repeat, with the occasional variation of oral instruction, during the fifteen years he remained at the University.

We well remember the sensation produced on the first delivery of these lectures, which served to break down the barrier which had so long confined the student to a converse with antiquity; they opened to him a free range among those great masters of modern literature who had hitherto been veiled in the obscurity of a foreign idiom. The influence of this instruction was soon visible in the higher education, as well as the literary ardor shown by the graduates. So decided was the impulse thus given to the popular sentiment, that considerable apprehension was felt lest modern literature was to receive a disproportionate share of attention in the scheme of collegiate education.

After the lapse of fifteen years so usefully employed, Mr. Ticknor resigned his office, and, thus released from his academic labors, paid a second visit to Europe, where, in a second residence of three years, he much enlarged the amount and the value of his literary collection. In the more perfect completion of this he was greatly assisted by the professor of Arabic in the University of Madrid, Don Pascual de Gayangos, a scholar to whose literary sympathy and assistance more than one American writer has been indebted, and who to a profound knowledge of Oriental literature unites one equally extensive in the European.

With these aids, and his own untiring efforts, Mr. Ticknor succeeded in bringing together a body of materials in print and manuscript, for the illustration of the Castilian, such as, probably, has no rival either in public or private collections. This will be the more readily believed, when we find that nearly every author employed in the composition of this great work — with the exception of a few for which he has made ample acknowledgments — is to be found on his own shelves. We are now to consider in what manner he has availed himself of this inestimable collection of materials.

The title of the book — the "History of Spanish Literature" — is intended to comprehend all that relates to the poetry of the country, its romances, and works of imagination of every sort, its criticism and eloquence, — in short, what-

ever can be brought under the head of elegant literature. Even its chronicles and regular histories are included; for, though scientific in their import, they are still, in respect to their style and their execution as works of art, brought into the department of ornamental writing. In Spain, freedom of thought, or, at least, the free expression of it, has been so closely fettered that science, in its strictest sense, has made little progress in that unhappy country, and a history of its elegant literature is, more than in any other land, a general history of its intellectual progress.

The work is divided into three great periods, having reference to time rather than to any philosophical arrangement. Indeed, Spanish literature affords less facilities for such an arrangement than the literature of many other countries, as that of England and of Italy, for example, where, from different causes, there have been periods exhibiting literary characteristics that stamp them with a peculiar physiognomy. For example, in England we have the age of Elizabeth, the age of Queen Anne, our own age. In Italy, the philosophical arrangement seems to correspond well enough with the chronological. Thus, the Trecentisti, the Seicentisti, convey ideas as distinct and as independent of each other as the different schools of Italian art. But in Spain, literature is too deeply tinctured at its fountain-head not to retain somewhat of the primitive coloring through the whole course of its descent. Patriotism, chivalrous loyalty, religious zeal, under whatever modification, and under whatever change of circumstances, have constituted, as Mr. Ticknor has well insisted, the enduring elements of the national literature. And it is this obvious preponderance of these elements throughout, which makes the distribution into separate masses on any philosophical principle extremely difficult. A proof of this is afforded by the arrangement now adopted by Mr. Ticknor himself, in the limit assigned to his first period, which is considerably shorter than that assigned to it in his original Lectures. The alteration, as we shall take occasion to notice hereafter, is, in our judgment, a decided improvement.

The first great division embraces the whole time from the earliest appearance of a written document in the Castilian to the commencement of the sixteenth century, the reign of Charles the Fifth, — a period of nearly four centuries.

At the very outset, we are met by the remarkable Poem of the Cid, that primitive epic, which, like the Nieblungenlied or the Iliad, stands as the traditional legend of an heroic age, exhibiting all the freshness and glow which belong to the morning of a nation's existence. The name of the author, as is often the case with those memorials of the olden time, when the writer thought less of himself than of his work, has not come down to us. Even the date of its composition is uncertain, — probably before the year 1200; a century earlier than the poem of Dante; a century and a half before Petrarch and Chaucer. The subject of it, as its name imports, is, the achievements of the renowned Ruy Diaz de Bivar — *the Cid, the Campeador*, "the lord, the champion," as he was fondly styled by his countrymen, as well as by his Moorish foes, in commemoration of his prowess, chiefly displayed against the infidel. The versification is the fourteen-syllable measure, artless, and exhibiting all the characteristics of an unformed idiom, but, with its rough melody, well suited to the expression of the warlike and stirring incidents in which it abounds. It is impossible to peruse it without finding ourselves carried back to the heroic age of Castile; and we feel that, in its simple and cordial portraiture of existing manners, we get a more vivid impression of the feudal period than is to be gathered from the more formal pages of the chronicler. Heeren has pronounced that the poems of Homer were one of the principal bonds which held the Grecian states together. The assertion may seem extravagant; but we can well understand that a poem like that of the Cid, with all its defects as a work of art, by its proud historic recollections of an heroic age, should do much to nourish the principle of patriotism in the bosoms of the people.

From the "Cid" Mr. Ticknor passes to the review of several other poems of the thirteenth, and some of the fourteenth century. They are usually of considerable length. The Castilian muse, at the outset, seems to have delighted in works of *longue haleine*. Some of them are of a satirical character, directing their shafts against the clergy, with an independence which seems to have marked also the contemporaneous productions of other nations, but which, in Spain at least, was rarely found at a later period. Others of these venerable productions are tinged with the religious bigotry

which enters so largely into the best portions of the Castilian literature.

One of the most remarkable poems of the period is the *Danza General,* — the "Dance of Death." The subject is not original with the Spaniards, and has been treated by the bards of other nations in the elder time. It represents the ghastly revels of the dread monarch, to which all are summoned, of every degree, from the potentate to the peasant.

"It is founded on the well-known fiction, so often illustrated both in painting and in verse during the Middle Ages, that all men, of all conditions, are summoned to the Dance of Death; a kind of spiritual masquerade, in which the different ranks of society, from the Pope to the young child, appear dancing with the skeleton form of Death. In this Spanish version it is striking and picturesque, — more so, perhaps, than in any other, — the ghastly nature of the subject being brought into a very lively contrast with the festive tone of the verses, which frequently recalls some of the better parts of those flowing stories that now and then occur in the "Mirror for Magistrates."

"The first seven stanzas of the Spanish poem constitute a prologue, in which Death issues his summons partly in his own person, and partly in that of a preaching friar, ending thus: —

> Come to the Dance of Death, all ye whose fate
> By birth is mortal, be ye great or small;
> And willing come, nor loitering, nor late,
> Else force shall bring you struggling to my thrall:
> For since yon friar hath uttered loud his call
> To penitence and godliness sincere,
> He that delays must hope no waiting here;
> For still the cry is, Haste! and, Haste to all!

"Death now proceeds, as in the old pictures and poems, to summon, first, the Pope, then cardinals, kings, bishops, and so on, down to day-laborers; all of whom are forced to join his mortal dance, though each first makes some remonstrance, that indicates surprise, horror, or reluctance. The call to youth and beauty is spirited: —

> Bring to my dance, and bring without delay,
> Those damsels twain, you see so bright and fair;
> They came, but came not in a willing way,
> To list my chants of mortal grief and care:
> Nor shall the flowers and roses fresh they wear,
> Nor rich attire, avail their forms to save.
> They strive in vain who strive against the grave;
> It may not be; my wedded brides they are."

Another poem, of still higher pretensions, but, like the last, still in manuscript, is the *Poema de José,* — The "Poem of

Joseph." It is, probably, the work of one of those Spanish Arabs who remained under the Castilian domination after the great body of their countrymen had retreated. It is written in the Castilian dialect, but in Arabic characters, as was not very uncommon with the writings of the Moriscoes. The story of Joseph is told, moreover, conformably to the version of the Koran, instead of that of the Hebrew Scriptures.

The manner in which the Spanish and the Arabic races were mingled together after the great invasion produced a strange confusion in their languages. The Christians who were content to dwell in their old places under the Moslem rule, while they retained their own language, not unfrequently adopted the alphabetical characters of their conquerors. Even the coins struck by some of the ancient Castilian princes, as they recovered their territory from the invaders, were stamped with Arabic letters. Not unfrequently, the archives and municipal records of the Spanish cities, for a considerable time after their restoration to their own princes, were also written in Arabic characters. On the other hand, as the great inundation gradually receded, the Moors who lingered behind under the Spanish sway often adopted the language of their conquerors, but retained their own written alphabet. In other words, the Christians kept their language and abandoned their alphabetical characters; while the Moslems kept their alphabetical characters and abandoned their language. The contrast is curious, and may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact, that the superiority conceded by the Spaniards to the Arabic literature in this early period led the few scholars among them to adopt, for their own compositions, the characters in which that literature was written. The Moriscoes, on the other hand, did what was natural, when they retained their peculiar writing, to which they had been accustomed in the works of their countrymen, while they conformed to the Castilian language, to which they had become accustomed in daily intercourse with the Spaniard. However explained, the fact is curious. But it is time we should return to the Spanish Arab poem.

We give the following translation of some of its verses by Mr. Ticknor, with his few prefatory remarks: —

"On the first night after the outrage, Jusuf, as he is called in

the poem, when travelling along in charge of a negro, passes a cemetery on a hill-side where his mother lies buried.

And when the negro heeded not, that guarded him behind,
From off the camel Jusuf sprang, on which he rode confined,
And hastened, with all speed, his mother's grave to find,
Where he knelt and pardon sought, to relieve his troubled mind.

He cried, "God's grace be with thee still, O Lady mother dear!
O mother, you would sorrow, if you looked upon me here;
For my neck is bound with chains, and I live in grief and fear,
Like a traitor by my brethren sold, like a captive to the spear.

"They have sold me! they have sold me! though I never did them harm;
They have torn me from my father, from his strong and living arm,
By art and cunning they enticed me, and by falsehood's guilty charm,
And I go a base-bought captive, full of sorrow and alarm."

But now the negro looked about, and knew that he was gone,
For no man could be seen, and the camel came alone;
So he turned his sharpened ear, and caught the wailing tone,
Where Jusuf, by his mother's grave, lay making heavy moan.

And the negro hurried up, and gave him there a blow;
So quick and cruel was it, that it instant laid him low;
"A base-born wretch," he cried aloud, "a base-born thief art thou:
Thy masters, when we purchased thee, they told us it was so."

But Jusuf answered straight, "Nor thief nor wretch am I;
My mother's grave is this, and for pardon here I cry;
I cry to Allah's power, and send my prayer on high,
That, since I never wronged thee, his curse may on thee lie."

And then all night they travelled on, till dawned the coming day,
When the land was sore tormented with a whirlwind's furious sway;
The sun grew dark at noon, their hearts sunk in dismay,
And they knew not, with their merchandise, to seek or make their way."

The manuscript of the piece, containing about 1200 verses, though not entirely perfect, is in Mr. Ticknor's hands, with its original Arabic characters converted into the Castilian. He has saved it from the chances of time by printing it at length in his appendix, accompanied by the following commendations, which, to one practised in the old Castilian literature, will probably not be thought beyond its deserts.

"There is little, as it seems to me, in the early narrative poetry of any modern nation better worth reading than this old Morisco version of the story of Joseph. Parts of it overflow with the tenderest natural affection; other parts are deeply pathetic; and everywhere it bears the impress of the extraordinary state of manners and society that gave it birth. From several passages, it may be inferred that it was publicly recited; and even now, as we read it, we fall unconsciously into a long-drawn chant, and seem to hear the voices of Arabian camel-drivers, or of Spanish muleteers, as the Oriental or the romantic tone hap-

pens to prevail. I am acquainted with nothing in the form of the old metrical romance that is more attractive, — nothing that is so peculiar, original, and separate from every thing else of the same class."

With these anonymous productions, Mr. Ticknor enters into the consideration of others from an acknowledged source, among which are those of the Prince Don Juan Manuel and Alfonso the Tenth, or Alfonso the Wise, as he is usually termed. He was one of those rare men who seem to be possessed of an almost universal genius. His tastes would have been better suited to a more refined period. He was, unfortunately, so far in advance of his age that his age could not fully profit by his knowledge. He was raised so far above the general level of his time, that the light of his genius, though it reached to distant generations, left his own in a comparative obscurity. His great work was the code of the *Siete Partidas*, — little heeded in his own day, though destined to become the basis of Spanish jurisprudence both in the Old World and in the New.

Alfonso caused the Bible, for the first time, to be translated into the Castilian. He was an historian, and led the way in the long line of Castilian writers in that department, by his *Cronica General.* He aspired also to the laurel of the Muses. His poetry is still extant in the Gallician dialect, which, the monarch thought, might in the end be the cultivated dialect of his kingdom. The want of a settled capital, or, to speak more correctly, the want of civilization, had left the different elements of the language contending as it were for the mastery. The result was still uncertain at the close of the thirteenth century. Alfonso himself did, probably, more than any other to settle it, by his prose compositions, — by the *Siete Partidas* and his Chronicle, as well as by the vernacular version of the Scriptures. The Gallician became the basis of the language of the sister kingdom of Portugal, and the generous dialect of Castile became, in Spain, the language of the court and of literature.

Alfonso directed his attention also to mathematical science. His astronomical observations are held in respect at the present day. But, as Mariana sarcastically intimates, while he was gazing at the stars he forgot the earth, and lost his kingdom. His studious temper was ill accommodated to the stir-

ring character of the times. He was driven from his throne by his factious nobles; and in a letter written not long before his death, of which Mr. Ticknor gives a translation, the unhappy monarch pathetically deplores his fate and the ingratitude of his subjects. Alfonso the Tenth seemed to have at command every science but that which would have been of more worth to him than all the rest, — the science of government. He died in exile, leaving behind him the reputation of being the wisest fool in Christendom.

In glancing over the list of works which, from their anomalous character as well as their antiquity, are arranged by Mr. Ticknor in one class, as introductory to his history, we are struck with the great wealth of the period, — not great, certainly, compared with that of an age of civilization, but as compared with the productions of most other countries in this portion of the Middle Ages. Much of this ancient lore, which may be said to constitute the foundations of the national literature, has been but imperfectly known to the Spaniards themselves; and we have to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Ticknor, not only for the diligence with which he has brought it to light, but for the valuable commentaries, in text and notes, which supply all that could reasonably be demanded, both in a critical and bibliographical point of view. To estimate the extent of this information, we must compare it with what we have derived on the same subject from his predecessors; where the poverty of original materials, as well as of means for illustrating those actually possessed, is apparent at a glance. Sismondi, with some art, conceals this poverty, by making the most of the little finery at his command. Thus his analysis of the Poem of the Cid, which he had carefully read, together with his prose translation of no inconsiderable amount, covers a fifth of what he has to say on the whole period, embracing more than four centuries. He has one fine bit of gold in his possession, and he makes the most of it, by hammering it out into a superficial extent altogether disproportionate to its real value.

Our author distributes the productions which occupy the greater part of the remainder of his first period into four great classes: Ballads, Chronicles, Romances of Chivalry, and the Drama. The mere enumeration suggests the idea of that rude, romantic age, when the imagination, impatient to find

utterance, breaks through the impediments of an unformed dialect, or, rather, converts it into an instrument for its purposes. Before looking at the results, we must briefly notice the circumstances under which they were effected.

The first occupants of the Peninsula who left abiding traces of their peculiar civilization were the Romans. Six tenths of the language now spoken are computed to be derived from them. Then came the Visigoths, bringing with them the peculiar institutions of the Teutonic races. And lastly, after the lapse of three centuries, came the great Saracen inundation, which covered the whole land up to the northern mountains, and, as it slowly receded, left a fertilizing principle, that gave life to much that was good as well as evil in the character and literature of the Spaniards. It was near the commencement of the eighth century that the great battle was fought, on the banks of the Guadalete, which decided the fate of Roderic, the last of the Goths, and of his monarchy. It was to the Goths — the Spaniards, as their descendants were called — what the battle of Hastings was to the English. The Arab conquerors rode over the country, as completely its masters as were the Normans of Britain. But they dealt more mercifully with the vanquished. The Koran, tribute, or the sword, were the terms offered by the victors. Many were content to remain under Moslem rule, in the tolerated enjoyment of their religion, and, to some extent, of their laws. Those of nobler metal withdrew to the rocks of the Asturias; and every muleteer or water-carrier, who emigrates from this barren spot, glories in his birthplace as of itself a patent of nobility.

Then came the struggle against the Saracen invaders, — that long crusade to be carried on for centuries, — in which the ultimate triumph of a handful of Christians over the large and flourishing empire of the Moslems is the most glorious of the triumphs of the cross upon record. But it was the work of eight centuries. During the first of these, the Spaniards scarcely ventured beyond their fastnesses. The conquerors occupied the land, and settled in greatest strength over the pleasant places of the south, so congenial with their own voluptuous climate in the East. Then rose the empire of Cordova, which, under the sway of the Omeyades, rivalled in splendor and civilization the caliphate of Bagdad. Poetry,

philosophy, letters, everywhere flourished. Academies and gymnasiums were founded, and Aristotle was expounded by commentators who acquired a glory not inferior to that of the Stagirite himself. This state of things continued after the Cordovan empire had been broken into fragments, when Seville, Murcia, Malaga, and the other cities which still flourished among the ruins, continued to be centres of a civilization that shone bright amidst the darkness of the Middle Ages.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards, strong in their religion, their Gothic institutions, and their poverty, had emerged from their fastnesses in the north, and brought their victorious banner as far as the Douro. In three centuries more, they had advanced their line of conquest only to the Tagus. But their progress, though slow, was irresistible, till at length the Moslems, of all their proud possessions, retained only the petty territory of Granada. On this little spot, however, they made a stand for more than two centuries, and bade defiance to the whole Christian power; while, at the same time, though sunk in intellectual culture, they surpassed their best days in the pomp of their architecture and in the magnificence of living characteristic of the East. At the close of the fifteenth century, this Arabian tale — the most splendid episode in the Mahometan annals — was brought to an end by the fall of Granada before the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Such were the strange influences which acted on the Spanish character, and on the earliest development of its literature, — influences so peculiar, that it is no wonder they should have produced results to which no other part of Europe has furnished a parallel. The Oriental and the European for eight centuries brought into contact with one another! — yet, though brought into contact, too different in blood, laws, and religion, ever to coalesce. Unlike the Saxons and Normans, who, sprung from a common stock, with a common faith, were gradually blended into one people; in Spain, the conflicting elements could never mingle. No length of time could give the Arab a right to the soil. He was still an intruder. His only right was the right of the sword. He held his domain on the condition of perpetual war, — the war of race against race, of religion against religion. This was

the inheritance of the Spaniard, as well as of the Moslem, for eight hundred years. What remarkable qualities was this situation not calculated to call out! Loyalty, heroism, the patriotic feeling, and the loftier feeling of religious enthusiasm. What wonder that the soldier of the cross should fancy that the arm of Heaven was stretched out to protect him? That St. Jago should do battle for him, with his celestial chivalry? That miracles should cease to be miracles? That superstition, in short, should be the element, the abiding element, of the national character? Yet this religious enthusiasm, in the early ages, was tempered by charity towards a foe whom even the Christian was compelled to respect for his superior civilization. But, as the latter gained the ascendant, enthusiasm was fanned by the crafty clergy into fanaticism. As the Moslem scale became more and more depressed, fanaticism rose to intolerance, and intolerance ended in persecution when the victor was converted into the victim. It is a humiliating story, — more humiliating even to the oppressors than to the oppressed.

The literature, all the while, with chameleon-like sensibility, took the color of the times; and it is for this reason that we have always dwelt with greater satisfaction on the earlier period of the national literature, rude though it be, with its cordial, free, and high, romantic bearing, than on the later period of its glory — brilliant in an intellectual point of view, but in its moral aspect, dark and unrelenting.

Mr. Ticknor has been at much pains to unfold these peculiarities of the Castilian character, in order to explain by them the peculiarities of the literature, and indeed, to show their reciprocal action on each other. He has devoted occasional chapters to this subject, not the least interesting in his volumes, making the history of the literature a running commentary on that of the nation; and thus furnishing curious information to the political student, no less than to the student of letters. His acute, and at the same time accurate, observations, imbued with a spirit of sound philosophy, give the work a separate value, and raise it above the ordinary province of literary criticism.

But it is time that we should turn to the ballads, — or *romances*, as they are called in Spain, the first of the great divisions already noticed. Nowhere does this popular min-

strelsy flourish to the same extent as in Spain. The condition of the country, which converted every peasant into a soldier, and filled his life with scenes of stirring and romantic incident, may in part account for it. We have ballads of chivalry, of the national history, of the Moorish wars, mere domestic ballads, — in short, all the varieties of which such simple poetical narratives are susceptible. The most attractive of these to the Spaniards, doubtless, were those devoted to the national heroes. The Cid here occupies a large space. His love, his loyalty, his invincible prowess against the enemies of God, are all celebrated in the frank and cordial spirit of a primitive age. They have been chronologically arranged into a regular series, — as far as the date could be conjectured, — like the Robin Hood ballads in England, so as to form a tolerably complete narrative of his life. It is interesting to observe, with what fondness the Spaniards are ever ready to turn to their ancient hero, the very type of Castilian chivalry, and linked by so many glorious recollections with the heroic age of their country.

The following version of one of these ballads, by Mr. Ticknor, will give a fair idea of the original. The time chosen is the occasion of a summons made by the Cid to Queen Urraca to surrender her castle, which held out against the arms of the warrior's sovereign, Sancho the Brave.

"Away! away! proud Roderic!
Castilian proud, away!
Bethink thee of that olden time,
That happy, honored day,
When, at Saint James's holy shrine,
Thy knighthood first was won;
When Ferdinand, my royal sire,
Confessed thee for a son.
He gave thee then thy knightly arms,
My mother gave thy steed;
Thy spurs were buckled by these hands,
That thou no grace might'st need.
And had not chance forbid the vow,
I thought with thee to wed;
But Count Lozano's daughter fair
Thy happy bride was led.
With her came wealth, an ample store,
But power was mine, and state:

Broad lands are good, and have their grace,
But he that reigns is great.
Thy wife is well; thy match was wise;
Yet, Roderic! at thy side
A vassal's daughter sits by thee,
And not a royal bride!"

Our author has also given a pleasing version of the beautiful *romance* of "*Fonte frida, fonte frida,*" — "Cooling fountain, cooling fountain," — which we are glad to see rendered faithfully, instead of following the example of Dr. Percy, in his version of the fine old ballad in a similar simple style, "*Rio verde, rio verde,*" which, we remember, he translates by "Gentle river, gentle river," &c. Indeed, to do justice to Mr. Ticknor's translations, we should have the text before us. Nowhere do we recall so close fidelity to the original, unless in Cary's Dante. Such fidelity does not always attain the object of conveying the best idea of the original. But in this humble poetry it is eminently successful. To give these rude gems a polish would be at once to change their character, and defeat the great object of our author, — to introduce his readers to the peculiar culture of a primitive age.

A considerable difficulty presents itself in finding a suitable measure for the English version of the *romances.* In the original they are written in the eight-syllable line, with trochaic feet, instead of the iambics usually employed by us. But the real difficulty is in the peculiarity of the measure — the *asonante,* as it is called, in which the rhyme depends solely on the conformity of vowel sounds, without reference to the consonants, as in English verse. Thus the words *dedo, tiempo, viejos,* are all good *asonantes,* taken at random from one of these old ballads. An attempt has been made by more than one clever writer to transplant them into English verse. But it has had as little success as the attempt to naturalize the ancient hexameter, which neither the skill of Southey nor of Longfellow will, probably, be able to effect. The Spanish vowels have, for the most part, a clear and open sound, which renders the melody of the versification sufficiently sensible to the ear; while the middle station which it occupies between the perfect rhyme and blank verse seems to fit it, in an especial manner, for these simple narrative compositions. The same qualities have recommended it to the

dramatic writers of Spain as the best medium of poetical dialogue, and, as such, it is habitually used by the great masters of the national theatre.

No class of these popular compositions have greater interest than the Moorish *romances*, affording glimpses of a state of society in which the Oriental was strangely mingled with the European. Some of them may have been written by the Moriscoes, after the fall of Granada. They are redolent of the beautiful land which gave them birth, — springing up like wild-flowers amidst the ruins of the fallen capital. Mr. Ticknor has touched lightly on these in comparison with some of the other varieties, perhaps because they have been more freely criticized by preceding writers. Every lover of good poetry is familiar with Mr. Lockhart's picturesque version of these ballads, which has every merit but that of fidelity to the original.

The production of the Spanish ballads is evidence of great sensibility in the nation; but it must also be referred to the exciting scenes in which it was engaged. A similar cause gave rise to the beautiful border minstrelsy of Scotland. But the adventures of robber chieftains and roving outlaws excite an interest of a very inferior order to that created by the great contest for religion and independence which gave rise to the Spanish ballads. This gives an ennobling principle to these compositions, which raises them far above the popular minstrelsy of every other country. It recommended them to the more polished writers of a later period, under whose hands, if they have lost something of their primitive simplicity, they have been made to form a delightful portion of the national literature. We cannot do better than to quote on this the eloquent remarks of our author.

"Ballads, in the seventeenth century, had become the delight of the whole Spanish people. The soldier solaced himself with them in his tent, and the muleteer amidst the *sierras;* the maiden danced to them on the green, and the lover sang them for his serenade; they entered into the low orgies of thieves and vagabonds, into the sumptuous entertainments of the luxurious nobility, and into the holiday services of the Church; the blind beggar chanted them to gather alms, and the puppet-showman gave them in recitative to explain his exhibition; they were a part of the very foundation of the theatre, both secular and religious, and

pens to prevail. I am acquainted with nothing in the form of the old metrical romance that is more attractive, — nothing that is so peculiar, original, and separate from every thing else of the same class."

With these anonymous productions, Mr. Ticknor enters into the consideration of others from an acknowledged source, among which are those of the Prince Don Juan Manuel and Alfonso the Tenth, or Alfonso the Wise, as he is usually termed. He was one of those rare men who seem to be possessed of an almost universal genius. His tastes would have been better suited to a more refined period. He was, unfortunately, so far in advance of his age that his age could not fully profit by his knowledge. He was raised so far above the general level of his time, that the light of his genius, though it reached to distant generations, left his own in a comparative obscurity. His great work was the code of the *Siete Partidas,* — little heeded in his own day, though destined to become the basis of Spanish jurisprudence both in the Old World and in the New.

Alfonso caused the Bible, for the first time, to be translated into the Castilian. He was an historian, and led the way in the long line of Castilian writers in that department, by his *Cronica General.* He aspired also to the laurel of the Muses. His poetry is still extant in the Gallician dialect, which, the monarch thought, might in the end be the cultivated dialect of his kingdom. The want of a settled capital, or, to speak more correctly, the want of civilization, had left the different elements of the language contending as it were for the mastery. The result was still uncertain at the close of the thirteenth century. Alfonso himself did, probably, more than any other to settle it, by his prose compositions, — by the *Siete Partidas* and his Chronicle, as well as by the vernacular version of the Scriptures. The Gallician became the basis of the language of the sister kingdom of Portugal, and the generous dialect of Castile became, in Spain, the language of the court and of literature.

Alfonso directed his attention also to mathematical science. His astronomical observations are held in respect at the present day. But, as Mariana sarcastically intimates, while he was gazing at the stars he forgot the earth, and lost his kingdom. His studious temper was ill accommodated to the stir-

the poem, when travelling along in charge of a negro, passes a cemetery on a hill-side where his mother lies buried.

And when the negro heeded not, that guarded him behind,
From off the camel Jusuf sprang, on which he rode confined,
And hastened, with all speed, his mother's grave to find,
Where he knelt and pardon sought, to relieve his troubled mind.

He cried, "God's grace be with thee still, O Lady mother dear!
O mother, you would sorrow, if you looked upon me here;
For my neck is bound with chains, and I live in grief and fear,
Like a traitor by my brethren sold, like a captive to the spear.

"They have sold me! they have sold me! though I never did them harm;
They have torn me from my father, from his strong and living arm,
By art and cunning they enticed me, and by falsehood's guilty charm,
And I go a base-bought captive, full of sorrow and alarm."

But now the negro looked about, and knew that he was gone,
For no man could be seen, and the camel came alone;
So he turned his sharpened ear, and caught the wailing tone,
Where Jusuf, by his mother's grave, lay making heavy moan.

And the negro hurried up, and gave him there a blow;
So quick and cruel was it, that it instant laid him low;
"A base-born wretch," he cried aloud, "a base-born thief art thou:
Thy masters, when we purchased thee, they told us it was so."

But Jusuf answered straight, "Nor thief nor wretch am I;
My mother's grave is this, and for pardon here I cry;
I cry to Allah's power, and send my prayer on high,
That, since I never wronged thee, his curse may on thee lie."

And then all night they travelled on, till dawned the coming day,
When the land was sore tormented with a whirlwind's furious sway;
The sun grew dark at noon, their hearts sunk in dismay,
And they knew not, with their merchandise, to seek or make their way."

The manuscript of the piece, containing about 1200 verses, though not entirely perfect, is in Mr. Ticknor's hands, with its original Arabic characters converted into the Castilian. He has saved it from the chances of time by printing it at length in his appendix, accompanied by the following commendations, which, to one practised in the old Castilian literature, will probably not be thought beyond its deserts.

"There is little, as it seems to me, in the early narrative poetry of any modern nation better worth reading than this old Morisco version of the story of Joseph. Parts of it overflow with the tenderest natural affection; other parts are deeply pathetic; and everywhere it bears the impress of the extraordinary state of manners and society that gave it birth. From several passages, it may be inferred that it was publicly recited; and even now, as we read it, we fall unconsciously into a long-drawn chant, and seem to hear the voices of Arabian camel-drivers, or of Spanish muleteers, as the Oriental or the romantic tone hap-

off the impurities of an unformed vocabulary, rose, in the reign of John the Second and of Ferdinand and Isabella, into passages of positive eloquence. But we cannot do better than give the concluding remarks of our author on this rich mine of literature, which he has now, for the first time, fully explored and turned up to the public gaze.

"As we close it up," he says, — speaking of an old chronicle he has been criticizing, — "we should not forget, that the whole series, extending over full two hundred and fifty years, from the time of Alfonso the Wise to the accession of Charles the Fifth, and covering the New World as well as the Old, is unrivalled in richness, in variety, and in picturesque and poetical elements. In truth, the chronicles of no other nation can, on such points, be compared to them; not even the Portuguese, which approach the nearest in original and early materials; nor the French, which, in Joinville and Froissart, make the highest claims in another direction. For these old Spanish chronicles, whether they have their foundations in truth or in fable, always strike farther down than those of any other nation into the deep soil of the popular feeling and character. The old Spanish loyalty, the old Spanish religious faith, as both were formed and nourished in the long periods of national trial and suffering, are constantly coming out; hardly less in Columbus and his followers, or even amidst the atrocities of the conquests in the New World, than in the half-miraculous accounts of the battles of Hazinas and Tolosa, or in the grand and glorious drama of the fall of Granada. Indeed, wherever we go under their leading, whether to the court of Tamerlane, or to that of Saint Ferdinand, we find the heroic elements of the national genius gathered around us; and thus, in this vast, rich mass of chronicles, containing such a body of antiquities, traditions, and fables as has been offered to no other people, we are constantly discovering, not only the materials from which were drawn a multitude of the old Spanish ballads, plays, and romances, but a mine which has been unceasingly wrought by the rest of Europe for similar purposes, and still remains unexhausted."

We now come to the Romances of Chivalry, to which the transition is not difficult from the romantic chronicles we have been considering. It was, perhaps, the romantic character of these compositions, as well as of the popular minstrelsy of the country, which supplied the wants of the Spaniards in this way, and so long delayed the appearance of the true Romance of Chivalry.

Long before it was seen in Spain, this kind of writing had

made its appearance, in prose and verse, in other lands; and the tales of Arthur and the Round Table, and of Charlemagne and his Peers, had beguiled the long evenings of our Norman ancestors, and of their brethren on the other side of the Channel. The first book of chivalry that was published in Spain even then was not indigenous, but translated from a Portuguese work, the Amadis de Gaula. But the Portuguese, according to the account of Mr. Ticknor, probably perished with the library of a nobleman, in the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755; so that Montalvan's Castilian translation, published in Queen Isabella's reign, now takes the place of the original. Of its merits as a translation who can speak? Its merits as a work of imagination, and, considering the age, its literary execution, are of a high order.

An English version of the book appeared early in the present century, from the pen of Southey, to whom English literature is indebted for more than one valuable contribution of a similar kind. We well remember the delight with which, in our early days, we pored over its fascinating pages, — the bright scenes in which we revelled of Oriental mythology, the beautiful portraiture which is held up of knightly courtesy in the person of Amadis, and the feminine loveliness of Oriana. It was an ideal world of beauty and magnificence, to which the Southern imagination had given a far warmer coloring than was to be found in the ruder conceptions of the Northern minstrel. At a later period, we have read — tried to read — the same story in the pages of Montalvan himself. But the age of chivalry was gone.

The "Amadis" touched the right spring in the Castilian bosom, and its popularity was great and immediate. Edition succeeded edition; and, what was worse, a swarm of other knight-errants soon came into the world, claiming kindred with the Amadis. But few of them bore any resemblance to their prototype, other than in their extravagance. Their merits were summarily settled by the worthy curate in "Don Quixote," who ordered most of them to the flames, declaring that the good qualities of Amadis should not cloak the sins of his posterity.

The tendency of these books was very mischievous. They fostered the spirit of exaggeration, both in language and sentiment, too natural to the Castilian. They debauched

the taste of the reader, while the voluptuous images, in which most of them indulged, did no good to his morals. They encouraged, in fine, a wild spirit of knight-errantry, which seemed to emulate the extravagance of the tales themselves. Sober men wrote, preachers declaimed against them, but in vain. The Cortes of 1553 presented a petition to the crown, that the publication of such works might be prohibited, as pernicious to society. Another petition of the same body, in 1555, insists on this still more strongly, and in terms that, coming, as they do, from so grave an assembly, can hardly be read at the present day without a smile. Mr. Ticknor notices both these legislative acts, in an extract which we shall give. But he omits the words of the petition of 1555, which dwells so piteously on the grievances of the nation; and which we will quote, as they may amuse the reader. "Moreover," says the instrument, "we say that it is very notorious what mischief has been done to young men and maidens, and other persons, by the perusal of books full of lies and vanities, like Amadis, and works of that description, since young people especially, from their natural idleness, resort to this kind of reading, and becoming enamoured of passages of love or arms, or other nonsense which they find set forth therein, when situations at all analogous offer, are led to act much more extravagantly than they otherwise would have done. And many times the daughter, when her mother has locked her up safely at home, amuses herself with reading these books, which do her more hurt than she would have received from going abroad. All which redounds, not only to the dishonor of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, by diverting the affections from holy, true, and Christian doctrine, to those wicked vanities, with which the wits, as we have intimated, are completely bewildered. To remedy this, we entreat your Majesty, that no book treating of such matters be henceforth permitted to be read, that those now printed be collected and burned, and that none be published hereafter without special license; by which measures your Majesty will render great service to God, as well as to these kingdoms," &c. &c.

But what neither the menaces of the pulpit nor the authority of the law could effect, was brought about by the breath of ridicule. —

"That soft and summer breath, whose subtile power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour."

The fever was at its height when Cervantes sent his knight-errant into the world, to combat the phantoms of chivalry; and at one touch of his lance, they disappeared forever. From the day of the publication of the "Don Quixote" not a book of chivalry was ever written in Spain. There is no other such triumph recorded in the annals of genius.

We close these remarks with the following extract, which shows the condition of society in Castile under the influence of these romances.

"Spain, when the romances of chivalry first appeared, had long been peculiarly the land of knighthood. The Moorish wars, which had made every gentleman a soldier, necessarily tended to this result; and so did the free spirit of the communities, led on as they were, during the next period, by barons, who long continued almost as independent in their castles as the king was on his throne. Such a state of things, in fact, is to be recognized as far back as the thirteenth century, when the Partidas, by the most minute and pains-taking legislation, provided for a condition of society not easily to be distinguished from that set forth in the Amadis or the Palmerin. The poem and history of the Cid bear witness yet earlier, indirectly indeed, but very strongly, to a similar state of the country; and so do many of the old ballads and other records of the national feelings and traditions that had come from the fourteenth century.

"But in the fifteenth, the chronicles are full of it, and exhibit it in forms the most grave and imposing. Dangerous tournaments, in some of which the chief men of the time, and even the kings themselves, took part, occur constantly, and are recorded among the important events of the age. At the passage of arms near Orbigo, in the reign of John the Second, eighty knights, as we have seen, were found ready to risk their lives for as fantastic a fiction of gallantry as is recorded in any of the romances of chivalry; a folly of which this was by no means the only instance. Nor did they confine their extravagances to their own country. In the same reign, two Spanish knights went as far as Burgundy, professedly in search of adventures, which they strangely mingled with a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; seeming to regard both as religious exercises. And as late as the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, Fernando del Pulgar, their wise secretary, gives us the names of several distinguished noblemen, personally known to himself, who had gone into foreign countries, 'in order,' as he says, 'to try the fortune of arms with any cavalier that might

be pleased to adventure with them, and so gain honor for themselves, and the fame of valiant and bold knights for the gentlemen of Castile.'

"A state of society like this was the natural result of the extraordinary development which the institutions of chivalry had then received in Spain. Some of it was suited to the age, and salutary; the rest was knight-errantry, and knight-errantry in its wildest extravagance. When, however, the imaginations of men were so excited as to tolerate and maintain, in their daily life, such manners and institutions as these, they would not fail to enjoy the boldest and most free representations of a corresponding state of society in works of romantic fiction. But they went farther. Extravagant and even impossible as are many of the adventures recorded in the books of chivalry, they still seemed so little to exceed the absurdities frequently witnessed or told of known and living men, that many persons took the romances themselves to be true histories, and believed them. Thus, Mexia, the trustworthy historiographer of Charles the Fifth, says, in 1545, when speaking of 'the Amadises, Lisuartes, and Clarions,' that 'their authors do waste their time and weary their faculties in writing such books, which are read by all and believed by many. For,' he goes on, 'there be men who think all these things really happened, just as they read or hear them, though the greater part of the things themselves are sinful, profane, and unbecoming.' And Castillo, another chronicler, tells us gravely, in 1587, that Philip the Second, when he married Mary of England, only forty years earlier, promised, that, if King Arthur should return to claim the throne, he would peaceably yield to that prince all his rights; thus implying, at least in Castillo himself, and probably in many of his readers, a full faith in the stories of Arthur and his Round Table.

"Such credulity, it is true, now seems impossible, even if we suppose it was confined to a moderate number of intelligent persons; and hardly less so, when, as in the admirable sketch of an easy faith in the stories of chivalry by the innkeeper and Maritornes in Don Quixote, we are shown that it extended to the mass of the people. But before we refuse our assent to the statements of such faithful chroniclers as Mexia, on the ground that what they relate is impossible, we should recollect, that, in the age when they lived, men were in the habit of believing and asserting every day things no less incredible than those recited in the old romances. The Spanish Church then countenanced a trust in miracles, as of constant recurrence, which required of those who believed them more credulity than the fictions of chivalry; and yet how few were found wanting in faith! And how

few doubted the tales that had come down to them of the impossible achievements of their fathers during the seven centuries of their warfare against the Moors, or the glorious traditions of all sorts, that still constitute the charm of their brave old chronicles, though we now see at a glance that many of them are as fabulous as any thing told of Palmerin or Launcelot!

"But whatever we may think of this belief in the romances of chivalry, there is no question that in Spain, during the sixteenth century, there prevailed a passion for them such as was never known elsewhere. The proof of it comes to us from all sides. The poetry of the country is full of it, from the romantic ballads that still live in the memory of the people, up to the old plays that have ceased to be acted and the old epics that have ceased to be read. The national manners and the national dress, more peculiar and picturesque than in other countries, long bore its sure impress. The old laws, too, speak no less plainly. Indeed, the passion for such fictions was so strong, and seemed so dangerous, that in 1553 they were prohibited from being printed, sold, or read in the American colonies; and in 1555 the Cortes earnestly asked that the same prohibition might be extended to Spain itself, and that all the extant copies of romances of chivalry might be publicly burned. And finally, half a century later, the happiest work of the greatest genius Spain has produced bears witness on every page to the prevalence of an absolute fanaticism for books of chivalry, and becomes at once the seal of their vast popularity and the monument of their fate."

We can barely touch on the Drama, the last of the three great divisions into which our author has thrown this period. It is of little moment, for down to the close of the fifteenth century, the Castilian drama afforded small promise of the brilliant fortunes that awaited it. It was born under an Italian sky. Almost its first lispings were at the vice-regal court of Naples, and, under a foreign influence, it displayed few of the national characteristics which afterwards marked its career. Yet the germs of future excellence may be discerned in the compositions of Encina and Naharro; and the "Celestina," though not designed for the stage, had a literary merit that was acknowledged throughout Europe.

Mr. Ticknor, as usual, accompanies his analysis with occasional translations of the best passages from the ancient masters. From one of these — a sort of dramatic eclogue, by Gil Vicente — we extract the following spirited verses. The scene represents Cassandra, the heroine of the piece, as

refusing all the solicitations of her family to change her state of maiden freedom for married life.

"They say, 'T is time, go, marry! go!'
But I 'll no husband! not I! no!
For I would live all carelessly,
Amidst these hills, a maiden free,
And never ask, nor anxious be,
Of wedded weal or woe.
Yet still they say, 'Go, marry! go!'
But I 'll no husband! not I! no!

"So, mother, think not I shall wed,
And through a tiresome life be led,
Or use, in folly's ways instead,
What grace the heavens bestow.
Yet still they say, 'Go marry! go!'
But I 'll no husband! not I! no!

"The man has not been born, I ween,
Who as my husband shall be seen;
And since what frequent tricks have been
Undoubtingly I know,
In vain they say, 'Go marry! go!'
For I 'll no husband! not I! no!"

She escapes to the woods, and her kinsmen, after in vain striving to bring her back, come in dancing and singing as madly as herself.

"She is wild! She is wild!
Who shall speak to the child?
On the hills pass her hours,
As a shepherdess free;
She is fair as the flowers,
She is wild as the sea!
She is wild! She is wild!
Who shall speak to the child?"

During the course of the period we have been considering there runs another rich vein of literature, the beautiful Provençal, — those lays of love and chivalry poured forth by the Troubadours in the little court of Provence, and afterwards of Catalonia. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the voice of the minstrel was hardly heard in other parts of Europe, the northern shores of the Mediterranean, on either side of the Pyrennees, were alive with song. But it

was the melody of a too early spring, to be soon silenced under the wintry breath of persecution.

Mr. Ticknor, who paid, while in Europe, much attention to the Romance dialects, has given a pleasing analysis of this early literature, after it had fled from the storms of persecution to the south of Spain. But few will care to learn a language which locks up a literature that was rather one of a beautiful promise than performance, — that prematurely perished and left no sign. And yet it did leave some sign of its existence, in the influence it exerted both on Italian and Castilian poetry.

This was peculiarly displayed at the court of John the Second of Castile, who flourished towards the middle of the fifteenth century. That prince gathered around him a circle of wits and poets, several of them men of the highest rank; and the intellectual spirit thus exhibited shows like a bright streak in the dawn of that higher civilization which rose upon Castile in the beginning of the following century. In this literary circle King John himself was a prominent figure, correcting the verses of his loving subjects, and occasionally inditing some of his own. In the somewhat severe language of Mr. Ticknor, "he turned to letters to avoid the importunity of business, and to gratify a constitutional indolence." There was, it is true, something ridiculous in King John's most respectable tastes, reminding us of the character of his contemporary, René of Anjou. But still it was something, in those rough times, to manifest a relish for intellectual pleasures: and it had its effect, in weaning his turbulent nobility from the indulgence of their coarser appetites.

The same liberal tastes, with still better result, were shown by his daughter, the illustrious Isabella, the Catholic. Not that any work of great pretensions for its poetical merits was then produced. The poetry of the age, indeed, was pretty generally infected with the meretricious conceits of the Provençal and the old Castilian verse. We must except from this reproach the "Coplas" of Jorge Manrique, which have found so worthy an interpreter in Mr. Longfellow, and which would do honor to any age. But the age of Isabella was in Castile what that of Poggio was in Italy. Learned men were invited from abroad, and took up their residence at the court. Native scholars went abroad, and brought back the

rich fruits of an education in the most renowned of the Italian universities. The result of this scholarship was the preparation of dictionaries, grammars, and various philological works, which gave laws to the language, and subjected it to a classic standard. Printing was introduced, and, under the royal patronage, presses were put in active operation in various cities of the kingdom. Thus, although no great work was actually produced, a beneficent impulse was given to letters, which trained up the scholar, and opened the way for the brilliant civilization of the reign of Charles the Fifth. Our author has not paid the tribute to the reign of Isabella to which, in our judgment, it is entitled even in a literary view. He has noticed with commendation the various efforts made in it to introduce a more liberal scholarship, but has by no means dwelt with the emphasis they deserve on the importance of the results.

With the glorious rule of Ferdinand and Isabella closes the long period from the middle of the twelfth to the beginning of the sixteenth century, — a period which, if we except Italy, has no rival in modern history for the richness, variety, and picturesque character of its literature. It is that portion of the literature which seems to come spontaneously like the vegetation of a virgin soil, that must lose something of its natural freshness and perfume when brought under a more elaborate cultivation. It is that portion which is most thoroughly embued with the national spirit, unaffected by foreign influences; and the student who would fully comprehend the genius of the Spaniards must turn to these pure and primitive sources of their literary culture.

We cannot do better than close with the remarks in which Mr. Ticknor briefly, but with his usual perspicuity, sums up the actual achievements of the period.

"Poetry, or at least the love of poetry, made progress with the great advancement of the nation under Ferdinand and Isabella; though the taste of the court in whatever regarded Spanish literature continued low and false. Other circumstances, too, favored the great and beneficial change that was everywhere becoming apparent. The language of Castile had already asserted its supremacy, and, with the old Castilian spirit and cultivation, it was spreading into Andalusia and Aragon, and planting itself amidst the ruins of the Moorish power on the shores of the Mediterra-

nean. Chronicle-writing was become frequent, and had begun to take the forms of regular history. The drama was advanced as far as the 'Celestina' in prose, and the more strictly scenic efforts of Torres Naharro in verse. Romance-writing was at the height of its success. And the old ballad spirit — the true foundation of Spanish poetry — had received a new impulse and richer materials from the contests in which all Christian Spain had borne a part amidst the mountains of Granada, and from the wild tales of the feuds and adventures of rival factions within the walls of that devoted city. Every thing, indeed, announced a decided movement in the literature of the nation, and almost every thing seemed to favor and facilitate it."

The second great division embraces the long interval between 1500 and 1700, occupied by the Austrian dynasty of Spain. It covers the golden age, as generally considered, of Castilian literature; that in which it submitted in some degree to the influences of the advancing European civilization, and which witnessed those great productions of genius that have had the widest reputation with foreigners; the age of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega, and of Calderon. The condition of Spain itself was materially changed. Instead of being hemmed in by her mountain-barrier, she had extended her relations to every court in Europe, and established her empire in every quarter of the globe. Emerging from her retired and solitary condition, she now took the first rank among the states of Christendom. Her literature naturally took the impress of this change, but not to the extent — or, at least, not in the precise manner — it would have done, if left to its natural and independent action. But, unhappily for the land, the great power of its monarchs was turned against their own people, and the people were assailed, moreover, through the very qualities which should have entitled them to forbearance from their masters. Practising on their loyalty, their princes trampled on their ancient institutions, and loyalty was degraded into an abject servility. The religious zeal of early days, which had carried them triumphant through the Moorish struggle, turned, under the influence of the priests, into a sour fanaticism, which opened the way to the Inquisition, — the most terrible engine of oppression ever devised by man, — not so terrible for its operation on the body as on the mind. Under its baneful influence, literature

lost its free and healthy action; and, however high its pretensions as a work of art, it becomes so degenerate in a moral aspect, that it has far less to awaken our sympathies than the productions of an earlier time. From this circumstance, as well as from that of its being much better known to the generality of scholars, we shall pass only in rapid review some of its most remarkable persons and productions. Before entering on this field, we will quote some important observations of our author on the general prospects of the period he is to discuss. Thus to allow coming events to cast their shadows before is better suited to the purposes of the literary historian, than of the novelist. His remarks on the Inquisition are striking.

"The results of such extraordinary traits in the national character could not fail to be impressed upon the literature of any country, and particularly upon a literature which, like that of Spain, had always been strongly marked by the popular temperament and peculiarities. But the period was not one in which such traits could be produced with poetical effect. The ancient loyalty, which had once been so generous an element in the Spanish character and cultivation, was now infected with the ambition of universal empire, and was lavished upon princes and nobles who, like the later Philips and their ministers, were unworthy of its homage; so that, in the Spanish historians and epic poets of this period, and even in more popular writers, like Quevedo and Calderon, we find a vainglorious admiration of their country, and a poor flattery of royalty and rank, that reminds us of the old Castilian pride and deference only by showing how both had lost their dignity. And so it is with the ancient religious feeling that was so nearly akin to this loyalty. The Christian spirit, which gave an air of duty to the wildest forms of adventure throughout the country, during its long contest with the power of misbelief, was now fallen away into a low and anxious bigotry, fierce and intolerant towards every thing that differed from its own sharply defined faith, and yet so pervading and so popular, that the romances and tales of the time are full of it, and the national theatre, in more than one form, becomes its strange and grotesque monument.

"Of course, the body of Spanish poetry and eloquent prose produced during this interval — the earlier part of which was the period of the greatest glory Spain ever enjoyed — was injuriously affected by so diseased a condition of the national character. That generous and manly spirit which is the breath of

intellectual life to any people was restrained and stifled. Some departments of literature, such as forensic eloquence and eloquence of the pulpit, satirical poetry, and elegant didactic prose, hardly appeared at all; others, like epic poetry, were strangely perverted and misdirected; while yet others, like the drama, the ballads, and the lighter forms of lyrical verse, seemed to grow exuberant and lawless, from the very restraints imposed on the rest; restraints which, in fact, forced poetical genius into channels where it would otherwise have flowed much more scantily and with much less luxuriant results.

"The books that were published during the whole period on which we are now entering, and indeed for a century later, bore everywhere marks of the subjection to which the press and those who wrote for it were alike reduced. From the abject title-pages and dedications of the authors themselves, through the crowd of certificates collected from their friends to establish the orthodoxy of works that were often as little connected with religion as fairy tales, down to the colophon, supplicating pardon for any unconscious neglect of the authority of the Church or any too free use of classical mythology, we are continually oppressed with painful proofs, not only how completely the human mind was enslaved in Spain, but how grievously it had become cramped and crippled by the chains it had so long worn.

"But we shall be greatly in error, if, as we notice these deep marks and strange peculiarities in Spanish literature, we suppose they were produced by the direct action either of the Inquisition or of the civil government of the country, compressing, as if with a physical power, the whole circle of society. This would have been impossible. No nation would have submitted to it; much less so high-spirited and chivalrous a nation as the Spanish in the reign of Charles the Fifth and in the greater part of that of Philip the Second. This dark work was done earlier. Its foundations were laid deep and sure in the old Castilian character. It was the result of the excess and misdirection of that very Christian zeal which fought so fervently and gloriously against the intrusion of Mohammedanism into Europe, and of that military loyalty which sustained the Spanish princes so faithfully through the whole of that terrible contest; — both of them high and ennobling principles, which in Spain were more wrought into the popular character than they ever were in any other country.

"Spanish submission to an unworthy despotism, and Spanish bigotry, were, therefore, not the results of the Inquisition and the modern appliances of a corrupting monarchy; but the Inquisition and the despotism were rather the results of a misdirection of the old religious faith and loyalty. The civilization that recognized

such elements presented, no doubt, much that was brilliant, picturesque, and ennobling; but it was not without its darker side; for it failed to excite and cherish many of the most elevating qualities of our common nature, — those qualities which are produced in domestic life, and result in the cultivation of the arts of peace.

"As we proceed, therefore, we shall find, in the full development of the Spanish character and literature, seeming contradictions, which can be reconciled only by looking back to the foundations on which they both rest. We shall find the Inquisition at the height of its power, and a free and immoral drama at the height of its popularity, — Philip the Second and his two immediate successors governing the country with the severest and most jealous despotism, while Quevedo was writing his witty and dangerous satires, and Cervantes his genial and wise Don Quixote. But the more carefully we consider such a state of things, the more we shall see that these are moral contradictions which draw after them grave moral mischiefs. The Spanish nation and the men of genius who illustrated its best days, might be light-hearted because they did not perceive the limits within which they were confined, or did not, for a time, feel the restraints that were imposed upon them. What they gave up might be given up with cheerful hearts, and not with a sense of discouragement and degradation; it might be done in the spirit of loyalty and with the fervor of religious zeal; but it is not at all the less true that the hard limits were there, and that great sacrifices of the best elements of the national character must follow.

"Of this time gave abundant proof. Only a little more than a century elapsed before the government that had threatened the world with a universal empire was hardly able to repel invasion from abroad, or maintain the allegiance of its own subjects at home. Life — the vigorous, poetical life which had been kindled through the country in its ages of trial and adversity — was evidently passing out of the whole Spanish character. As a people they sunk away from being a first-rate power in Europe, till they became one of altogether inferior importance and consideration; and then, drawing back haughtily behind their mountains, rejected all equal intercourse with the rest of the world, in a spirit almost as exclusive and intolerant as that in which they had formerly refused intercourse with their Arab conquerors. The crude and gross wealth poured in from their American possessions sustained, indeed, for yet another century the forms of a miserable political existence in their government; but the earnest faith, the loyalty, the dignity of the Spanish people were gone; and little remained in their place, but a weak subserviency to the unworthy masters

of the state, and a low, timid bigotry in whatever related to religion. The old enthusiasm, rarely directed by wisdom from the first, and often misdirected afterwards, faded away; and the poetry of the country, which had always depended more on the state of the popular feeling than any other poetry of modern times, faded and failed with it."

The first thing that strikes us, at the very commencement of this new period, is the attempt to subject the Castilian to Italian forms of versification. This attempt, through the perfect tact of Boscan, and the delicate genius of Garcilasso, who rivalled in their own walks the greatest masters of Italian verse, was eminently successful. It would, indeed, be wonderful if the intimate relations now established between Spain and Italy did not lead to a reciprocal influence of their literatures on each other. The two languages, descended from the same parent stock, the Latin, were nearest of kin to each other, — in the relation, if we may so speak, of brother and sister. The Castilian, with its deep Arabic gutturals, and its clear, sonorous sounds, had the masculine character, which assorted well with the more feminine graces of the Italian, with its musical cadences and soft vowel terminations. The transition from one language to the other was almost as natural as from the dialect of one province of a country to that of its neighbor.

The revolution thus effected went far below the surface of Spanish poetry. It is for this reason, that we are satisfied that Mr. Ticknor has judged wisely, as we have before intimated, in arranging the division lines of his two periods in such a manner as to throw into the former that primitive portion of the national literature which was untouched, at least to any considerable extent, by a foreign influence.

Yet, in the compositions of this second period, it must be admitted that by far the greater portion of what is really good rests on the original basis of the national character, though under the controlling influences of a riper age of civilization. And foremost of the great writers of this national school we find the author of "Don Quixote," whose fame seems now to belong to Europe, as much as to the land that gave him birth. Mr. Ticknor has given a very interesting notice of the great writer and of his various compositions. The mate-

rials for this are, for the most part, not very difficult to be procured; for Cervantes is the author whom his countrymen, since his death, with a spirit very different from that of his contemporaries, have most delighted to honor. Fortunately, the Castilian romancer has supplied us with materials for his own biography, which remind us of the lamentable poverty under which we labor in all that relates to his contemporary, Shakspeare. In Mr. Ticknor's biographical notice, the reader will find some details probably not familiar to him, and a careful discussion of those points over which still rests any cloud of uncertainty.

He inquires into the grounds of the imputation of an unworthy jealousy having existed between Lope and his illustrious rival, and we heartily concur with him in the general results of his investigation.

"Concerning his relations with Lope de Vega there has been much discussion to little purpose. Certain it is that Cervantes often praises this great literary idol of his age, and that four or five times Lope stoops from his pride of place and compliments Cervantes, though never beyond the measure of praise he bestows on many whose claims were greatly inferior. But in his stately flight, it is plain that he soared much above the author of Don Quixote, to whose highest merits he seemed carefully to avoid all homage; and though I find no sufficient reason to suppose their relation to each other was marked by any personal jealousy or ill-will, as has been sometimes supposed, yet I can find no proof that it was either intimate or kindly. On the contrary, when we consider the good nature of Cervantes, which made him praise to excess nearly all his other literary contemporaries, as well as the greatest of them all, and when we allow for the frequency of hyperbole in such praises at that time, which prevented them from being what they would now be, we may perceive an occasional coolness in his manner, when he speaks of Lope, which shows, that, without overrating his own merits and claims, he was not insensible to the difference in their respective positions, or to the injustice towards himself implied by it. Indeed, his whole tone, whenever he notices Lope, seems to be marked with much personal dignity, and to be singularly honorable to him."

Mr. Ticknor, in a note to the above, states that he has been able to find only five passages in all Lope de Vega's works where there is any mention of Cervantes, and not one

of these written after the appearance of the "Don Quixote," during its author's lifetime, — a significant fact. One of the passages to which our author refers, and which is from the "Laurel de Apolo," contains, he says, "a somewhat stiff eulogy on Cervantes." We quote the original couplet, which alludes to the injury inflicted on Cervantes' hand in the great Battle of Lepanto.

"Porque se diga que una mano herida
Pudo dar á su dueño eterna vida."

Which may be rendered,

The hand, though crippled in the glorious strife,
Sufficed to gain its lord eternal life.

We imagine that most who read the distich, — the Castilian, not the English, — will be disposed to regard it as no inelegant, and certainly not a parsimonious, tribute from one bard to another, — at least, if made in the lifetime of the subject of it. Unfortunately, it was not written till some fourteen years after the death of Cervantes, when he was beyond the power of being pleased or profited by praise from any quarter.

Mr. Ticknor closes the sketch of Cervantes with some pertinent and touching reflections on the circumstances under which his great work was composed.

"The romance which he threw so carelessly from him, and which, I am persuaded, he regarded rather as a bold effort to break up the absurd taste of his time for the fancies of chivalry than as any thing of more serious import, has been established by an uninterrupted, and, it may be said, an unquestioned, success ever since, both as the oldest classical specimen of romantic fiction, and as one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius. But though this may be enough to fill the measure of human fame and glory, it is not all to which Cervantes is entitled; for, if we would do him the justice that would have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his Don Quixote, we should, as we read it, bear in mind, that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high; but that — with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue — it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step

of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart. If this be remembered as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due, not only to the living power of Don Quixote, but to the character and genius of Cervantes."

The next name that meets us in the volume is that of Lope de Vega Carpio, the idol of his generation, who lived, in all the enjoyment of wealth and worldly honors, in the same city, and, as some accounts state, in the same street, where his illustrious rival was pining in poverty and neglect. If posterity has reversed the judgment of their contemporaries, still we cannot withhold our admiration at the inexhaustible invention of Lope, and the miraculous facility of his composition. His achievements in this way, perfectly well authenticated, are yet such as to stagger credibility. He wrote, in all, about eighteen hundred regular dramas, and four hundred autos — pieces of one act each. Besides this, he composed, at leisure intervals, no less than twenty-one printed volumes of miscellaneous poetry, including eleven narrative and didactic poems of much length, in *ottava rima*, and seven hundred sonnets, also in the Italian measure. His comedies, amounting to between two and three thousand lines each, were mostly rhymed, and interspersed with ballads, sonnets, and different kinds of versification. Critics have sometimes amused themselves with computing the amount of matter thus actually thrown off by him in the course of his dramatic career. The sum swells to twenty-one million, three hundred thousand verses! He lived to the age of seventy-two, and if we allow him to have employed fifty years — which will not be far from the truth — in his theatrical compositions, it will give an average of something like a play a week, through the whole period, to say nothing of the epics, and other miscellanies! He tells us further, that, on one occasion, he produced five entire plays in a fortnight. And his biographers assure us that, more than once, he turned off a whole drama in twenty-four hours. These plays, it will be recollected, with their stores of invention and fluent versification, were the delight of all classes of his countrymen, and the copious fountain of supply to half the theatres of Europe.

Well might Cervantes call him the "*monstruo de naturaleza*," — the "miracle of nature."

The vast popularity of Lope, and the unprecedented amount of his labors, brought with them, as might be expected, a substantial recompense. This remuneration was of the most honorable kind, for it was chiefly derived from the public. It is said to have amounted to no less than a hundred thousand ducats, — which, estimating the ducat at its probable value of six or seven dollars of our day, has no parallel — or, perhaps, not more than one — upon record.

Yet Lope did not refuse the patronage of the great. From the Duke of Sessa he is said to have received, in the course of his life, more than twenty thousand ducats. Another of his noble patrons was the Duke of Alva; not the terrible duke of the Netherlands, but his grandson — a man of some literary pretensions, hardly claimed for his great ancestor. Yet with the latter he has been constantly confounded, by Lord Holland, in his life of the poet, by Southey, after an examination of the matter, and lastly, though with some distrust, by Nicholas Antonio, the learned Castilian biographer. Mr. Ticknor shows, beyond a doubt, from a critical examination of the subject, that they are all in error. The inquiry and the result are clearly stated in the notes, and are one among the many evidences which these notes afford of the minute and very accurate researches of our author into matters of historical interest, that have baffled even the Castilian scholars.

We remember meeting with something of a similar blunder in Schlegel's Dramatic Lectures, where he speaks of the poet Garcilasso de la Vega as descended from the Peruvian Incas, and as having lost his life before Tunis. The fact is, that the poet died at Nice, and that, too, some years before the birth of the Inca Garcilasso, with whom Schlegel so strangely confounds him. One should be charitable to such errors, — though a dogmatic critic, like Schlegel, has as little right as any to demand such charity, — for we well know how difficult it is always to escape them, when, as in Castile, the same name seems to descend, as an heirloom, from one generation to another; if it be not, indeed, shared by more than one of the same generation. In the case of the Duke of Alva, there was not even this apology.

Mr. Ticknor has traced the personal history of Lope de Vega, so as to form a running commentary on his literary. It will be read with satisfaction, even by those who are familiar with Lord Holland's agreeable life of the poet, since the publication of which more ample researches have been made into the condition of the Castilian drama. Those who are disposed to set too high a value on the advantages of literary success may learn a lesson by seeing how ineffectual it was to secure the happiness of that spoiled child of fortune. We give our author's account of his latter days, when his mind had become infected with the religious gloom which has too often settled round the evening of life with the fanatical Spaniard.

"But as his life drew to a close, his religious feelings, mingled with a melancholy fanaticism, predominated more and more. Much of his poetry composed at this time expressed them; and at last they rose to such a height, that he was almost constantly in a state of excited melancholy, or, as it was then beginning to be called, of hypochondria. Early in the month of August, he felt himself extremely weak, and suffered more than ever from that sense of discouragement which was breaking down his resources and strength. His thoughts, however, were so exclusively occupied with his spiritual condition, that, even when thus reduced, he continued to fast, and on one occasion went through with a private discipline so cruel, that the walls of the apartment where it occurred were afterwards found sprinkled with his blood. From this he never recovered. He was taken ill the same night; and, after fulfilling the offices prescribed by his Church with the most submissive devotion, — mourning that he had ever been engaged in any occupations but such as were exclusively religious, — he died on the 25th of August, 1635, nearly seventy-three years old.

"The sensation produced by his death was such as is rarely witnessed even in the case of those upon whom depends the welfare of nations. The Duke of Sessa, who was his especial patron, and to whom he left his manuscripts, provided for the funeral in a manner becoming his own wealth and rank. It lasted nine days. The crowds that thronged to it were immense. Three bishops officiated, and the first nobles of the land attended as mourners. Eulogies and poems followed on all sides, and in numbers all but incredible. Those written in Spain make one considerable volume, and end with a drama in which his apotheosis was brought upon the public stage. Those written in Italy

are hardly less numerous, and fill another. But more touching than any of them was the prayer of that much-loved daughter who had been shut up from the world fourteen years, that the long funeral procession might pass by her convent and permit her once more to look on the face she so tenderly venerated; and more solemn than any was the mourning of the multitude, from whose dense mass audible sobs burst forth, as his remains slowly descended from their sight into the house appointed for all living."

Mr. Ticknor follows up his biographical sketch of Lope with an analysis of his plays, concluding the whole with a masterly review of his qualities as a dramatic writer. The discussion has a wider import than at first appears. For Lope de Vega, although he built on the foundations of the ancient drama, yet did this in such a manner as to settle the forms of this department of literature forever for his countrymen.

It would be interesting to compare the great Spanish dramatist with Shakspeare, who flourished at the same period, and who, in like manner, stamped his own character on the national theatre. Both drew their fictions from every source indiscriminately, and neither paid regard to probabilities of chronology, geography, or scarcely history. Time, place, and circumstance were of little moment in their eyes. Both built their dramas on the romantic model, with its magic scenes of joy and sorrow, in the display of which each was master in his own way; though the English poet could raise the tone of sentiment to a moral grandeur, which the Castilian, with all the tragic coloring of his pencil, could never reach. Both fascinated their audiences by that sweet and natural flow of language, that seemed to set itself to music as it was uttered. But, however much alike in other points, there was one distinguishing feature in each, which removed them and their dramas far as the poles asunder.

Shakspeare's great object was the exhibition of character. To this every thing was directed. Situation, dialogue, story, — all were employed only to this great end. This was in perfect accordance with the taste of his nation, as shown through the whole of its literature, from Chaucer to Scott. Lope de Vega, on the other hand, made so little account of character that he reproduces the same leading personages, in his differ-

ent plays, over and over again, as if they had been all cast in the same mould. The *galan*, the *dama*, the *gracioso*, or buffoon, recur as regularly as the clown in the old English comedy, and their *rôle* is even more precisely defined.

The paramount object with Lope was the intrigue — the story. His plays were, what Mr. Ticknor well styles them, dramatic novels. And this, as our author remarks, was perfectly conformable to the prevalent spirit of Spanish literature — clearly narrative — as shown in its long epics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, its host of ballads, its gossiping chronicles, its chivalrous romances. The great purpose of Lope was to excite and maintain an interest in the story. "Keep the *dénouement* in suspense," he says; "if it be once surmised, your audience will turn their backs on you." He frequently complicates his intrigues in such a manner that only the closest attention can follow them. He cautions his hearers to give this attention, especially at the outset.

Lope, with great tact, accommodated his theatre to the prevailing taste of his countrymen. "Plautus and Terence," he says, "I throw into the fire when I begin to write;" — thus showing that it was not by accident, but on a settled principle that he arranged the forms of his dramas. It is the favorite principle of modern economists, that of consulting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Lope did so, and was rewarded for it, not merely by the applause of the million, but by that of every Spaniard, high and low, in the country. In all this, Lope de Vega acted on strictly philosophical principles. He conformed to the romantic, although the distinction was not then properly understood; and he thought it necessary to defend his departure from the rules of the ancients. But, in truth, such rules were not suited to the genius and usages of the Spaniards, any more than of the English; and more than one experiment proved that they would be as little tolerated by the one people as the other.

It is remarkable that the Spaniards, whose language rests so broadly on the Latin, in the same manner as with the French and the Italians, should have refused to rest their literature, like them, on the classic models of antiquity, and have chosen to conform to the romantic spirit of the more northern nations of the Teutonic family. It was the paramount influence of the Gothic element in their character,

coöperating with the peculiar, and most stimulating influences of their early history.

We close our remarks on Lope de Vega with some excellent reflections of our author on the rapidity of his composition, and showing to what extent his genius was reverenced by his contemporaries.

"Lope de Vega's immediate success, as we have seen, was in proportion to his rare powers and favorable opportunities. For a long time, nobody else was willingly heard on the stage; and during the whole of the forty or fifty years that he wrote for it, he stood quite unapproached in general popularity. His unnumbered plays and farces, in all the forms that were demanded by the fashions of the age, or permitted by religious authority, filled the theatres both of the capital and the provinces; and so extraordinary was the impulse he gave to dramatic representations, that, though there were only two companies of strolling players at Madrid when he began, there were, about the period of his death, no less than forty, comprehending nearly a thousand persons.

"Abroad, too, his fame was hardly less remarkable. In Rome, Naples, and Milan, his dramas were performed in their original language; in France and Italy, his name was announced in order to fill the theatres when no play of his was to be performed; and once even, and probably oftener, one of his dramas was represented in the seraglio at Constantinople. But perhaps neither all this popularity, nor yet the crowds that followed him in the streets and gathered in the balconies to watch him as he passed along, nor the name of Lope, that was given to whatever was esteemed singularly good in its kind, is so striking a proof of his dramatic success, as the fact, so often complained of by himself and his friends, that multitudes of his plays were fraudulently noted down as they were acted, and then printed for profit throughout Spain; and that multitudes of other plays appeared under his name, and were represented all over the provinces, that he had never even heard of till they were published and performed.

"A large income naturally followed such popularity, for his plays were liberally paid for by the actors; and he had patrons of a munificence unknown in our days, and always undesirable. But he was thriftless and wasteful; exceedingly charitable; and, in hospitality to his friends, prodigal. He was, therefore, almost always embarrassed. At the end of his 'Jerusalem,' printed as early as 1609, he complains of the pressure of his domestic affairs; and in his old age he addressed some verses, in the nature of a petition, to the still more thriftless Philip the Fourth,

asking the means of living for himself and daughter. After his death, his poverty was fully admitted by his executor; and yet, considering the relative value of money, no poet, perhaps, ever received so large a compensation for his works.

"It should, however, be remembered, that no other poet ever wrote so much with popular effect. For, if we begin with his dramatic compositions, which are the best of his efforts, and go down to his epics, which, on the whole, are the worst, we shall find the amount of what was received with favor, as it came from the press, quite unparalleled. And when to this we are compelled to add his own assurance, just before his death, that the greater part of his works still remained in manuscript, we pause in astonishment, and, before we are able to believe the account, demand some explanation that will make it credible; — an explanation which is the more important, because it is the key to much of his personal character, as well as of his poetical success. And it is this. No poet of any considerable reputation ever had a genius so nearly related to that of an improvisator, or ever indulged his genius so freely in the spirit of improvisation. This talent has always existed in the southern countries of Europe; and in Spain has, from the first, produced, in different ways, the most extraordinary results. We owe to it the invention and perfection of the old ballads, which were originally improvisated and then preserved by tradition; and we owe to it the *seguidillas*, the *boleros*, and all the other forms of popular poetry that still exist in Spain, and are daily poured forth by the fervent imaginations of the uncultivated classes of the people, and sung to the national music, that sometimes seems to fill the air by night as the light of the sun does by day.

"In the time of Lope de Vega, the passion for such improvisation had risen higher than it ever rose before, if it had not spread out more widely. Actors were expected sometimes to improvisate on themes given to them by the audience. Extemporaneous dramas, with all the varieties of verse demanded by a taste formed in the theatres, were not of rare occurrence. Philip the Fourth, Lope's patron, had such performed in his presence, and bore a part in them himself. And the famous Count de Lemos, the viceroy of Naples, to whom Cervantes was indebted for so much kindness, kept, as an *apanage* to his viceroyalty, a poetical court, of which the two Argensolas were the chief ornaments, and in which extemporaneous plays were acted with brilliant success.

"Lope de Vega's talent was undoubtedly of near kindred to this genius of improvisation, and produced its extraordinary results by a similar process, and in the same spirit. He dictated

verse, we are told, with ease, more rapidly than an amanuensis could take it down; and wrote out an entire play in two days, which could with difficulty be transcribed by a copyist in the same time. He was not absolutely an improvisator, for his education and position naturally led him to devote himself to written composition, but he was continually on the borders of whatever belongs to an improvisator's peculiar province; was continually showing, in his merits and defects, in his ease, grace, and sudden resource, in his wildness and extravagance, in the happiness of his versification and the prodigal abundance of his imagery, that a very little more freedom, a very little more indulgence given to his feelings and his fancy, would have made him at once and entirely, not only an improvisator, but the most remarkable one that ever lived."

We pass over the long array of dramatic writers who trod closely in the footsteps of their great master, as well as a lively notice of the satirist Quevedo, and come at once to Calderon de la Barca, the great poet who divided with Lope the empire of the Spanish stage.

Our author has given a full biography of this famous dramatist, to which we must refer the reader; and we know of no other history in English where he can meet with it, at all. Calderon lived in the reign of Philip the Fourth, which, extending from 1621 to 1665, comprehends the most flourishing period of the Castilian theatre. The elegant tastes of the monarch, with his gay and gracious manners, formed a contrast to the austere temper of the other princes of the house of Austria. He was not only the patron of the drama, but a professor of the dramatic art, and indeed a performer. He wrote plays himself, and acted them in his own palace. His nobles, following his example, turned their saloons into theatres; and the great towns, and many of the smaller ones, partaking of the enthusiasm of the court, had their own theatres and companies of actors, which, altogether, amounted, at one time, to no less than three hundred. One may understand that it required no small amount of material to keep such a vast machinery in motion.

At the head of this mighty apparatus was the poet Calderon, the favorite of the court even more than Lope de Vega, but not more than he the favorite of the nation. He was fully entitled to this high distinction, if we are to receive half that is said of him by the German critics, among whom

Schlegel particularly celebrates him as displaying the purest model of the romantic ideal, the most perfect development of the sentiments of love, heroism, and religious devotion. This exaggerated tone of eulogy calls forth the rebuke of Sismondi, who was educated in a different school of criticism, and whose historical pursuits led him to look below the surface of things to their moral tendencies. By this standard, Calderon has failed. And yet it seems to be a just standard, even when criticizing a work by the rules of art; for a disregard of the obvious laws of morality is a violation of the principles of taste, on which the beautiful must rest. Not that Calderon's plays are chargeable with licentiousness or indecency to a greater extent than was common in the writers of the period. But they show a lamentable confusion of ideas in regard to the first principles of morality, by entirely confounding the creed of the individual with his religion. A conformity to the established creed is virtue, the departure from it vice. It is impossible to conceive, without reading his performances, to what revolting consequences this confusion of the moral perceptions perpetually leads.

Yet Calderon should not incur the reproach of hypocrisy, but that of fanaticism. He was the very dupe of superstition; and the spirit of fanaticism he shares with the greater part of his countrymen — even the most enlightened — of that period. Hypocrisy may have been the sin of the Puritan, but fanaticism was the sin of the Catholic Spaniard of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The one quality may be thought to reflect more discredit on the heart, the other on the head. The philosopher may speculate on their comparative moral turpitude; but the pages of history show that fanaticism armed with power has been the most fruitful parent of misery to mankind.

Calderon's drama turns on the most exaggerated principles of honor, jealousy, and revenge, mingled with the highest religious exaltation. Some of these sentiments, usually referred to the influence of the Arabs, Mr. Ticknor traces to the ancient Gothic laws, which formed the basis of the early Spanish jurisprudence. The passages he cites are pertinent, and his theory is plausible; yet, in the relations with woman, we suspect much must still be allowed for the long contact with the jealous Arabian.

Calderon's characters and sentiments are formed, for the most part, on a purely ideal standard. The incidents of his plots are even more startling than those of Lope de Vega, more monstrous than the fictions of Dumas or Eugene Sue. But his thoughts are breathed forth in the intoxicating language of passion, with all the glowing imagery of the East, and in tones of the richest melody of which the Castilian tongue is capable.

Mr. Ticknor has enlivened his analysis of Calderon's drama with several translations, as usual, from which we should be glad to extract, but must content ourselves with the concluding portion of his criticism, where he sums up the prominent qualities of the bard.

"Calderon neither effected nor attempted any great changes in the forms of the drama. Two or three times, indeed, he prepared dramas that were either wholly sung, or partly sung and partly spoken; but even these, in their structure, were no more operas than his other plays, and were only a courtly luxury, which it was attempted to introduce, in imitation of the genuine opera just brought into France by Louis the Fourteenth, with whose court that of Spain was now intimately connected. But this was all. Calderon has added to the stage no new form of dramatic composition. Nor has he much modified those forms which had been already arranged and settled by Lope de Vega. But he has shown more technical exactness in combining his incidents, and arranged every thing more skilfully for stage-effect. He has given to the whole a new coloring, and in some respects, a new physiognomy. His drama is more poetical in its tone and tendencies, and has less the air of truth and reality, than that of his great predecessor. In its more successful portions, — which are rarely objectionable from their moral tone, — it seems almost as if we were transported to another and more gorgeous world, where the scenery is lighted up with unknown and preternatural splendor, and where the motives and passions of the personages that pass before us are so highly wrought, that we must have our own feelings not a little stirred and excited before we can take an earnest interest in what we witness or sympathize in its results. But even in this he is successful. The buoyancy of life and spirit that he has infused into the gayer divisions of his drama, and the moving tenderness that pervades its graver and more tragical portions, lift us unconsciously to the height where alone his brilliant exhibitions can prevail with our imaginations, — where alone we can be interested and deluded, when we find

ourselves in the midst, not only of such a confusion of the different forms of the drama, but of such a confusion of the proper limits of dramatic and lyrical poetry.

"To this elevated tone, and to the constant effort necessary in order to sustain it, we owe much of what distinguishes Calderon from his predecessors, and nearly all that is most individual and characteristic in his separate merits and defects. It makes him less easy, graceful, and natural than Lope. It imparts to his style a mannerism, which, notwithstanding the marvellous richness and fluency of his versification, sometimes wearies and sometimes offends us. It leads him to repeat from himself till many of his personages become standing characters, and his heroes and their servants, his ladies and their confidants, his old men and his buffoons, seem to be produced, like the masked figures of the ancient theatre, to represent, with the same attributes and in the same costume, the different intrigues of his various plots. It leads him, in short, to regard the whole of the Spanish drama as a form, within whose limits his imagination may be indulged without restraint; and in which Greeks and Romans, heathen divinities, and the supernatural fictions of Christian tradition, may be all brought out in Spanish fashions and with Spanish feelings, and led, through a succession of ingenious and interesting adventures, to the catastrophes their stories happen to require.

"In carrying out this theory of the Spanish drama, Calderon, as we have seen, often succeeds, and often fails. But when he succeeds, his success is sometimes of no common character. He then sets before us only models of ideal beauty, perfection, and splendor; — a world, he would have it, into which nothing should enter but the highest elements of the national genius. There, the fervid, yet grave, enthusiasm of the old Castilian heroism; the chivalrous adventures of modern, courtly honor; the generous self-devotion of individual loyalty; and that reserved, but passionate love, which, in a state of society where it was so rigorously withdrawn from notice, became a kind of unacknowledged religion of the heart; — all seem to find their appropriate home. And when he has once brought us into this land of enchantment, whose glowing impossibilities his own genius has created, and has called around him forms of such grace and loveliness as those of Clara and Doña Angela, or heroic forms like those of Tuzani, Mariamne, and Don Ferdinand, then he has reached the highest point he ever attained, or ever proposed to himself; — he has set before us the grand show of an idealized drama, resting on the purest and noblest elements of the Spanish national character, and one which, with all its un-

questionable defects, is to be placed among the extraordinary phenomena of modern poetry."

We shall not attempt to follow down the long file of dramatic writers who occupy the remainder of the period. Their name is legion; and we are filled with admiration, as we reflect on the intrepid diligence with which our author has waded through this amount of matter, and the fidelity with which he has rendered to the respective writers literary justice. We regret, however, that we have not space to select, as we had intended, some part of his lively account of the Spanish players, and of the condition of the stage. It is collected from various obscure sources, and contains many curious particulars. They show that the Spanish theatre was conducted in a manner so dissimilar from what exists in other European nations as perfectly to vindicate its claims to originality.

It must not be supposed that the drama, though the great natural diversion, was allowed to go on in Spain, any more than in other countries, in an uninterrupted flow of prosperity. It met with considerable opposition more than once in its career; and, on the representations of the clergy, at the close of Philip the Second's reign, performances were wholly interdicted, on the ground of their licentiousness. For two years the theatre was closed. But, on the death of that gloomy monarch, the drama, in obedience to the public voice, was renewed in greater splendor than before. It was urged by its friends that the theatre was required to pay a portion of its proceeds to certain charitable institutions, and this made all its performances in some sort an exercise of charity. Lope de Vega also showed his address by his *Comedias de Santos*, under which pious name the life of some saint or holy man was portrayed, which, however edifying in its close, afforded, too often, as great a display of profligacy in its earlier portions as is to be found in any of the secular plays of the *capa y espada*. His experiment seems to have satisfied the consciences of the opponents of the drama, or at least to have silenced their opposition. It reminds us of the manner in which some among us, who seem to have regarded the theatre with the antipathy entertained by our Puritan fathers, have found their scruples vanish at witnessing these

exhibitions under the more reputable names of "Athenæum," "Museum," or "Lyceum."

Our author has paid due attention to the other varieties of elegant literature which occupy this prolific period. We can barely enumerate the titles. Epic poetry has not secured to itself the same rank in Castile as in many other countries. At the head stands the "Araucana" of Ercilla, which Voltaire appears to have preferred to "Paradise Lost"! Yet it is little more than a chronicle done into rhyme; and, notwithstanding certain passages of energy and poetic eloquence, it is of more value as the historical record of an eye-witness than as a work of literary art.

In Pastoral poetry the Spaniards have better specimens. But they are specimens of an insipid kind of writing, notwithstanding it has found favor with the Italians, to whom it was introduced by a Spaniard — a Spaniard in descent — the celebrated author of the "Arcadia."

In the higher walks of Lyrical composition they have been more distinguished. The poetry of Herrera, in particular, seems to equal, in its dithyrambic flow, the best models of classic antiquity; while the Muse of Luis de Leon is filled with the genuine inspiration of Christianity. Mr. Ticknor has given a pleasing portrait of this gentle enthusiast, whose life was consecrated to Heaven, and who preserved a tranquillity of temper unruffled by all the trials of an unmerited persecution.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a translation of one of his odes, as the last extract from our author. The subject is, the feelings of the disciples on witnessing the ascension of their Master.

"And dost thou, holy Shepherd, leave
Thine unprotected flock alone,
Here, in this darksome vale, to grieve,
While thou ascend'st thy glorious throne?

"O, where can they their hopes now turn,
Who never lived but on thy love?
Where rest the hearts for thee that burn,
When thou art lost in light above?

"How shall those eyes now find repose
That turn, in vain, thy smile to see?

What can they hear save mortal woes,
Who lose thy voice's melody?

"And who shall lay his tranquil hand
Upon the troubled ocean's might?
Who hush the winds by his command?
Who guide us through this starless night?

"For THOU art gone!—that cloud so bright,
That bears thee from our love away,
Springs upward through the dazzling light,
And leaves us here to weep and pray!"

A peculiar branch of Castilian literature is its Proverbs; those extracts of the popular wisdom,—"short sentences from long experience," as Cervantes publicly styles them. They have been gathered, more than once, in Spain, into printed collections. One of these, in the last century, contains no less than twenty-four thousand of these sayings! And a large number was still left floating among the people. It is evidence of extraordinary sagacity in the nation, that its humblest classes should have made such a contribution to its literature. They have an additional value with purists for their idiomatic richness of expression,—like the *riboboli* of the Florentine mob, which the Tuscan critics hold in veneration as the racy runnings from the dregs of the people. These popular maxims may be rather compared to the copper coin of the country, which has the widest circulation of any, and bears the true stamp of antiquity—not adulterated, as is too often the case with the finer metals.

The last department we shall notice is that of the Spanish Tales—rich, various, and highly picturesque. One class—the *picaresco* tales—are those with which the world has become familiar in the specimen afforded by the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage, an imitation—a rare occurrence—surpassing the original. This amusing class of fictions has found peculiar favor with the Spaniards, from its lively sketches of character, and the contrast it delights to present of the pride and the poverty of the *hidalgo*. Yet this kind of satirical fiction was invented by a man of rank, and one of the proudest of his order.

Our remarks have swelled to a much greater compass than we had intended, owing to the importance of the work before

us, and the abundance of the topics, little familiar to the English reader. We have no room, therefore, for further discussion of this second period, so fruitful in great names, and pass over, though reluctantly, our author's criticism on the historical writings of the age, in which he has penetrated below the surface of their literary forms to the scientific principles on which they were constructed.

Neither can we pause on the last of the three great periods into which our author has distributed the work, and which extends from the accession of the Bourbon dynasty in 1700 to some way into the present century. The omission is of the less consequence, from the lamentable decline of the literature, owing to the influence of French models, as well as to the political decline of the nation under the last princes of the Austrian dynasty. The circumstances which opened the way both to this social and literary degeneracy are well portrayed by Mr. Ticknor, and his account will be read with profit by the student of history.

We regret still more that we can but barely allude to the Appendix, which, in the eye of the Spanish critic, will form not the least important portion of the work. Besides several long poems, highly curious for their illustration of the ancient literature, now for the first time printed from the original manuscripts, we have, at the outset, a discussion of the origin and formation of the Castilian tongue, a truly valuable philological contribution. The subject has too little general attraction to allow its appearance in the body of the text; but those students who would obtain a thorough knowledge of the Castilian and the elements of which it is compounded, will do well to begin the perusal of the work with this elaborate essay.

Neither have we room to say any thing of our author's inquiry into the genuineness of two works which have much engaged the attention of Castilian scholars, and both of which he pronounces apocryphal. The manner in which the inquiry is conducted affords a fine specimen of literary criticism. In one of these discussions occurs a fact worthy of note. An ecclesiastic named Barrientos, of John the Second's court, has been accused of delivering to the flames, on the charge of necromancy, the library of a scholar then lately deceased, the famous marquis of Villena. The good bishop,

from his own time to the present, has suffered under this grievous imputation, which ranks him with Omar. Mr. Ticknor now cites a manuscript letter of the bishop himself, distinctly explaining that it was by the royal command that this literary *auto da fé* was celebrated. This incident is one proof among many of the rare character of our author's materials, and of the careful study which he has given to them.

Spanish literature has been until now less thoroughly explored than the literature of almost any other European nation. Everybody has read "Gil Blas," and, through this foreign source, has got a good idea of the social condition of Spain, at the period to which it belongs; and the social condition of that country is slower to change than that of any other country. Everybody has read "Don Quixote," and thus formed, or been able to form, some estimate of the high value of the Castilian literature. Yet the world, for the most part, seems to be content to take Montesquieu's witticism for truth — that "the Spaniards have produced one good book, and the object of that was to laugh at all the rest." All, however, have not been so ignorant; and more than one cunning adventurer has found his way into the pleasant field of Castilian letters, and carried off materials of no little value for the composition of his own works. Such was Le Sage, as shown in more than one of his productions; such, too, were various of the dramatic writers of France and other countries, where the extent of the plunder can only be estimated by those who have themselves delved in the rich mines of Spanish lore.

Mr. Ticknor has now, for the first time, fully surveyed the ground, systematically arranged its various productions, and explored their character and properties. In the disposition of his immense mass of materials he has maintained the most perfect order, so distributing them as to afford every facility for the comprehension of the student.

We are everywhere made conscious of the abundance, not merely of these materials, — though one third of the subjects brought under review, at least, are new to the public, — but of the writer's intellectual resources. We feel that we are supplied from a reservoir that has been filled to overflowing from the very fountains of the Muses; which is, moreover, fed from other sources than those of the Castilian

literature. By his critical acquaintance with the literatures of other nations, Mr. Ticknor has all the means at command for illustration and comparison. The extent of this various knowledge may be gathered from his notes, even more than from the text. A single glance at these will show on how broad a foundation the narrative rests. They contain stores of personal anecdote, criticism, and literary speculation, that might almost furnish materials for another work like the present.

Mr. Ticknor's History is conducted in a truly philosophical spirit. Instead of presenting a barren record of books, — which, like the catalogue of a gallery of paintings, is of comparatively little use to those who have not previously studied them, — he illustrates the works by the personal history of their authors, and this, again, by the history of the times in which they lived; affording, by the reciprocal action of one on the other, a complete record of Spanish civilization, both social and intellectual. It would be difficult to find a work more thoroughly penetrated with the true Castilian spirit, or to which the general student, or the student of civil history, may refer with no less advantage than one who is simply interested in the progress of letters. A pertinent example of this is in the account of Columbus, which contains passages from the correspondence of that remarkable man, which, even after all that has been written on the subject, — and so well written, — throw important light on his character.

The tone of criticism in these volumes is temperate and candid. We cannot but think Mr. Ticknor has profited largely by the former discussion of this subject in his academic lectures. Not that the present book bears much resemblance to those lectures, — certainly not more than must necessarily occur in the discussion of the same subject by the same mind, after a long interval of time. But this interval has enabled him to review, and no doubt in some cases to reverse his earlier judgments, and his present decisions come before us as the ripe results of a long and patient meditation. This gives them still higher authority.

We cannot conclude without some notice of the style, so essential an element in a work of elegant literature. It is clear, classical, and correct, with a sustained moral dignity that not unfrequently rises to eloquence. But it is usually dis-

tinguished by a calm, philosophical tenor, that is well suited to the character of the subject. It is especially free from any tendency to mysticism, — from vagueness of expression, a pretty sure indication of vague conceptions in the mind of the author, which he is apt to dignify with the name of philosophy.

In our criticism on Mr. Ticknor's labors, we may be thought to have dwelt too exclusively on his merits. It may be that we owe something to the contagion of his own generous and genial tone of criticism on others. Or it may be that we feel more than common interest in a subject which is not altogether new to us; and it is only an acquaintance with the subject that can enable one to estimate the difficulties of its execution. Where we have had occasion to differ from our author, we have freely stated it. But such instances are few, and of no great moment. We consider the work as one that does honor to English literature. It cannot fail to attract much attention from European critics, who are at all instructed in the topics which it discusses. We predict with confidence that it will be speedily translated into Castilian, and into German; and that it must become the standard work on Spanish literature, not only for those who speak our own tongue, but for the Spaniards themselves.

We have still a word to add on the typographical execution of the book, not in reference to its mechanical beauty, which is equal to that of any other that has come from the Cambridge press, but in regard to its verbal accuracy. This is not an easy matter in a work like the present, involving such an amount of references in foreign languages, as well as the publication of poems of considerable length from manuscript, and that, too, in the Castilian. We doubt if any similar work of erudition has been executed by a foreign press with greater accuracy. We do not doubt that it would not have been so well executed, in this respect, by any other press in this country.

ART. II. — *A History of American Baptist Missions in Asia, Europe, and North America.* By WILLIAM GAMMELL, A. M., Professor in Brown University. With Maps and an Appendix. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 359.

THIS work was prepared by the request, and published under the sanction of, "the Executive Committee of the American Baptist Missionary Union;" and it amply justifies their choice of a historiographer. It is just what was to have been expected from the high literary reputation of the accomplished author. In point of style, it is chaste and elegant. It rejects all rhetorical embellishments, and, where the narrative is most exciting, its flow is still calm and dispassionate. The writer seems to have either distrusted the language of emotion as unfavorable to accuracy, or deemed it unworthy of a subject of such intrinsic dignity and sacredness.

Professor Gammell deserves our high regard, also, for the kindly spirit in which he has wrought out this monument to the philanthropy of his denomination. We look in vain for the language of bigotry, exclusiveness, or unkindness. The most generous notice is uniformly taken of the missionaries of other sects; and the ashes of buried controversy are in every instance left undisturbed. Nor is there any exaggeration of the stubbornness and waywardness of the Pagans among whom the missionaries labored; but they are always spoken of lovingly and hopefully. In fine, the book is eminently a Christian one; and higher praise than this we know not how to give.

Were we to suggest any faults, they would be perhaps chargeable upon the "Executive Committee," and not upon the author. He may have been limited to a certain size, or within a certain cost. If not, the work ought to have been larger, and the maps should have been at once more comprehensive and minute. The narrative is rather too closely crowded with names, dates, and decisive incidents. We should have been glad to see more of the interior and the by-play of missionary life, and to dwell more in detail upon the personal biography of some of those martyr-spirits whose public services are commemorated. This last deficiency is

in part supplied by several interesting memoirs of deceased missionaries, and especially by the graceful and charming Life of the second Mrs. Judson, by "Fanny Forester," *alias* Mrs. Judson the third, who has contrived to interweave in her narrative life-like sketches of the members of several of the families connected with the Burman mission.

The missionary enterprise is a type of Christian zeal, which can never be wanting in an era of religious intelligence and activity. It slumbered only during the dark ages, and sprang again into energy with the re-awakening of the civilized world. It was the missionary spirit, wretchedly befogged and misguided, yet sincere and fervent, which inspired the Crusades, fed their enormous waste of treasure, and sustained unflagging courage in so many successive hosts of the soldiers of the cross. Nor can we doubt that the Crusaders understood Christianity as well, and were as thoroughly imbued with the true principles of Christian propagandism, as the grave civilians and reverend divines of England and America, who have rejoiced in the issue of the opium war in China as auspicious to the progress of the Gospel, or have looked upon the victory of Palo Alto and the bombardment of Vera Cruz as signal triumphs of Protestantism.

As regards modern missions of a more pacific character, the Romish church takes the precedence by a wide interval of the combined forces of Protestantism, both in priority of time, in extensiveness of operations, in the outlay of money, and in the number of devoted men who have made themselves either living or dying sacrifices to the cause. For this several sufficient reasons may be assigned. For one or two centuries after the Protestant Reformation, Great Britain was but a second-rate maritime power compared with the Catholic countries of the South of Europe, which, through their colonies and their unintermitted enterprises of exploration and discovery, were brought into intimate connection with every portion of the world then known or becoming known. When, too, the Romish theory of conversion promised and realized the most magnificent nominal results; and, where proselytes were to be made by the thousand, and new episcopal sees to be erected by the score, it would have been surprising had not the zeal of all Catholic Christendom been roused to its utmost measure of liberality and self-sacrifice.

The Romish church also had great vantage-ground for missionary operations in the celibacy of its clergy, and in the entire subserviency of the monastic orders to the Pope. Any number of ecclesiastics could be detached at any moment from and for any given post of service, could move on their distant missions without domestic impediments either to retard their progress or to awaken home longings and regrets, and could be sustained each for a small fraction of the expense at which a Protestant mission family could be supported. Add to all this the fact, that for several centuries the Catholic countries of Europe exceeded the Protestant in wealth, and especially in convertible wealth, in a much greater ratio than in population. But the Romish missions have left only faint traces of themselves in the regions where they have been most liberally sustained. There is indeed much to admire and reverence in the Christian heroism of the Jesuit missionaries, who have, in thousands of instances, encountered death in its most fearful forms, offered themselves as marks for savage archery, and hugged the crucifix and joyously chanted the *Nunc dimittis* at the stake. The Protestant bigotry, which would ignore the records of their almost numberless martyrdoms, closes its eyes upon a history which has not had its parallel since the days of the apostles. Nor can we repress our ready and delightful credence to the train of historical and circumstantial evidence, by which it has been made more than probable that the territory of our own country was the scene of the saintly Fenelon's first labors in the cause of his divine Master. Yet when we find Catholic Christians reckoned by hundreds of thousands in the great empires of the East, and at one time by thousands in our own Western wilds, and then look in vain for any vestiges of the refining and elevating influences of Christianity on the soil hallowed by the blood of so many devoted laborers, we cannot but believe that the chief result has been an outward conformity to the rites of the Church, as to a new and more magnificent form of idolatrous worship. We find that baptism, by whatever means effected, has made a living convert, and that extreme unction, on whatever grounds permitted, has constituted a Christian death. Nor can we believe that one in a thousand of the nominal converts has had any intelligent appreciation of the facts or doctrines of Christian-

ity, has been guided to the spiritual worship of one God, or has had his savage code of morals essentially modified. The facility of Paganism in the admission of new rites, and in the adoption of new objects of worship, has been interrupted only during transient epochs of fanaticism. There was room in the Roman Pantheon for every Deity that had an altar or a worshipper; and the same ready hospitality has in modern times extended its embrace to the Virgin Mary and the saints, where a spiritual faith, connected with an amended life and a purified worship, would have won only here and there a solitary disciple.

We are prepared, then, to anticipate fewer ostensible triumphs in the path of the Protestant missionary. And yet there is no quarter of the world, to which Protestants have carried the light of a pure faith, in which they have not made some discernible impression, and left results worthy of profound gratitude and full of encouragement for future efforts. In this field the English, Danes, and Germans commenced their efforts at nearly the same period; and the first missionary society among each of these nations bears date within a few years of the commencement of the last century. Until within the present century the Moravian Brethren furnished, it is believed, the most numerous and the most successful missionaries. Their establishments were Christian colonies of enlightened and zealous agriculturists and artisans, who connected with their religious teaching instruction in the arts of life, and diffused around them the amenities and charities flowing from a peculiarly Christian state of society. Their simple theology, their tender and loving spirit, their cheerful endurance of penury, privation, and affliction, their scrupulous integrity and unwearied kindness, have not indeed distinguished them from other Protestant missionaries; but they have been associated in such numbers and engaged in such pursuits, as to manifest the entire circle of Christian virtues in common spheres of activity, and in the complicated relations of social and industrial life; while the mere preacher as such is a man by himself, occupying constantly the position of an ambassador from the opposite party. Within the last half century, however, the Moravian missions have fallen into the background in comparison with the larger array of piety and zeal, which the wealth

of the English and American churches has brought into the field. Our present plan will not permit us the agreeable task of reviewing the efforts made in other quarters, and we shall confine ourselves to a sketch of the missions sustained by the American Baptists.

Prior to 1810, there was in the United States no organization for the support of foreign missions. During that year, four young men, members of the Theological Institution at Andover, presented to the General Association of Congregational Ministers in Massachusetts a document, in which they offered their own services as missionaries to the heathen, and requested advice and direction as to the best means of carrying their benevolent designs into execution. The writer and first signer of this document was Adoniram Judson, who yet lives, and may he long live, in unimpaired vigor of bodily strength, mental energy, and devotedness to the cause to which he consecrated the freshness of his youth. The consequence of this communication was the formation of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," under whose auspices three of these young men, with two others of kindred spirit, sailed for Calcutta, with the Burman Empire for their ultimate destination. During this voyage, Messrs. Judson and Rice, in the course of their scriptural investigations, found themselves constrained to alter their previous views as regards the ordinance of baptism, and were shortly afterwards baptized at Serampore by Mr. Ward, of the English Baptist Mission. They now found themselves, not, as we trust, estranged from the sympathy, but cut off from the support, of those on whom they had placed their reliance, and they appealed at once to the Baptists in America for the funds requisite to sustain them in their enterprise. Their appeal was warmly and gratefully received, as an indication of Providence opening an important avenue of Christian benevolence, and a Baptist Missionary organization was at once formed. Mr. Rice having returned to the United States, Mr. Judson was reinforced from time to time by the arrival of new missionaries, as rapidly as the Society at home was able to provide for their equipment and support.

Mr. Judson had, meanwhile, fixed his residence at Rangoon, in the southern part of Burmah, and had diligently employed himself in the acquisition of the language, and in

becoming conversant with the habits and character of the people. The language presented peculiar difficulties, from the absence of any suitable apparatus for its study, and from the few analogies which it bore to any of the Occidental languages with which he had been familiar. So soon as his knowledge sufficed for the task, he prepared and printed a tract containing a brief summary of Christian doctrine, and commenced the great work of the translation of the Scriptures, which was issued from the press in successive *brochures*. While thus employed, he sought every opportunity of conversation with the Burmans; and Mrs. Judson, and the other ladies who afterwards joined the mission, took the women and children under their special charge, and seem to have been, in labor, endurance, and sacrifice, not one whit behind their husbands. Every possible avenue of influence upon the natives was opened. Schools of various grades were established, social meetings instituted, public worship regularly maintained, and places of conference kept daily open for the reception of the inquiring and the distribution of portions of the Scriptures and other religious writings. At frequent intervals, the missionaries made excursions into the interior, navigating dangerous streams, transporting their own luggage across wearisome portages, penetrating pathless recesses of the mountains, and encountering every form of degraded and brutified humanity. With this incessant bodily fatigue and exposure, were joined difficulties which could be overcome only by the most resolute mental application and the most determined effort of self-concentration and recollection. When they had mastered the Burman language proper, they had indeed established a medium of oral and written communication with the more educated classes throughout the empire; but had hardly begun to bring themselves into intercourse with the dwellers among the mountains and the villagers in the remoter provinces. They found many different dialects in use, with few discernible analogies, and generally with no written literature for their guidance; and their only resource was to hang, eye and ear intent, on the lips of the savage, to catch the evanescent and often faintly articulated sounds of his jargon, and then to seek out their approximate representatives in alphabetic characters, which often needed to be multiplied in order to express some constantly recurring guttural or nasal, the means of uttering which is denied to civilized man.

By this painful process have the elements of numerous dialects been reduced to writing, employed in the translation of the Scriptures, and committed to the press for the instruction of savage tribes that never saw a book before. But so arduous is the effort of attention and imitation, by which an entirely unfamiliar tongue is to be thus learned through the senses alone, as often to impress ineffaceable marks upon the countenance and manner of the missionary. It was our happy fortune recently, at a literary festival, to sit at the side, (we would gladly have sat at his feet,) of a missionary from the East, who was revisiting the scenes of his youth after an absence of twenty years. His face bears a truly Johannine expression, nor do we ever expect to see more of meekness, love, and devotion portrayed on human features than we beheld in his. But at the same time, there was an earnest fixedness of gaze, a micrometer look of the eye, and a direction of the vision solely to the lips of the speaker in conversation, which showed how faithfully he had employed the sense of sight with regard to the barbarisms perpetrated upon the auditory nerve, while, whenever he broke silence, his lips seemed first to put themselves in posture for some preposterous feat of oral gymnastics, before they resolved themselves in the easy flow of his mother tongue.

The following extract will give a succinct sketch of the religion with which our missionaries found their ground preoccupied, — a system indurated by antiquity, commended to its adherents by the absence of cruel rites and oppressive burdens, and so entirely made up of postulates beyond the range of human experience, that to refute its claims with an undisciplined, can be hardly less difficult, than to establish them with a cultivated, mind.

"The religion of the Burmans is Buddhism, one of the most ancient and wide-spread superstitions now existing on the earth, and one which, in its various branches, holds beneath its gloomy sway the minds of nearly half the human race. In Burmah, it arrays itself in a form imposing to the imagination, and stimulating to the hopes and fears of men, while it exercises over the mind the power derived from immemorial existence, and from the traditions and associations of a hundred generations. Buddh is the general name for divinity; but the religion to which it lends its name is a system of absolute atheism. It teaches that there has been a succession of Buddhs, or incarnations of divinity,

though with long intervals between them, who, through various transmigrations, have attained the highest merit of every kind in previous states of existence. According to the legends contained in the sacred books, the last Buddh was Gaudama, who was born in the seventh century before Christ, became Buddh when thirty-five years of age, and continued so forty-five years, after which he passed into the state of *Nigbun*, which by some is understood to mean quiescence, or eternal repose, and by others, absolute annihilation. The next Buddh is to appear in about ten thousand years from the departure of Gaudama, and, though the precise time of his appearance is not fixed, yet his stature and dimensions, and the outlines of his person, are all fully described in the sacred writings. In the long intervals between the departure and appearance of the Buddhs, there is in reality no living God, and this system thus presents to the faith of its followers no conception of an eternal being, or a great First Cause, existing before the worlds were made, and destined to exist when the worlds shall cease to be. It involves innumerable contradictions and childish absurdities; yet it is riveted, with all the tenacity of an oriental faith, upon the minds of hundreds of millions of immortal beings.

"The principal objects of worship among the Burmans are images of Gaudama, which are manufactured of different sizes in great numbers, and for which the demand is so great that marble, the principal material of which they are made, is not allowed to be used for other purposes. These images are kept in private houses, or set up in the zayats or public halls of every village, and attached to the pagodas or temples which are erected in countless numbers in all parts of the empire. These structures vary in size and architectural proportions and appearance, but are for the most part solid masses of masonry, closed on every side, with their small interior space filled with sacred treasures, relics, and offerings consecrated to the divinity. With their lofty spires or pointed minarets standing against the sky, they constitute the most prominent feature of every landscape; they tower far above the dwellings of every city, and rise from every bluff and hill in all the inhabited parts of the country. Many of them are beautifully decorated and covered with gilt 'from turret to foundation stone,' and, when seen at a distance, they often present an appearance of imposing magnificence. On some of the pagodas are suspended small bells at different points, with fans or sheets of iron attached to their tongues, so that when moved by a gentle breeze, they give forth a pleasant chime, and seem to fill the air with mysterious music. Both temples and images are regarded with great respect by the people, though neither are formally consecrated to the purposes of worship.

"The priesthood is a very large and regularly organized body, and its members are initiated into the order with peculiar ceremonies. The rules regulating the lives and conduct of the priests are numerous and exact, though they are but imperfectly obeyed. The priests conduct no religious service at the zayats or pagodas, and perform no rites of worship for the people. Bound to celibacy, they live together in kyoungs or monasteries, where they often occupy themselves in the gratuitous instruction of such male children as are sent to them for the purpose. They wear a peculiar dress of yellow cloth, and are supported by contributions of rice and other articles of food, which they receive, in their daily rounds, from the people. They attend funerals, and frequently preach when requested and paid for the service; but their office is almost entirely a sinecure; though, with all their indolence and indifference, they undoubtedly exert a powerful influence over the minds of the people, and render them far less accessible than they would otherwise be to the truths of the gospel as they are proclaimed by the missionaries.

"Though this religion imposes a multitude of ceremonies and superstitious observances, it is remarkable for its entire want of sympathy with any of the interests or the sufferings of humanity. It makes the attainment of merit the great end of life, but this merit consists in any thing rather than the charities and amenities which belong to man's higher nature; hence the instruction of the ignorant, the relief of the poor, the consolation of the afflicted and the suffering, are not among the duties it enjoins. Its moral code, however, sets forth the sins which are to be avoided in five leading commandments: — 1. Thou shalt not kill; 2. Thou shalt not steal; 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery; 4. Thou shalt not lie; 5. Thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor. These prohibitions, so far as they extend, are sufficient of themselves to exalt Buddhism above many other false religions of the East; but it contains no positive precepts that are fitted to raise and purify the nature of man. Its commands and its prohibitions are alike designed for selfish advantage; they refer the doubting conscience to no sanctions of a superior being, and point the soul oppressed with sin to no ideals of excellence and holiness; they present 'nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition, but annihilation.'"

Among the Burmans, the missionaries have, up to the present time, had little visible success, though undoubtedly they have overcome the most serious initial difficulties that obstructed their enterprise, and have established relations through which they can in future have largely augmented opportunity and nearness of access to the hearts and con-

sciences of their beneficiaries. But there are scattered through the mountains and forests of Burmah and Siam, a politically inferior and depressed race, called the Karens, or *wild men*, who have been found peculiarly accessible to Christian instruction and influence. Their features and language ally them to the Caucasian variety of our species. Without priesthood or ritual, they believe in the unity of God and in a retribution after death, and preserve, in the form of rude legends, many traditions not unlike portions of scripture history and prophecy. Among these legends were predictions of a brighter day yet to dawn upon them, when "white strangers from beyond the sea would come to teach them *the words of God*, and raise them from their degradation." They can give no plausible account of their origin or history. It is evident that they are not indigenous in their present residence, but are the descendants of either a fugitive or a captive race from some more western region. They are kept by the Burmans, in part under heavy tribute, in part under personal restraint and bondage; and escape their exactions only by leading a romantic life in tracts of country remote from the course of travel and difficult of access. Like all subject races, they betray at present great inferiority to their oppressors in point of mental and physical vigor, but at the same time manifest in a much higher degree than they the personal virtues of sobriety and industry, and the social qualities of veracity, honesty, and good faith. Theory, of course, has not been idle in constructing a supposititious history for these unfathered foundlings of the nineteenth century. In common with every race that has lost trace of its ancestry, they have been repeatedly identified with the ten tribes of Israel, but by no strictly Hebrew peculiarities whatever, while the entire absence of religious rites is diametrically opposed to the hypothesis of their Israelitish descent. To us it seems much more probable that they were once a Christian people, made proselytes to the new faith before a magnificent ritual stood in the place of its simple and sublime doctrine, and that for centuries of exile and servitude they have borne about in their breasts the burden of their old church-hymns, and the fragrance of the Easter garlands that were laid upon the graves of their fathers. Among these people, the missionaries have received the warmest and most cordial welcome,

with hardly a rebuff or a single instance of coldness or indifference. They seem to have been in a waiting posture for the revelation that had reached them; and the truths of Christianity came to them more like revived reminiscences of a pre-existent state, than like a system adapted to revolutionize their former ideas and conceptions.

"Among the illustrations of their singular susceptibility of moral impressions, Mr. Boardman relates an account of a book which had been left at one of their villages twelve years before, by a travelling Mussulman, who told them it was sacred, and commanded them to worship it. The person to whose charge it was delivered, though ignorant of its contents, wrapped it in folds of muslin and enclosed it in a case, or basket, made of reeds covered over with pitch. It was henceforth *a deified book*, and an object of religious veneration. The keeper of it became a kind of sorcerer, and all the people of his village firmly believed that a teacher would at length come and explain the contents of the mysterious volume. When the arrival of Mr. Boardman was reported in the village, the guardian of the deified book came with a chief of the tribe to the mission house, to obtain his opinion respecting its character. The missionary, after hearing their story and speaking to them of the nature of Christianity, proposed that they should return to the village and bring him the book, that he might judge of its contents. Accordingly, after several days, the sorcerer returned, attended by a numerous train, and bringing with him the venerated volume. All seemed to anticipate Mr. Boardman's opinion as decisive of its character, and were wrought to a high pitch of expectation of its announcement. The sorcerer, at his request, stood before him, with the basket containing the mysterious treasure at his feet. He carefully unrolled the muslin and took from its folds an 'old, tattered, worn-out volume,' which, creeping forward, he reverently presented to the missionary. It proved to be no other than the 'Book of Common Prayer and the Psalms,' of an edition printed in Oxford. 'It is a good book,' said Mr. Boardman; 'it teaches that there is a God in Heaven, whom alone we should worship. You have been ignorantly worshipping this book; that is not good. I will teach you to worship the God whom the book reveals. Every Karen countenance was alternately lighted up with smiles of joy, and cast down with inward convictions of having erred in worshipping a book instead of the God whom it reveals. I took the book of Psalms in Burman, and read such passages as seemed appropriate, and having given a brief and easy explanation, engaged in prayer. They stayed two days, and discovered considerable interest in the instructions given them.' The aged sorcerer, on hearing

Mr. Boardman's decision respecting the book, seemed readily to perceive that his office was at end, and at the suggestion of one of the native Christians, he disrobed himself of the fantastical dress which he had been accustomed to wear, and gave up the heavy cudgel or wand, which for twelve years he had borne as the badge of his spiritual authority."

Mr. Boardman, who is mentioned in the preceding extract, devoted himself with peculiar zeal and perseverance to the Karen department of the mission. Wherever he went, the tidings of his progress preceded him, and in every village he found deeply interested crowds awaiting his arrival. He was, indeed, a picked man among that company of chosen ones, endowed with a noble nature, enriched by a liberal course of study, with tastes and capacities that would have ensured him happiness and eminence in whatever sphere of life he might have chosen. He had hardly become interested in Christianity for its own sake and for his own sake, before he conceived the purpose of abandoning the congenial pursuits and flattering prospects that opened before him, and consecrating the residue of his days to a ministry of mercy in whatever unevangelized country needed him the most. His thoughts were directed to Burmah chiefly by the death of Colman, whose fine powers and burning zeal had given the richest promise of usefulness in that region, but whom the fever of the climate swept away on the very threshold of his mission. Boardman at once determined to take up the banner that Colman had dropped in dying, and seems from the first to have had a clear presentiment, that his own term of service could not much exceed that of his departed brother. He carried with him the seeds of consumption, which germinated beneath the tropical sun no less surely, though less rapidly, than they would in the colder climate of New England. As his disease became apparent, it only aroused him to more earnest and vigorous effort. He traversed the Karen wilds with fast wasting strength, and the rude natives felt the majesty and beauty of his entire self-surrender for their good. Multitudes were won to the seemingly sincere profession of his faith by his tender and touching exhibitions of the truth, doubly eloquent and efficient as uttered from a pulpit so near the grave. When he had lost the power of locomotion and of self-help, he was still borne about on his Master's work,

and gathered numerous audiences around his couch to catch the few broken words of counsel and encouragement which he could still offer, and to join in those last prayers so soon to be merged in the worship of heaven. His death was that of the Christian hero on the field that he had won; and we know not where to look for more of moral grandeur, both in the manifestation of character and in its environments, than in the narrative of his last day's work upon earth.

"His constitution was now rapidly yielding to the inroads of the disease which had so long been consuming his strength, and it was evident that his labors were nearly at an end. The eager Karens, fearing he might not be able to fulfil the promise he had long ago made them, had built a zayat for his reception, and offered to come to the city and carry him in a litter on the journey, in order that they might secure his presence among them. He had just decided to yield to their pressing importunities, and to spend the latest effort of his strength in making the visit, when Mr. and Mrs. Mason arrived at Tavoy, as auxiliaries to the mission. He knew, by a fatal intuition, that he had no time for delay, and on the 31st of January, a few days after the arrival of Mr. Mason, he set out upon the journey. He was borne in a cot, on the shoulders of the Karens, and was accompanied by Mrs. Boardman and the newly arrived missionaries. At the end of three days they reached the zayat, which stood on the margin of a beautiful stream, at the foot of a range of mountains, whose sloping sides were lined with the villages of the strange people whom they had come to visit. More than a hundred were already assembled at the zayat, nearly half of whom were candidates for baptism. Aided by Mr. Mason and the native Christians who were present, he examined them in the history of their Christian experience, and in the doctrines of the gospel. But his strength was exhausted, and he could do no more. At the close of the day, just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains, his cot was placed at the river side, in the midst of the solemn company that was gathered to witness the first baptism which that ancient mountain-stream had ever beheld. Thirty-four native converts, whose examination had been approved, were baptized by Mr. Mason. As he gazed in silent gratitude upon the scene, he felt that his work was finished, his last promise to these scattered disciples was now fulfilled; and he was ready to depart in peace. He met them again at their evening meal, and still reclining upon his couch, uttered to them a few words of parting counsel and took leave of them forever.

"On the following morning the missionaries set out on their

return to Tavoy, hoping that he might survive the journey, and die at last beneath his own roof. But the hope was disappointed. Ere the second day had passed, his eyes were closed upon the scenes of earth, and his spirit was in heaven with God.

"Thus ended the consecrated life of this noble-hearted and intrepid minister of Christ. He lived to witness a glorious triumph of the faith which he taught, and died as every missionary might well wish to die, in the service of his Master, and surrounded by those whom he had been instrumental in converting from heathenism, and in reclaiming from barbarism. His tomb is at Tavoy, in the midst of what was once a Buddhist grove, and beneath the shadow of a ruined pagoda. It is covered by a marble slab, placed there as a tribute of respect by three gentlemen who at that time occupied the highest posts in the provincial government, and inscribed with a simple epitaph, which points the traveller who visits it to the Christian villages that skirt the neighboring forests and mountains, as the true memorials of his useful and devoted life." *

But Boardman was only one among a band of equally heroic spirits. In not a few of its chapters Prof. Gammell's unostentatious narrative rolls on with a more than epic majesty and a more than tragic interest. It belongs to an era of Christian history, on which future generations will look back as the heroic age of the Church, and which future poets may commemorate with a far loftier inspiration than that with which classic bards celebrated the times when men welcomed demigods to their tables, and everywhere encountered "*divis permixtos heroas.*"

We have spoken admiringly of the dying missionary. We know not how to express our reverence for his young widow, a woman of tender sensibilities and cultivated tastes, left with her infant boy, in a region of which her whole experience had been one of incessant suffering, privation, and peril. Who would not have bidden her seek the shortest passage to the embrace of the friends at home, whose hearts and arms were open to receive her? But she had learned the language

* The following is the inscription referred to above.

"Sacred to the memory of George D. Boardman, American Missionary to Burmah. Born Feb. 8, 1801 — Died Feb. 11, 1831. His epitaph is written in the adjoining forests. Ask in the Christian villages of yonder mountains — Who taught you to abandon the worship of demons? Who raised you from vice to morality? Who brought you your Bibles, your Sabbaths, and your words of Prayer? Let the reply be his eulogy. *A cruce corona.*"

of the country, had become intimate with its customs and institutions, and had already won a large place in the affections of the Karens who had sought her husband's tuition; and she felt that this vantage-ground forbade her leaving the field, and placed her under a sacred obligation to the poor mountaineers whose tears had fallen with hers over the missionary's grave. She therefore assumed at once the full charge of the station, established and superintended schools, sat in the *zayat*, (or place of worship,) for the instruction of novices in the faith, and at times conducted the public Sabbath services of large Karen congregations. She made frequent tours in the wilderness, over rude mountain passes, across perilous fords, and through the thickly matted underbrush of the jungle. Her services failed not of their immediate reward in the strong attachment to her of the whole Karen population in her district, and in the rapid increase of intelligence and steadfast converts to Christianity. At the close of the year following that of her husband's death, the church, of which a native teacher was the nominal pastor, but she herself the virtual head, consisted of more than a hundred members, many of whom attested their sincerity by walking forty or fifty miles, and crossing swollen streams on trees that they had first felled, in order to attend public worship.

Our mention of the Karens led us to anticipate, in the order of time, the incidents connected with Boardman's death and his widow's solitary labors. But we should do equal injustice to our author and our readers, did we make no record of the sufferings of Dr. Price, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson at Ava, the capital of the Burman empire. They were endeavoring to establish a missionary station in this place, under shelter of the medical reputation of Dr. Price, who had been regarded with marked favor by the King and his court. Just at this crisis of their affairs, war broke out between the Burman government and that of the British in Bengal, and the capture of Rangoon spread consternation through the capital. The missionaries had been known to receive money from a certain English resident, who had kindly officiated as their banker; and the officers of the government, ignorant of the system of exchange, inferred that this was secret service-money from the English authorities. Hence the barbarous treatment described in the following extract.

"It was on the 8th of June, 1824, that a company of Burmans, headed by an officer, and attended by a 'spotted-faced son of the prison,' came to the mission house, and, in the presence of Mrs. Judson, seized her husband and Dr. Price, and after binding them tight with cords, drove them away to the court house. From this place, they were hurried, by order of the king, without examination, to a loathsome dungeon known as 'the death prison,' where along with the other foreigners they were confined, each loaded with three pairs of fetters and fastened to a long pole, so as to be incapable of moving. Meanwhile, Mrs. Judson was shut up in her house, deprived of her furniture and of most of her articles of property, and watched for several days by an unfeeling guard, to whose rapacious extortions and brutal annoyances she was constantly exposed, without being able to make any exertion for the liberation of the prisoners, or the mitigation of their cruel sentence. She, however, at length succeeded in addressing a petition to the governor of the city, who had the prisoners in charge. By a present of one hundred dollars to his subordinate officer, their condition was somewhat meliorated, and by the unwearied perseverance of Mrs. Judson, and her affecting appeals to the sympathies of the governor, he was induced to grant her occasional permission to go to the prison, and at length to build for herself a bamboo shed in the prison-yard, where she took up her abode, in order that she might prepare food for the prisoners, and otherwise minister to their necessities.

"At the end of nine months, they were suddenly removed from Ava to Amarapura, and thence to a wretched place several miles beyond, called Oung-pen-la, where it was arranged that they should be put to death in the presence of the pakah-woon, as a kind of sacrifice in honor of his taking command of a new army of fifty thousand men about to march against the English. This imaginary chief had been raised from a low condition to the rank of woongyee: but in the height of his power, just as he was about to march at the head of the army he had mustered, he fell into disgrace, was charged with treason, and executed at an hour's notice, with the unqualified approbation of all classes of people at Ava. His timely execution saved the missionaries from the fate which hung over them, and they were left uncared for in the miserable cells of Oung-pen-la, till the near approach of the English to the capital induced the king to send for Mr. Judson, to accompany the embassy that was about to start for the English camp, for the purpose of averting the destruction that now threatened the Golden City.

"During all this gloomy period of a year and a half Mrs. Jud-

son followed them from prison to prison, beneath the darkness of night and the burning sun of noon-day, bearing in her arms her infant daughter, — the child of sorrow and misfortune, who was born after the imprisonment of its father, — procuring for them food which Burman policy never supplies to prisoners, and perpetually interceding for them with their successive keepers, with the governor of the city, with the kinsmen of the monarch, and the members of the royal household. More than once the queen's brother gave orders that they should be privately put to death; but such was the influence which Mrs. Judson possessed over the mind of the governor, that he evaded the order each time it was given, and assured her that for her sake he would not execute her husband, even though he was obliged to execute all the others. And when at last they were to be taken from his jurisdiction and driven to the horrid prison-house of Oung-pen-la, at the command of the pakah-woon, the old man humanely summoned Mrs. Judson from the prison where he had permitted her to go and sit with her husband, in order that she might be spared the pangs of a separation which he had not the power to prevent. Her own pen has traced, in lines that will never be forgotten by those who read them, the affecting history of the dismal days and nights of her husband's captivity."

The Burman mission is now in a prosperous condition, numbering twenty male and eighteen female missionaries from America, one hundred and ten native teachers, more than eighty of whom are Karens, and not less than sixty-five hundred baptized communicants.

The American Baptists have also hopefully established missionary stations in Siam, China, Assam, and among the Teloogoos on the western coast of the Bay of Bengal. They have furnished, too, their full proportion of victims for the pestilential climate of Western Africa, where the resident of Caucasian descent must take his life in his hand, and can hardly expect to survive the process of acclimation. It was a noble list of names that the Baptists furnished for the martyrology of that inhospitable coast between 1821 and 1848; and the surviving widows of men that perished there are now awaiting arrangements for the renewal of the mission, to revisit a field ripe for the harvest, but hitherto fatal to the reapers.

In France, Germany, and Denmark, the Baptist Missionary Union has of late years sustained missions of sympathy

and aid for the few and feeble members of their own communion, and of proselytism among the accessible of other denominations. In this more sectarian department of their labors we may not, indeed, feel the same interest with which we have traced their aggressions upon the ancient domain of Paganism; nor do we think that in the present condition of the Pagan world, and with so much of heathenism within hearing of church-bells all over Christendom, it is yet time for Protestant Christian sects to institute measures of mutual conversion and reprisal. But the fitness of such measures once admitted, we can speak in terms of unqualified approbation of the discretion, disinterestedness, and piety, with which these enterprises have been conducted by the Baptist Board. They have also attempted, in common with other Protestant denominations, to diffuse the knowledge of the Scriptures and the influences of practical Christianity on the nominally Christian, but essentially Pagan, soil of Greece. Here, however, from various causes beyond their control, their efforts have been feeble, often interrupted, and attended as yet with little promise of permanent fruit.

Among the Aborigines of our own country, the Baptists now have twelve missionary stations, and have performed, it is believed, their full part in the great work of civilizing and Christianizing the Cherokees, as well as in sustaining whatever there is of intelligence, sound moral principle, and pure religious faith among the wasting remnants of the great Southern and Western tribes.

Before closing this review, we would offer our brief and humble plea in behalf of the missionary enterprise, and would answer some of the more plausible objections urged against the expenditure of so much treasure and the sacrifice of so many lives for results so remote and doubtful. We would submit at the outset, that this objection comes with ill grace from a nation which has just squandered, in a needless war of aggression and conquest, more money than has been spent for missionary labors from the beginning of the world to the present day, and has thrown away more lives that ought to have been made and held precious, than the cause of religion has demanded from the days of the apostles downward.

The results have indeed seemed small as yet, compared with the outlay, and especially so in the great empires of the

East. But ought they to have seemed otherwise? May not the labors already expended have been essential in laying beneath the deep waters of ancient superstition the sunken foundation, on which the churches of regenerated Asia are to be firmly built, and to rise in ample proportions, and in substantial beauty and magnificence? The religions of Asia were the growth of times of no small intellectual culture and acumen. Their sacred writings are of venerable antiquity, and blend with their gorgeous and fantastic mythology the most revered names of monarchs, legislators, philosophers, priests, and poets, who flourished when Germany was an unreclaimed forest, and Great Britain an undiscovered island. Their dogmas are stereotyped in hereditary social distinctions, laws, customs, and institutions, that have borne sway more centuries than the missionary stations on their soil have counted years. The work of conversion is an entirely different affair on such ground from what it is among the fetich worshippers of the Pacific Isles or of Southern Africa, where there are no fixed traditions, or religious writings, or ancestral prescriptions. The first work to be wrought is the infusion of a general skepticism as to the established modes of faith; and this can be effected only by prolonged observation of the practical and extended working of Christianity, of its superior type of civilization, of its miracles of art and skill, and above all, of its humane and philanthropic spirit. Every mission family must help create and diffuse this skepticism, which, however, must be whispered from man to man and from village to village, and must gather force in secret, before it will dare obtrude itself upon the public eye, and encounter the scorn of the priesthood and the indignation of the ruling powers. How fast this essential process may be now going on, no mortal eye can judge; but, so surely as divine wisdom and human absurdity are placed side by side, and suffered each to manifest its true aspect and produce its appropriate results, the latter must lose, and the former gain, hold upon the respect, esteem, and credence of the nations now unevangelized.

Then, too, the creation of the requisite apparatus for successful missionary efforts is necessarily the work of time. Nowhere is the transaction beneath the unfinished walls of Babel so little mythical as in Hindoostan, Burmah, and the

adjacent kingdoms. Almost every mountain, valley, and watercourse, has its own separate language or dialect; and the great stem-languages of that region proffer only an inadequate and doubtful means of intercourse with the population beyond the walls of the principal cities. The greater part of the labor of past and present missionaries has been so employed as to smooth the path of their successors. Grammars and vocabularies have been prepared, and translations of the Scriptures published, in a large number of the native tongues. These enterprises while in progress make no converts; but they are rendering the speedy communication and wide diffusion of religious knowledge practicable and easy. The living voice can produce only scanty and evanescent results compared with the written Word. The mission schools are fast educating a race of readers, who will have the records of revelation in their hands, and will thus be able to acquire that intimate knowledge of Christian truth and duty, which preaching in an unfamiliar tongue, or through an illiterate interpreter, can never give. Meanwhile, there is no system of propagandism in behalf of the previously established religions, and their cumbrous records are in the hands only of the highly educated, and known only by vague tradition to the multitude.

But we would be willing, were it necessary, to stake the missionary cause on the slow and imperfect success which it has had in the least propitious fields of labor. We attach infinite value to every human soul: and, though we cannot sympathize with the stern theology which condemns the unevangelized to perdition for involuntary ignorance of the truth, we cannot express our sense of the benefit conferred on the man or woman, who has learned to lift the prayer of faith to the Supreme Father, to lean for pardon and acceptance on the love of Christ, to stand hopefully by the grave-side of the departed, to bear sorrow and suffering as the benign appointment of an unslumbering Providence, and, in dying, to look with unfaltering faith to a higher sphere of being. And when we contemplate the agency, through a thousand channels of benignant influence, of a single Christianized Pagan, the house hallowed by prayer and made radiant by the offices of love, the gentleness and courtesy extended through the complicated relations of social life, the

shining through a narrower or wider circle of an example conformed to the Divine pattern of the gospel, the self-multiplying power of goodness in all its forms and manifestations, we have no tolerance for any low estimate or depreciating regard of what has been accomplished under the least favorable circumstances, or in the least promising fields of missionary labor.

But would not the same expenditure of money and effort have borne surer and richer fruits at home, among the destitute of our cities, or among the unchristianized denizens of our frontier settlements? This question would have some pertinence, could it be proved that foreign missions have been prejudicial to the claims of domestic charity. But, in point of fact, while the Pagans were left out of thought, only the paltriest provision was made for the spiritual wants of our own fellow-citizens. The home missionary enterprise was simultaneous with the foreign; and the very sects, and the very individuals, who have been most liberal and zealous in the support of the latter, have been the most earnest and self-denying in sustaining the former. Charity languishes not on account of the multitude, but of the fewness, of its objects. The heart that opens towards one good cause is closed against none. The liberal hand, that casts its contribution into one treasury of God, relaxes its grasp whenever solicited in God's name. And, were there no other argument in behalf of foreign missions, we would plead for them on the score of the new spiritual life they have infused into the churches that sustain them. To take the world for their field enlarges and exalts their sympathies, ennobles and enriches their devotional feelings, brings them into closer communion of spirit with the world's Redeemer, and perfects their consciousness of kindred with the Universal Father.

Nor can we, so long as sects divide the Christian world, sympathize with the objection to foreign missions under a sectarian name, expressed by a contemporary journal in a notice of the book now under review. The broad field of Paganism proffers an arena for a far more peaceful, tolerant, and loving rivalry, than can be maintained in Christendom. There is room there for an amicable division like that between Abraham and Lot, when the whole land was before them; and, as they occupy severally their scattered stations over the

vast domain, they can say, without a shadow of insincerity, "Let there be no strife between us and you; for we be brethren." Numerous organizations can collect larger funds, and manage them more judiciously, than could a great central association, the responsibility of which was claimed by no single denomination. Nor can we find in the history of missions any beyond the slightest record of mutual jealousy or animosity, or of any less Christian form of competition, than that by which the different sects have endeavored to "provoke one another to love and to good works."

We have entire confidence in the ultimate success of the missionary enterprise. Christianity triumphantly surmounted, ages ago, far greater obstacles than now lie in the way of its progress. Its whole empire has been wrested from the grasp of Paganism, as degraded, as inveterate, as stubborn, as the forms with which it now contends. Because we believe it the truth of God, revealed for man, and adapted in its form of communication to the nature, faculties, and wants of man, we doubt not that man under every mode of culture, may be brought to the intelligent reception of its truths, the practice of its duties, and the enjoyment of its hopes. We receive as from divine inspiration the predictions of the Hebrew seers and of the Christian apostle, which foretell the entire regeneration of the human family, and cannot but believe that man will yet rewrite in history the brightest pages of prophecy.

ART. III. — *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie, depuis la Revolution Française.* Par A. DEGERANDO. Paris. 1848. 8vo.

By Francis Bowen.

DURING the past year, the attention of the civilized world has been directed with lively interest towards the progress of the war in Hungary. The spectacle of a gallant people fighting single-handed for their independence against fearful odds, the gigantic powers of Russia and Austria, the ancient champions of despotism, being strenuously exerted for months in what appeared to be a vain attempt to crush them, was enough to awaken the warmest sympathies of the lovers of

freedom all over the globe. The accounts which reached us from the distant scene of conflict were various and conflicting, but on the whole so favorable to the cause of the insurgents, that when the news at last arrived of their final and entire discomfiture, it excited as much disappointment as regret. It was evident that the preceding accounts of astonishing victories gained by the Hungarians over vastly superior forces had been grossly exaggerated, even if they had not been entire fabrications. The theatre of the struggle was near the eastern confines of civilized Europe, and all the intelligence which came to us from that distant region had been filtered through German and French newspapers, and colored by the various hopes and purposes of those who disseminated the reports with the intent of affecting public opinion by them, and of gaining sympathy and aid for one or the other of the contending parties. As we have rejoiced over victories which had never been gained save in the excited imaginations of those who reported them, it is worth while to look a little more closely into the nature and causes of the war, and to ascertain if the motives and aims of the belligerents have not been as much misrepresented as their actions. The Hungarian question is an intricate and difficult one; but as the decision of it is likely to have an important influence upon the politics of Europe for a long period to come, an attempt to render it more intelligible may be useful and interesting even on this side of the Atlantic. We depend for information chiefly on M. Degerando's book, and on a series of excellent articles contributed by E. de Langsdorff and H. Desprez to the *Revue des deux Mondes.*

Though the war in Hungary began as early as September, 1848, a Declaration of Independence was not adopted by the Hungarian Diet till the middle of April, 1849. In the intervening months, though much blood was shed and the contest was waged with great exasperation on both sides, it had the aspect of a civil war between different portions of the same empire, the weight of imperial authority being thrown alternately on either side, according as the vicissitudes of the conflict caused the one or the other party to adopt a position which was more favorable to the interests of the emperor. Thus, Jellachich and his army were at first denounced by the imperialists as rebels; and after the Sclavonic rebellion in

Bohemia had been crushed by the bombardment of Prague, the Austrian marshal Hrabowski commenced a campaign against the favorers of that rebellion in Croatia and Sclavonia also, while the Hungarians, acting on the side of the imperialists, menaced the same countries with invasion from the north. But the Austrian cabinet soon found that Jellachich was less to be dreaded than Kossuth, and that the Sclavonians were disposed to be more loyal subjects than the Magyars. By a sudden shift of policy, therefore, the Croats were taken into favor, and their redoubtable Ban at the head of his army was commissioned by the emperor to put down the insurrection in Hungary. Still the Hungarians did not declare their independence of Austria till the young emperor proclaimed a new and very liberal constitution for all his subjects, of whatever race, language, or province, in March, 1849. In this instrument it was formally declared, that "all tribes have an equality of rights, and each tribe has an inviolable right to *preserve and foster its nationality and language.*" The Hungarians proper, or the Magyars, had no sooner heard these words, than foreseeing how popular they would be with the Sclavonians, the Wallachians, and the Saxons, to whom they secured emancipation from the sovereign sway and masterdom which the Magyars had exercised over them for centuries, than they forthwith declared their own independence of Austria for the sole purpose of retaining these races in their former state of subjection and dependence. The declaration which they issued, consequently, was not so much a declaration of their own independence, (already amply secured by the concessions of the emperor a year before, concessions which made the connection of Hungary with Austria merely nominal,) as a protest against the independence of Croatia and Sclavonia. Its object was not to justify the rebellion of Hungary against Austria, but to accuse Croatia of rebelling against Hungary, and to criminate the emperor for favoring that rebellion. The Magyars assumed the position, therefore, of a nation striving to impose or to continue the yoke upon the necks of their own dependents, instead of laboring to throw off a yoke from their own shoulders. It suited the haughty and imperious spirit of this aristocratic race to bring this accusation against their hereditary monarch of favoring a set of rebels against their own sove-

reignty. Their complaint reminds us of the feudal barons chiding their king for emancipating the commons, and thus erecting a barrier against the tyranny of the nobles.

A brief extract from the Hungarian Declaration of Independence, dated at Debreczin, April 14th, 1849, will show the true character of the quarrel between the two countries.

"Croatia and Sclavonia were chosen to begin this rebellion, because in those countries the inhuman policy of Prince Metternich had, with a view to the weakening of all parties, for years cherished hatred against the Hungarian nation. By exciting in every possible manner the most unfounded national jealousies, and by employing the most disgraceful means, he had succeeded in inflaming a party with rage; although the Hungarians, far from desiring to oppress the Croatians, allowed the most unrestrained development to the provincial institutions of Croatia, and shared with their Croatian and Sclavonian brethren their political rights, even going the length of sacrificing some of their own rights, by acknowledging special privileges and immunities in those dependencies.

"The Ban revolted, therefore, in the name of the Emperor, and rebelled openly against the King of Hungary, who is, however, one and the same person; and he went so far as to decree the separation of Croatia and Sclavonia from Hungary, with which they had been united for eight hundred years, as well as to incorporate them with the Austrian Empire. Public opinion and undoubted facts threw the blame of these proceedings on the Archduke Louis, uncle to the Emperor, on his brother, the Archduke Francis Charles, and especially on the consort of the last-named prince, the Archduchess Sophia; and since the Ban in this act of rebellion openly alleges that he acted as a faithful subject of the Emperor, the ministry of Hungary requested their sovereign by a public declaration to wipe off the stigma which these proceedings threw upon the family. At that moment affairs were not prosperous for Austria in Italy; the Emperor, therefore, did proclaim that the Ban and his associates were guilty of high treason, and of exciting to rebellion. But while publishing this edict, the Ban and his accomplices were covered with favors at Court, and supplied for their enterprise with money, arms, and ammunition. *The Hungarians*, confiding in the royal proclamation, and not wishing to provoke a civil conflict, *did not hunt out those proscribed traitors in their lair, and only adopted measures for checking any extension of the rebellion. But soon afterward the inhabitants of South Hungary, of Servian race, were excited to rebellion by precisely the same means.*

"These were also declared by the King to be rebels, but were, nevertheless, like the others, supplied with moneys, arms, and ammunition. The King's commissioned officer and civil servants enlisted bands of robbers in the principality of Servia to strengthen the rebels, and to aid them in massacring the peaceable Hungarian and German inhabitants of the Banat. *The command of these rebellious bodies was further intrusted to the rebel leaders of the Croatians.*"

The war in Hungary, then, on the part of the Magyars, was neither a struggle for national independence, nor an attempt to establish a republic on the wreck of their ancient monarchical and aristocratic institutions. Hungary is the most aristocratic nation in Europe; nowhere else are the distinctions and immunities of the nobles so strongly marked, or the nobles themselves so numerous in comparison with the whole population, or the dividing lines between the privileged and unprivileged classes preserved with so much care. The fourth resolution appended to the Declaration of Independence expressly provides, that "the form of government to be adopted for the future shall be fixed by the Diet of the nation," in both branches of which the representatives of the titled and untitled nobility have a great superiority of numbers, and exercise undisputed control; where, in fact, till within a few years, the third estate, or the commons, were hardly represented at all; and to which, even now, the peasants, who constitute four fifths of the population, do not send a single representative. The resolution goes on to say, that "until this point shall be decided, *on the basis of the ancient and received principles which have been recognized for ages*, [that is, acknowledging the absolute supremacy of the Magyar race in the country which they conquered, and where they have been lords of the soil and the dominant nation for eight or nine centuries,] the government of the united countries, their possessions and dependencies, shall be conducted on the personal responsibility, and under the obligation to render an account of all his acts, by Louis Kossuth." In short, a temporary dictatorship was established, absolute power being confided, not to a military commander, a course which the pressing exigencies of the war might well have justified, — but to a civilian, who was to exercise all the authority which, in a republican insurrection, is usually delegated to a legislative assembly.

The Croatians and other Sclavonians are not the only people, who, in this singular Declaration of Independence, are denounced as rebels. One of the charges specified in it against the imperial government is, that "the *traitorous* commander" in Transylvania "stirred up *the Wallachian peasants* to take arms against their own constitutional rights, and, aided by the rebellious Servian hordes, commenced a war of Vandalism and extinction." Here, as in other passages, this remarkable document bears less resemblance to the declaration of a people who have risen in arms against their rulers to vindicate their liberties, than to a manifesto of those rulers intended to censure and subdue such insurrection. It is an appeal to the ancient institutions of the country; a vindication of the just authority of the governors over the governed; a reproof of rebellion. How the Hungarians could be engaged in a contest at the same time with their hereditary sovereign and with their own rebellious subjects, is the problem which we seek to solve by investigating the former position of the parties in respect to each other, and the circumstances out of which the war arose.

Hungary, with a territory no larger than that of Virginia and North Carolina united, has a population of about ten millions and a half, made up of at least half a dozen distinct races, who speak as many different languages and dialects. Among these, the Magyars, who are the dominant race, and have long owned all the soil and held the whole political power of the country in their hands, number about 4,200,000. The Sclavonians are rather more numerous, but are divided into many distinct tribes, which inhabit different portions of the country, and speak what was originally one language; the several Sclavonic dialects have marked peculiarities, yet do not differ so widely but that the different tribes can understand each other. The Slowacks, who inhabit the north of Hungary, and number about 2,200,000, seem most nearly allied to the Czechs of Bohemia, another Sclavonic tribe who began the recent revolutionary movement in the disjointed empire of Austria. The Rusniaks, a third Sclavonic tribe are 300,000 in number. The inhabitants of Croatia, who are of the Sclavonic race, number about 700,000; and there are as many more of the Servians, of the same descent, who live within the borders of Hungary. Add to the Magyars

and the Sclavonians about one million of Germans, another million of Wallachians, 250,000 Jews, and a few thousand Greeks, Armenians, and Gipsies, and you have the heterogeneous population of Hungary proper. The population of Transylvania, which has long been a dependency of Hungary, and was united with it in the recent war, consists of 260,000 Magyars, 260,000 Szeklers, a rude tribe allied to the Magyars, 250,000 Germans, and 1,300,000 Wallachians. On the Military Frontier, again, there are nearly 700,000 Croats, 200,000 Servians, 200,000 Germans, and 100,000 Wallachians. Taken in its largest sense, therefore, Hungary has a population of about fourteen millions, of whom less than one third are Magyars, rather more than a third are Sclavonians, one sixth are Wallachians, and only one twelfth are Germans. The prevailing languages, of course, are the Magyar, the Sclavonic in all its dialects, the German, and the Wallachian, no one of which has any affinity with another.

There is as great diversity of religious faith, as of language and race, among this singular population. The Wallachians are nearly all of the Greek church, more than half of them, however, being schismatics. Most of the Sclavonians are Romanists, and the Catholic is the established church in Croatia, where no protestant can hold an office under government. The Germans are chiefly Lutherans, and nearly half of the Magyars are Calvinists. The Unitarian is one of the three established churches of Transylvania, having been introduced into that country by a queen of Poland in the sixteenth century; though the Wallachians form nearly two thirds of the population of the duchy, their church, which is the Greek, is only tolerated.

The dominant races, or "sovereign nations," as they call themselves, have labored to render their supremacy as conspicuous as possible; in their ordinary employments and in military service, in the civil, political, and religious institutions of the country, the dividing line between them and the "subject nations" is very broadly marked. This distinction, so universal and conspicuous, having been acknowledged and uncontested for centuries, has prevented any amalgamation of the different races with each other; and thus the Magyars, the Wallachians, the Saxons, and the Sclavonians have lived for ages side by side, each preserving their own language,

religion, occupation, habits, and all their national characteristics as distinct and broadly separated from each other as they were when the fortunes of war and the migrating propensities of their ancestors first brought them in contact, and established them on the same soil. The subject nations, both Wallachian and Sclavonic, are a rude and uneducated people, who have never been able to acquire the languages of their masters, which are fundamentally different from their own; and this circumstance alone has raised an insuperable bar to intercourse between them. They are also, for the most part, of a mild and unambitious disposition, patient and laborious, and firmly attached to the customs of their ancestors. They are the aborigines of the country, the first possessors of the soil upon which the Huns, the Turks, the Magyars, and the Germans have subsequently established themselves by right of conquest. Submission and inferiority have been enforced upon them through so many generations, that they have become the badges of their tribe; and it is only within a few years that the idea of resistance, or the possibility of asserting an equality of rights, has even occurred to them.

Here in America, where emigrants coming to us from all the nations of Europe, and submitting themselves to the crucible of our republican institutions, are fused in the course of one or two generations into one homogeneous mass, different languages, temperaments, habits, and characters, all blending together and disappearing almost as rapidly as the gases sent out from a chemical laboratory are diffused and lost in the great body of the outward atmosphere, we can hardly believe it possible, that, in another country, several distinct races should live side by side, crowded together within a comparatively small territory, and still remain as distinct from each other, and preserve all their original differences as strongly marked, as when circumstances first brought them together centuries ago. But it is so; these broad differences of race exist, and the feelings of rivalry and mutual hostility, which so naturally result from them, must show themselves when once the dominion of the foreign sovereign, the common master who originally held them all in equal subjection and at peace with each other, is withdrawn, and national independence allows full scope for the national tendencies to produce their appropriate effects. Hungary is the eastern outpost

of civilized Europe; its position made it the first stopping-place in the migration of those hordes from central Asia, which prostrated the Roman empire in the west, and afterwards so often menaced the independence of the several kingdoms which were established upon its ruins. It was therefore both the earliest and the latest sufferer from these incursions. Attila pitched his tents here before he swept over the fairer regions of Italy and Gaul; in 1526, the last independent king of Hungary was defeated and slain by the Turks in the fatal battle of Mohacz, and the greater part of the country remained subject to the Ottomans for a century and a half, till the heroic John Sobieski accomplished its deliverance. From that time it has remained subject to Austria, its union with this empire being necessary for its protection against the Turks, and essential for the freedom of its communication with western Europe. Its perilous position, and the frequent wars of which it has been the theatre, have kept alive the military spirit of its people, and preserved its military institutions in complete vitality. But its remoteness and isolation have prevented it from sharing in the improvements of modern times; and its institutions, military, civil, and political, are those of the Middle Ages. The Feudal System existed there but yesterday in full vigor; all the land was held by the nobles on condition of military service, and on failure of direct heirs reverted to the crown. The peasants were serfs attached to the soil, and could bring no suit against their feudal lord except in his own manorial court, where the noble was judge in his own cause. The distance between the vassal and his lord was rendered more broad and impassable by the fact that they belonged to different races, and spoke different languages. The differences of employment and social position contributed to perpetuate the distinctions of race; the Magyars, proud of their noble birth, would follow hardly any profession but that of arms. And they scorned the foot service; a century or two ago, they served as knights and mounted men-at-arms; now, they form the most splendid cavalry in the world, and leave the Croats and other Sclavonians to fill the ranks of the infantry. The Szeklers, the kindred in race of the Magyars, are born soldiers; more rude and uncultivated than their splendid kinsmen in Hungary, they are equally haughty, and more fierce and savage; woe to

those who dare encounter them in the course of a civil war, for even their tender mercies are cruel. When the passions of the Magyars are not excited, however, their conduct is neither overbearing nor tyrannical; they have too much real bravery, and are too high spirited and generous, for the one or the other. The patient and laborious Wallachians and Sclavonians have tilled the ground for them for centuries, hardly conscious how firmly the yoke of servitude rested on their necks.

Hungary has been aptly compared to an old feudal castle, with its donjons and moats, its battlements and portcullis, which the modern reformers wished to transform at once into an elegant and convenient modern habitation. The first step necessary in so sweeping a reform was to level it with the ground; and those who had made this rash attempt soon found that they had miscalculated the strength of the antique and massive pile. They succeeded only in pulling down some of the outworks upon their own heads. Among these classes so widely separated, among races that are foreign, and even hostile, to each other, with different religions, different tongues, and different civilizations, it was vain to think of introducing the modern ideas of democracy and equality; and the Magyars themselves have never attempted it.

The Magyars inhabit chiefly the central and eastern portions of Hungary, having the Slowacks on the north, the Wallachians on the east, and the Croatians and other Illyro-Sclavonians on the south. The great estates of their titled nobles, or magnates, as they are called, extend over every portion of the country, as the other races, till quite recently, owned little or no land in Hungary proper, except in the free cities, where the land had been freed by purchase, or released from feudal obligations by the favor of the crown. It is estimated by the latest statisticians, that the nobles, who are all Magyars, number at least 600,000, including women and children, so that one seventh part of this dominant race enjoy the privileges of rank; but the magnates do not exceed two hundred in number, most of whom own vast possessions. The untitled nobility have the entire control of the lower house, or second table, as it is called, in the general Diet, this house being composed chiefly of representatives from the county assemblies, and the affairs of the counties, (*comitats,*)

of which there are about sixty in the kingdom, are regulated exclusively by the Magyar nobles. Thus, as the magnates form the great majority of the upper house, or first table, the whole legislation of the kingdom is in the hands of the nobility. All the Magyar nobles own land, which the poorest of them are often obliged to cultivate with their own hands, as any employment in commerce or the mechanic arts is considered derogatory to their rank, and they do not often engage even in the learned professions. The Magyars who are not noble form the higher class of the peasantry; and though not often rich, they have generally most of the necessaries, and even the comforts of life, as the feudal burdens on their lands are not excessive, and their tenant rights are often very valuable. Whether peasants or nobles, they pride themselves on their race, and regard the Wallachians and Sclavonians as their subjects, if not as inferior beings.

The Magyar language stands by itself, having no affinity or relationship with any other language in Europe; *lingua sine matre et sororibus.* There are only two other languages on the continent, the Biscayan or Basque, and the Finnish, which are equally isolated; some philologists have attempted to trace an affinity between the Magyar and the Finnish, but the prevailing opinion now is, that the resemblance between them is too slight to afford sure grounds for believing that they sprang originally from the same stock. The Hungarian is said to be a noble language, having a great variety of verbal inflexions, and abounding in majestic and sonorous expressions, so that it is admirably adapted to the purposes of oratory; but it is of very limited use, having hardly any literature, and only a few learned philologists, besides the Magyars themselves, are acquainted with it. This peculiar character of their language alone is enough to point out the Magyars as comparative strangers in the country which they inhabit and own, its former possessors having been deprived of the soil and reduced to servitude. Their attitude in this fair region is still that of conquerors lording it over the ancient inhabitants, who have never succeeded in shaking off the yoke which was imposed on them nearly a thousand years ago. Leaving aside for the present the changes which have been made within the last ten years, it may be said that all the political and civil institutions of the country were contrived

exclusively for the benefit of this dominant race, who form, be it remembered, less than a third part of the population; and down to the outbreak of the recent war, these institutions were exclusively controlled and managed by them. The Magyar peasants, it is true, had nothing to do with the direction of affairs, though their interests, so far as they came in conflict with those of the Sclavonian and Wallachian peasants, were, of course, protected by the great body of the Magyar nobility, who owned all the land, and made all the laws. The guaranties of Hungarian independence, so frequently alluded to in speaking of the union of the country with Austria, were nothing more than stipulations in favor of the privileges of the nobles. The engagement to respect "the ancient constitution" of the land, which was a part of the coronation oath whenever a new emperor of Austria was crowned king of Hungary at Buda, was simply a promise to do nothing to disturb the domination of the Magyar race, and to respect the rights and immunities of the nobles. That these immunities were precious in the eyes of the nobles, and were jealously guarded, we can well believe, inasmuch as they secured to them entire exemption from taxation, all the burdens of the state being borne by the peasants.

So far was this principle carried, that, down to 1840, the nobles were not required to pay the ordinary toll on passing the bridges which were erected for the public convenience. "I shall never forget," writes M. de Langsdorff, "the impression I received when, on the bridge which crosses the Danube at Pesth, I saw every peasant, every poor cultivator of the ground, rudely stopped and compelled to pay toll both for himself and for the meagre horses harnessed to his cart. The tolls are heavy, amounting to a considerable sum for these poor people; while the Magyar gentlemen, mounted on fine horses, or seated in elegant carriages, passed and repassed without payment. I had read, it is true, that the Hungarian noble was exempted from all public contributions, was subject to no personal tax, and that all burdens fell on the peasants; but there is a great difference between the mention in print of some old injustice of the laws, and the immediate and irritating spectacle of a social wrong. I felt that I belonged to the party of the vanquished, and like them I offered to pay. But the toll-gatherer, perceiving that I was

a stranger, refused my money, and told me that the tax was intended only for the serfs. This exemption, it is true, was a small affair, and tyranny has other practices that are far more odious; but from that time I was no more astonished by the inequalities and anomalies which I witnessed during the rest of my journey; I had foreseen them all on the bridge at Pesth."

As the bridge was built from the public funds, which are supplied exclusively by taxation of the peasants, the injustice of allowing the nobles to pass free is still more obvious. It was one of the grand reforms effected by Count Széchény, that the Diet, in 1836, was induced to vote that the nobility should be subject to toll on passing the fine suspended bridge by which it had been resolved to supersede the floating one at Pesth. The nobles deserve the more credit for this act, for as they have the entire control of both tables of the Diet, they were called upon to vote down one of the privileges of their own order. Though the amount of the toll was insignificant, the passage of the law was acknowledged to be a point of great importance, as it would sacrifice one of the most cherished principles of the ancient constitution of the country, — the exemption of the nobility from all public contributions whatever. Count Széchény had labored strenuously to prepare the public mind for the change by the pamphlets which he had published on the subject; and he took the lead as a debater in the Diet in favor of the measure. After the debate, opinions seemed so equally divided that the Palatine, who presided, durst not declare that the bill had passed in the usual way, by acclamation; for the first time in the history of a Hungarian Diet, and though there were great doubts of the legality of such a course, the votes were ordered to be counted, and, in a full house, a majority of six were reported on the side of generosity and justice.

The present position of the Magyars in Hungary is very much what that of the Normans in England was, for the first century or two after the Conquest. Though William had fair pretensions to the crown by right of birth — his title, in fact was quite as good as that of Harold — he treated the Saxons, after he had subdued them, as if his only claim to their allegiance rested upon the sword. He exercised all the rights of a conqueror according to the ideas of his own bar-

barous age; and his chivalrous but rapacious nobles, with their greedy followers, eagerly seconded his designs. To break the spirit of the conquered Saxons by the insults as much as by the losses inflicted upon them, to proscribe their language as well as to rob them of their estates, to ridicule their habits, and to brand them as an inferior and degraded race, who were unfit to hold office and unworthy to bear arms, was the settled policy of the earlier Norman kings. The Norman French was the language of the court, the nobility, and the parliament, of all legislative acts and legal proceedings, from which, indeed, it has not entirely disappeared even at the present day. The chief captains of the invading army became the great barons of the realm, who were afterwards prompt enough to vindicate the privileges of their order against the arbitrary will of the monarch, but who took very little care of the liberties of the commonalty. But luckily the Normans were not numerous in comparison with the whole body of the Saxon population of England; and as they had to cross the channel to arrive at their new domain, they could not always bring their wives and daughters with them. The fair haired Saxon maidens did more towards the emancipation of the English people than did their fathers and brothers, for they soon began to lead captive their Norman conquerors. In the course of a few generations, very little Norman blood remained entirely pure in the island. A mixed race quickly formed a mixed language, and the English compound soon showed itself more generous and fertile than either the Norman or the Saxon element uncombined. The conquerors were like a mighty river rushing into the ocean with such force as to drive back the waters of the deep, and preserve its freshness some miles from land; but the contest is too unequal, the force of the stream is soon spent, and its sweet waters are finally lost in the saltness of the multitudinous waves.

Normandy sent forth a little army that was able to conquer England, but was not numerous enough to possess it. Little more than a century before the period of that invasion, the Asiatic hive of nations had sent forth one of its great swarms of Tartar breed, men, women, and children, carrying their tents, rude household utensils, and pagan gods along with them, to find fresh pastures for their herds on the rich fields

of Europe. The fertile plain of central Hungary afforded them their first resting place; the degenerate descendants of Trajan's Roman legions, who now call themselves *Roumani*, or Wallachians, and the ancient Sclavonic races, who were probably the aborigines of the country, offered but a feeble resistance to these fierce invaders. They were either driven into the fastnesses of the Carpathian mountains, or were reduced to servitude, and compelled to till the lands which were no longer their own. But the easy conquest of Hungary did not satisfy the rapacious and warlike spirit of the Magyars. Leaving a portion of their horde behind them, the others passed on, and carried the terror of their arms far into Germany and Italy, and even to the borders of Spain. As their habits were nomadic, and they were exercised from infancy in archery and horsemanship, they were able to make annual incursions into the more civilized countries around them, baffling their enemies by the swiftness of their movements and the suddenness of their attacks, and bringing back to their newly adopted land a rich booty from the cities which they had plundered and burnt. So much consternation did they create by these inroads, that the Christian nations of that period regarded them as the Gog and Magog of the Scriptures, the signs and forerunners of the end of the world. But their power was at last broken by two severe defeats which they received, in succession, from Henry the Fowler and Otho the Great. The latter one was so overwhelming, that it humbled the spirit of the nation, who thenceforward kept within the limits of Hungary, where the fertility of the soil, and the enjoyments procured for them by the patient labor of the Sclavonians and Wallachians whom they had reduced to servitude, gradually weaned them from their fondness for hazardous excursions, and gave them a taste for sedentary life and the arts of peace. But they preserved their individuality as a race, because they had brought their women and children with them from Asia, and they scorned to intermarry with their subjects, whose language was a mere jargon in their ears. Thus isolated from surrounding nations, the warlike and nomadic spirit of their ancestors was kept alive in them, and on fit occasion it flamed forth as of old. They no longer invaded other lands, but they fortified their own mountain fastnesses, and for three centuries the

integrity of their territory was not violated by foes from without.

Barbarian conquerors leave nothing to the vanquished; the Magyars appropriated to themselves the whole of the soil of Hungary, and their laws rendered it impossible that any portion of it should ever be alienated from them. The theory which they adopted was, that the whole territory belonged to the king, as he was the only representative of the entire nation; in respect to its immediate occupation and use, the ground was partitioned among them on strictly military principles. The officers, or petty chieftains, down to the lowest, received estates the size of which was proportioned to their rank and to the number of men whom they had commanded; these men, the common soldiers, with their families, were to live upon the estates of their officers, and by their labor, when they had not Sclavonian or Wallachian serfs enough to labor for them, to support both themselves and their former commanders. The descendants of these officers, who seem to have been very numerous, form the present Hungarian nobility; the Magyar peasants are the offspring of the common soldiers, or privates. The title of the crown is indefeasible; the noble has only what is called the right of possession, *jus possessionis*, in his estate; on the failure of his posterity — usually, on the failure of the male line only, but sometimes after both the male and female lines are extinct, — the land reverts to the king. Only the descendants of the person who first received the estate can hold it in perpetuity; they may dispose of it if they please, but then the purchaser cannot hold it after this family from whom he received it becomes extinct. The crown can always reclaim the land, though it may have changed hands several times, whenever it can be shown that there are no heirs of the original possessor in being. So, also, the purchaser cannot retain possession, if any heir of the first owner, however remote, or at a day however distant from the time of transfer, chooses to refund the purchase money with interest, and thus reclaim the estate. Practically, therefore, land in Hungary is inalienable; it is loaded with a sort of double entail, — first, in favor of the crown, secondly, in favor of the family of the first owner. Any one may buy it, indeed, but he does so at a great risk;

and the Sclavonians about one million of Germans, another million of Wallachians, 250,000 Jews, and a few thousand Greeks, Armenians, and Gipsies, and you have the heterogeneous population of Hungary proper. The population of Transylvania, which has long been a dependency of Hungary, and was united with it in the recent war, consists of 260,000 Magyars, 260,000 Szeklers, a rude tribe allied to the Magyars, 250,000 Germans, and 1,300,000 Wallachians. On the Military Frontier, again, there are nearly 700,000 Croats, 200,000 Servians, 200,000 Germans, and 100,000 Wallachians. Taken in its largest sense, therefore, Hungary has a population of about fourteen millions, of whom less than one third are Magyars, rather more than a third are Sclavonians, one sixth are Wallachians, and only one twelfth are Germans. The prevailing languages, of course, are the Magyar, the Sclavonic in all its dialects, the German, and the Wallachian, no one of which has any affinity with another.

There is as great diversity of religious faith, as of language and race, among this singular population. The Wallachians are nearly all of the Greek church, more than half of them, however, being schismatics. Most of the Sclavonians are Romanists, and the Catholic is the established church in Croatia, where no protestant can hold an office under government. The Germans are chiefly Lutherans, and nearly half of the Magyars are Calvinists. The Unitarian is one of the three established churches of Transylvania, having been introduced into that country by a queen of Poland in the sixteenth century; though the Wallachians form nearly two thirds of the population of the duchy, their church, which is the Greek, is only tolerated.

The dominant races, or "sovereign nations," as they call themselves, have labored to render their supremacy as conspicuous as possible; in their ordinary employments and in military service, in the civil, political, and religious institutions of the country, the dividing line between them and the "subject nations" is very broadly marked. This distinction, so universal and conspicuous, having been acknowledged and uncontested for centuries, has prevented any amalgamation of the different races with each other; and thus the Magyars, the Wallachians, the Saxons, and the Sclavonians have lived for ages side by side, each preserving their own language,

religion, occupation, habits, and all their national characteristics as distinct and broadly separated from each other as they were when the fortunes of war and the migrating propensities of their ancestors first brought them in contact, and established them on the same soil. The subject nations, both Wallachian and Sclavonic, are a rude and uneducated people, who have never been able to acquire the languages of their masters, which are fundamentally different from their own; and this circumstance alone has raised an insuperable bar to intercourse between them. They are also, for the most part, of a mild and unambitious disposition, patient and laborious, and firmly attached to the customs of their ancestors. They are the aborigines of the country, the first possessors of the soil upon which the Huns, the Turks, the Magyars, and the Germans have subsequently established themselves by right of conquest. Submission and inferiority have been enforced upon them through so many generations, that they have become the badges of their tribe; and it is only within a few years that the idea of resistance, or the possibility of asserting an equality of rights, has even occurred to them.

Here in America, where emigrants coming to us from all the nations of Europe, and submitting themselves to the crucible of our republican institutions, are fused in the course of one or two generations into one homogeneous mass, different languages, temperaments, habits, and characters, all blending together and disappearing almost as rapidly as the gases sent out from a chemical laboratory are diffused and lost in the great body of the outward atmosphere, we can hardly believe it possible, that, in another country, several distinct races should live side by side, crowded together within a comparatively small territory, and still remain as distinct from each other, and preserve all their original differences as strongly marked, as when circumstances first brought them together centuries ago. But it is so; these broad differences of race exist, and the feelings of rivalry and mutual hostility, which so naturally result from them, must show themselves when once the dominion of the foreign sovereign, the common master who originally held them all in equal subjection and at peace with each other, is withdrawn, and national independence allows full scope for the national tendencies to produce their appropriate effects. Hungary is the eastern outpost

of civilized Europe; its position made it the first stopping-place in the migration of those hordes from central Asia, which prostrated the Roman empire in the west, and afterwards so often menaced the independence of the several kingdoms which were established upon its ruins. It was therefore both the earliest and the latest sufferer from these incursions. Attila pitched his tents here before he swept over the fairer regions of Italy and Gaul; in 1526, the last independent king of Hungary was defeated and slain by the Turks in the fatal battle of Mohacz, and the greater part of the country remained subject to the Ottomans for a century and a half, till the heroic John Sobieski accomplished its deliverance. From that time it has remained subject to Austria, its union with this empire being necessary for its protection against the Turks, and essential for the freedom of its communication with western Europe. Its perilous position, and the frequent wars of which it has been the theatre, have kept alive the military spirit of its people, and preserved its military institutions in complete vitality. But its remoteness and isolation have prevented it from sharing in the improvements of modern times; and its institutions, military, civil, and political, are those of the Middle Ages. The Feudal System existed there but yesterday in full vigor; all the land was held by the nobles on condition of military service, and on failure of direct heirs reverted to the crown. The peasants were serfs attached to the soil, and could bring no suit against their feudal lord except in his own manorial court, where the noble was judge in his own cause. The distance between the vassal and his lord was rendered more broad and impassable by the fact that they belonged to different races, and spoke different languages. The differences of employment and social position contributed to perpetuate the distinctions of race; the Magyars, proud of their noble birth, would follow hardly any profession but that of arms. And they scorned the foot service; a century or two ago, they served as knights and mounted men-at-arms; now, they form the most splendid cavalry in the world, and leave the Croats and other Sclavonians to fill the ranks of the infantry. The Szeklers, the kindred in race of the Magyars, are born soldiers; more rude and uncultivated than their splendid kinsmen in Hungary, they are equally haughty, and more fierce and savage; woe to

those who dare encounter them in the course of a civil war, for even their tender mercies are cruel. When the passions of the Magyars are not excited, however, their conduct is neither overbearing nor tyrannical; they have too much real bravery, and are too high spirited and generous, for the one or the other. The patient and laborious Wallachians and Sclavonians have tilled the ground for them for centuries, hardly conscious how firmly the yoke of servitude rested on their necks.

Hungary has been aptly compared to an old feudal castle, with its donjons and moats, its battlements and portcullis, which the modern reformers wished to transform at once into an elegant and convenient modern habitation. The first step necessary in so sweeping a reform was to level it with the ground; and those who had made this rash attempt soon found that they had miscalculated the strength of the antique and massive pile. They succeeded only in pulling down some of the outworks upon their own heads. Among these classes so widely separated, among races that are foreign, and even hostile, to each other, with different religions, different tongues, and different civilizations, it was vain to think of introducing the modern ideas of democracy and equality; and the Magyars themselves have never attempted it.

The Magyars inhabit chiefly the central and eastern portions of Hungary, having the Slowacks on the north, the Wallachians on the east, and the Croatians and other Illyro-Sclavonians on the south. The great estates of their titled nobles, or magnates, as they are called, extend over every portion of the country, as the other races, till quite recently, owned little or no land in Hungary proper, except in the free cities, where the land had been freed by purchase, or released from feudal obligations by the favor of the crown. It is estimated by the latest statisticians, that the nobles, who are all Magyars, number at least 600,000, including women and children, so that one seventh part of this dominant race enjoy the privileges of rank; but the magnates do not exceed two hundred in number, most of whom own vast possessions. The untitled nobility have the entire control of the lower house, or second table, as it is called, in the general Diet, this house being composed chiefly of representatives from the county assemblies, and the affairs of the counties, (*comitats,*)

vast domain, they can say, without a shadow of insincerity, "Let there be no strife between us and you; for we be brethren." Numerous organizations can collect larger funds, and manage them more judiciously, than could a great central association, the responsibility of which was claimed by no single denomination. Nor can we find in the history of missions any beyond the slightest record of mutual jealousy or animosity, or of any less Christian form of competition, than that by which the different sects have endeavored to "provoke one another to love and to good works."

We have entire confidence in the ultimate success of the missionary enterprise. Christianity triumphantly surmounted, ages ago, far greater obstacles than now lie in the way of its progress. Its whole empire has been wrested from the grasp of Paganism, as degraded, as inveterate, as stubborn, as the forms with which it now contends. Because we believe it the truth of God, revealed for man, and adapted in its form of communication to the nature, faculties, and wants of man, we doubt not that man under every mode of culture, may be brought to the intelligent reception of its truths, the practice of its duties, and the enjoyment of its hopes. We receive as from divine inspiration the predictions of the Hebrew seers and of the Christian apostle, which foretell the entire regeneration of the human family, and cannot but believe that man will yet rewrite in history the brightest pages of prophecy.

ART. III. — *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie, depuis la Revolution Française.* Par A. DEGERANDO. Paris. 1848. 8vo.

By Francis Bowen.

DURING the past year, the attention of the civilized world has been directed with lively interest towards the progress of the war in Hungary. The spectacle of a gallant people fighting single-handed for their independence against fearful odds, the gigantic powers of Russia and Austria, the ancient champions of despotism, being strenuously exerted for months in what appeared to be a vain attempt to crush them, was enough to awaken the warmest sympathies of the lovers of

freedom all over the globe. The accounts which reached us from the distant scene of conflict were various and conflicting, but on the whole so favorable to the cause of the insurgents, that when the news at last arrived of their final and entire discomfiture, it excited as much disappointment as regret. It was evident that the preceding accounts of astonishing victories gained by the Hungarians over vastly superior forces had been grossly exaggerated, even if they had not been entire fabrications. The theatre of the struggle was near the eastern confines of civilized Europe, and all the intelligence which came to us from that distant region had been filtered through German and French newspapers, and colored by the various hopes and purposes of those who disseminated the reports with the intent of affecting public opinion by them, and of gaining sympathy and aid for one or the other of the contending parties. As we have rejoiced over victories which had never been gained save in the excited imaginations of those who reported them, it is worth while to look a little more closely into the nature and causes of the war, and to ascertain if the motives and aims of the belligerents have not been as much misrepresented as their actions. The Hungarian question is an intricate and difficult one; but as the decision of it is likely to have an important influence upon the politics of Europe for a long period to come, an attempt to render it more intelligible may be useful and interesting even on this side of the Atlantic. We depend for information chiefly on M. Degerando's book, and on a series of excellent articles contributed by E. de Langsdorff and H. Desprez to the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

Though the war in Hungary began as early as September, 1848, a Declaration of Independence was not adopted by the Hungarian Diet till the middle of April, 1849. In the intervening months, though much blood was shed and the contest was waged with great exasperation on both sides, it had the aspect of a civil war between different portions of the same empire, the weight of imperial authority being thrown alternately on either side, according as the vicissitudes of the conflict caused the one or the other party to adopt a position which was more favorable to the interests of the emperor. Thus, Jellachich and his army were at first denounced by the imperialists as rebels; and after the Sclavonic rebellion in

of Croatia, and cut off by the Russians and the Turks from the navigation of the Danube, Magyar-Hungary would be like an isolated tree planted in a soil where there is no water, the branches and foliage of which would wither in a single season.

It was only the restless and domineering spirit of the untitled Magyar nobility, aggressive and fiery in temperament, and panting not so much for absolute independence as for entire control of the more patient, industrious, and unambitious races, Sclavonians, Germans, and Wallachians, by whom they are surrounded, which kindled the recent war, and so conducted it as to arm every one of these races against themselves; and thus, in spite of their own matchless bravery and enthusiasm, and the misplaced sympathy of the republican party throughout Europe and America, to bring down upon their heads the united powers of Austria and Russia, and finally to sink in the unequal struggle. Had they begun by the abnegation of the enormous and unjust privileges of their own order and the insolent supremacy of their race; had they offered confederation and equality of political rights to Croat and Slowack, Saxon and Wallachian, their united strength might have dashed in pieces the Austrian empire, and the Russian troops would never have crossed their borders. But they aimed to procure dissimilar and incompatible objects; to retain the economical and political advantages of a union with Austria, without submitting to any control, or tendering any equivalent; to be admitted to all the privileges enjoyed by the Hereditary States, without bearing any portion of their burdens; to vindicate their own independence against the empire, but to crush the Croatians and Wallachians for daring to claim independence of the Magyars; to "hunt out those proscribed traitors in their lair," to stifle "the rebellion in south Hungary," to lay waste with fire and sword the Saxon colonies in Transylvania, and then evoke the indignation of Europe against the interference of Russia, whose troops entered Hermanstadt *at the urgent entreaty of these Saxon colonists*, in order to save them from utter destruction by the merciless Szeklers and Magyars.

We have said that the immediate cause of the Hungarian Declaration of Independence was the publication, by the

youthful emperor of Austria, of a very liberal constitution for all his subjects on the 4th of March, 1849. So bountiful was this constitution in granting political privileges and securities to all Austrian subjects, without distinction, that the Magyars had no ostensible ground to complain of it, except that which is stated in their declaration; that it divided what they call *their* territory "into five parts, separating Transylvania, Croatia, Sclavonia, and Fiume from Hungary, and creating at the same time a principality for the Servian rebels," and thus "paralyzed the political existence of the country." The justice even of this complaint is not very obvious; for Transylvania has always had a diet of her own, Croatia and Sclavonia united also have one, and the degree in which these diets depend on, or are subject to the Hungarian Diet, has never been accurately determined. The Croatian Diet protests against any such dependence or subjection whatever, and for very good reasons; for it is permitted to send but three delegates to the Diet at Pesth, which is wholly controlled by the Magyar nobility. What power would these three delegates have to protect the interests of the provinces which they represent, and which have an exclusively Sclavonian population? It is evident that the separation of these four provinces from Hungary, with which, indeed, they have never been properly or rightfully united, was absolutely necessary in order to carry out another article of the new Austrian constitution, which is the real object that the Magyars protest against. This article is the one we have already quoted, which secures an equality of rights to all the different races of the empire, and guarantees to each the privilege of retaining its own nationality and language. Other articles declare, that "for all the races or nations of the empire there is but one general Austrian citizenship;" and that "in no Crown-land shall there be any difference between its natives and those of another Crown-land, neither in the administration of civil or criminal justice, nor in the ways and manners of justice, nor in the distribution of the public burdens." This is in the true republican spirit of equality of rights and political privileges; and this was the law which Austria decreed, and Magyar-Hungary repudiated. The policy of Austria is evident enough; we grant her no credit but for submitting frankly and without reserve to what had

become a political necessity. History furnishes many other instances of a triangular contest between a despotic monarch, an arrogant nobility, and an exasperated people, in which the crown made common cause with the people, granted all their demands, and thus gained power enough to crush the refractory barons. Royalty is always more prompt to sacrifice its prerogatives, than an aristocracy is to abandon its privileges; for the former hopes to retrieve at a future day the ground which it has lost; while the latter, if once depressed, can never rise.

But the Magyars found still more serious cause to complain of the liberality of the new Austrian constitution. It provides that the Upper House of the General Imperial Diet shall consist of two members chosen by each of the provincial diets, besides other persons chosen by the Imperial Diet itself, enough to make the whole number one half as large as that of the Lower House; that is, it establishes an equal representation of the several Crown-lands in this Upper House, thus giving to Transylvania, Croatia and Sclavonia, and Fiume with its territories, equal weight with Hungary, and of course emancipating them from Hungarian domination. The constitution of the Lower House in the Imperial Diet is still more fatal to the lofty pretensions of the Magyars to govern all other races and nationalities. "The Lower House proceeds from general and direct elections. The franchise belongs *to every Austrian citizen who is of age*," and who pays a moderate tax, which is not in any case to exceed twenty florins, and may be as small as five florins. This is *equal* suffrage, and it certainly comes as near *universal* suffrage as any reasonable liberal could desire, considering how little experience the subjects of Austria have had in managing representative institutions. Under such a law, the 4,200,000 Magyars lose all control even of Hungary proper, which has a population of 10,500,000; the reins pass at once from their hands into those of the despised Sclavonians and Wallachians, who, taken together, number over six millions. The Magyar nobility, who number about 600,000, beheld themselves reduced from a condition in which they had the entire control of public affairs to a level with the eight millions of peasants. This proud aristocracy is absolutely crushed by the genuine republicanism of the constitution. This was the grievance which produced the Hungarian Declaration of Inde-

pendence, a Declaration put forth by a Diet constituted almost exclusively of the Magyar nobility. Up to the 4th of March, 1849, the reunion of Hungary with Austria was possible, and even probable, though open hostilities had existed between them for nearly six months; but on that date, the new constitution was issued, and the Magyar nobles immediately threw away the scabbard, and declared that they fought for absolute national independence.

That they might not be absolutely without allies in a contest which would evidently be a long and desperate one, and as they could find no friends among the subject races in their own country whom they had so long oppressed, they resolved to make common cause with the ultra republicans of Vienna, and, indeed, of Germany and all Europe. It was this alliance which varnished over their aristocratic purposes and tendencies with a false appearance of democracy, and gained for them the misdirected sympathies of the liberal party in both hemispheres. To one who has studied the history, character, and condition of the Magyar race in Hungary, this alliance certainly appears one of the most preposterous that was ever framed. It can be explained only on the principle so frequently exemplified in the movements of political parties, that extremes meet. The most striking feature in the Magyar character is the chivalrous, haughty, and aristocratic spirit which has been fostered by centuries of undisputed dominion over the nations whom their ancestors conquered nearly a thousand years ago, and by a continued struggle with the house of Austria to preserve the exclusive privileges of their order and their race. An intense feeling of nationality has always directed their conduct. To appease their growing discontent and gain their enthusiastic support, it was necessary rather to flatter this prejudice of race than to serve their real and material interests. Maria Theresa knew them well when she appeared before the assembled Diet in deep mourning, but with a helmet and plume on her head, a light sabre girded to her side, and with her infant in her arms, threw herself upon their generosity for support. The delighted assembly rose like one man, and clashing their sabres together, which these warlike legislators always carry even to the halls of debate, they uttered the memorable exclamation, *Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa.* The whole scene would have ap-

peared theatrical and in bad taste to any other legislative body in Europe; but it was perfectly in character for the Magyars, who have shown the same spirit on more recent occasions.

Even of late years, when ideas of progress and democratic reform had pushed their way even into Hungary, the great question at the Diet did not relate to the mode of embodying these ideas into legislative acts, but to the doubt whether the king, at the close of the session, would wear the Hungarian surcoat or the Austrian royal mantle; and whether he would make his speech in Magyar or in German. The manner in which the royal propositions were received, (the crown had the initiative in all legislative acts,) depended much more on the solution of these doubts than on the nature of the propositions themselves. "I still remember," says an eye witness, "the closing of the diet of 1840. The discussions had been stormy, and the members were about to separate with angry and resentful feelings. There were some at Vienna who counselled vigorous and severe measures. But there was a surer means of allaying the discontent. The emperor appeared in the Magyar hussar uniform, and the empress and her ladies bore the long white veil which the Magyar dames wear on great festival occasions. The assembly, electrified at the sight, made the hall resound with their cries of joy and triumph; and at the first word pronounced by the emperor in the Magyar language, the enthusiasm broke through all bounds, and he was not permitted to finish the sentence which he had learned with some difficulty."

This enthusiasm of character, coupled with some picturesque peculiarities of dress and customs, is one great cause of the favor with which the cause of the Magyars has been received in Europe. The established mode of taking the vote in the Diet has always been by *acclamation*, so that unanimity was often supposed when it did not exist. A noble never appears in public without the long and trailing sabre peculiar to his race, which, as already observed, he carries even into the legislative halls; whence the proverbial saying among them, "he has his arms, and he has his vote; his vote is therefore free." Assent was signified by clashing these sabres; and their late Palatine, the archduke Joseph, was noted for his quickness of ear and impartiality in determining whether more sabres were clashed in the affirmative or the negative of

a question. In this instance, as in many others, we see that the Magyar pride of race and strong attachment to ancestral usages have brought down a rude custom of the Middle Ages to modern times, in which it has no real significance, though it gives to their proceedings a factitious air of unanimity and chivalric feeling. The noted scene with Maria Theresa, for instance, as it is usually reported in history, gives a wholly false impression. The custom, indeed, has a historical meaning; it throws a broad light on the ancient constitution of the Diet, which consisted of 80,000 mounted nobles assembled on the plain of Rakos to determine on war or peace, and uttering all together the formidable cry, "To arms!"— after which no scrutiny of the vote was needed.

Again, the ordinary assemblage of the militia in Hungary, to perform the military service required of them by the tenure of their lands, is called the *insurrection*, a word which, as repeated by the historians, gives quite a false aspect to the occurrence. The splendid attire of the Hungarian soldiery, especially of the cavalry, in which arm alone the nobles are bound to serve, shows the rude and barbaric taste for magnificence which has descended to them from their Tartar ancestors, and has been religiously cultivated as a badge of their race. Yet their dress is well designed for military purposes, as the imposing aspect of an army is often an element of its success; the Magyar hussar jacket, embroidered with gold and pearls, has been copied in half the armies of Europe. One reason of the lasting popularity of the late Palatine was, that he always wore the national dress, especially the *attila*, a sort of tunic of cloth or black velvet, the name of which flatters the pride of the Magyars with the memory of their supposed ancient leader, and the *mente*, a long surcoat or pelisse, trimmed with fur. He also spoke with great fluency the Magyar language, a rare accomplishment for a native German, though no officer of rank in Hungary would be tolerated who had not acquired it. The nobles pay great attention to the physical education of their children, accustoming them from a very early age to all manly exercises, especially swimming and horsemanship. The noted reformer, Count Széchény, a magnate of high rank and great wealth, is reported to be the best swimmer in Hungary; a crowd often collected on the quay at Pesth when the rumor was circulated that he was about to swim over the Danube.

Many of the characteristics of the Magyar race interest the imagination and the feelings strongly in their favor; but the sober judgment of one who looks at them under all the light derived from the improved civilization of the nineteenth century cannot but condemn their position as a false one, their institutions as antiquated, and their character and customs as little suited to promote their intellectual and material well-being. The most intelligent among them have long admitted the necessity of great reforms, and during the twenty years which immediately preceded the recent war, many beneficial changes were actually made, and the way was paved for others of greater moment. The credit of these ameliorations is chiefly due to Count Széchény, one of the noblest and best reformers of whom any age or country can boast. Having a princely fortune, an enterprising and generous disposition, and an intellect thoroughly cultivated by books and foreign travel, joining the enthusiasm and the perseverance of a reformer to the practical skill and tact of a statesman, and being both an accomplished writer and an eloquent and practised debater, he has accomplished so much for his country that she owes him a larger debt of gratitude than is due to all her sovereigns and warriors united. His first enterprise, commenced twenty years since, was an attempt to improve the navigation of the Danube, a work of immense importance, as we have shown, to the prosperity of the country. The obstructions in the river were so great, that only large rafts and some rude *bateaux* were sent down stream, to be broken up when they had once arrived at the Black Sea. Széchény built at his own expense a light and stout boat in which he descended the river himself, and ascertained that the rocks and rapids were not so formidable as had been supposed. He then organized a company for removing the greatest obstacles from the bed of the stream, and placing a line of steamboats upon it. The undertaking had complete success, and within one year the boats were plying regularly from Ratisbon to Vienna, and from Vienna to Constantinople. The enterprise excited great enthusiasm in Hungary; the Austrian government favored it, and contributed largely for its execution. Metternich himself was pleased, and became one of the first stockholders, though he laughed at the boasting of the Magyars respecting it, "who thought they had invented the Danube."

This work made Széchény very popular; but as yet his countrymen regarded him only as an able engineer. He soon showed himself, however, a politician and publicist of the highest rank, by a number of pamphlets published in quick succession, advocating with great eloquence and ability some important changes in the constitution of the state and the relations between the peasants and the nobility. These pamphlets were the first productions of importance written, not in Latin or German, but in the Magyar tongue. Széchény knew his countrymen well, and was aware how much favor might be conciliated for his schemes by this innovation in language. His arguments were directed chiefly against the tithes, road-tax, duty-services, and other feudal burdens on the land, and against the exemption of the nobility from taxation. He proposed to redeem the tithes and the road-tax by means of a national loan, after the example that had been successfully set in several of the German states. Following up warmly in the Diet the schemes which he had broached in his pamphlets, he soon had the satisfaction of finding himself at the head of a numerous and active party, both in the legislature and the country at large, who eagerly seconded his designs. The discussion was carried on with great spirit on both sides, and the interest which it excited threw all other subjects into the shade. "The old feudal edifice erected by St. Stephen, fortified by Andreas II., besieged and breached for three centuries by Austria, was to open its gates to a more powerful assailant, the spirit of the age." The Diet of 1836 adopted several of Széchény's proposed reforms; other steps in the same direction were taken by that of 1840; and the discussion of others was interrupted only by the thunder of the revolutions of Paris and Vienna. Among the many disastrous consequences of those great convulsions, perhaps the most lamentable of all was the interruption, the ruin, of Széchény's work of peaceful reform in Hungary.

The brilliant reputation which Széchény acquired was earned as much by his temperance, and his regard for justice and the rights of all, as by the boldness of the changes that he proposed. "I wish," he remarked, "to awaken my countrymen so that they may walk, and not that they may throw themselves out of the window." His popularity became immense. His name was in every mouth, and the

counties vied with each other in sending him addresses of congratulation and rights of citizenship. When he arrived in any village, the peasants went out to meet him with music, and called him their father and liberator. The Diet of Transylvania sent him an entire gold pen several feet in length, and the national academy, the circle of the nobility, and the institute of the Hungarian language, at the same time, elected him their president. His name was given to the first steamboat which glided down the lower Danube; and in every drawing room at Pesth, the stranger might see an engraving in which Széchény appeared in a sort of apotheosis surrounded by luminous clouds, while beneath Hungary was represented as coming out of chaos, and the Danube, covered by vessels of all nations, flowed on majestically, not fretted by rocks or rapids, towards the sea. It is afflicting to be obliged to add, that when, in 1848, Count Széchény saw his great work interrupted, his popularity overcast, his place usurped by demagogues and radicals of the lowest stamp, and his country wrapped in the flames of a civil war, the shock was too great for his reason, and he made an attempt on his life. He threw himself into the Danube, whence he was rescued with difficulty, to be still preserved, let us hope, till he can again reap his reward from the returning reason of his countrymen.

It is much to the credit of the Austrian government, that although Széchény was the leader of the constitutional opposition in the Diet, it adopted nearly all his projects of reform, and submitted them, under the form of royal propositions, to be discussed by both houses. Strange to say, also, these propositions were received with most favor in the upper house; many of the magnates, especially the younger ones, warmly welcomed the new ideas of progress and social reform. "I do not know any class of men," says Langsdorff, "who, by their character, their liberality, and their devotion to the common good, merit more fully the high prerogatives they enjoy than these Hungarian magnates. A noble and chivalrous race, they are still worthy of the eulogy which Montesquieu pronounced upon them; their valor amounts to heroism in fight, their generosity to self-sacrifice so far as wealth is concerned." In their voluntary contributions to benevolent and national objects, they put to shame the munificence of the

rich in England. Thus, to the national academy established in 1827, for the propagation and improvement of the Magyar language, Count Széchény gave $30,000, Prince Bathiany nearly as much, Count Karoly $25,000, and the two Esterhazys about $16,000. This object, it is true, is regarded as one of vast interest and importance in Hungary, where attachment to the Magyar language is considered the true measure of one's patriotism. Thus, a military school was founded about twenty years ago, for the benefit of the children of the poor nobility. The government approved the project, and from the liberal contributions of the magnates, a splendid edifice was erected. Up to the last moment it had been taken for granted, that in all the exercises of the institution the Magyar language alone would be used. But just as the school was about to be opened, the government decided, very reasonably, that this would destroy all unity of action in the imperial army, in which the words of command must necessarily be given in German. An order was consequently issued, that the Magyar language should not be used in the school; and the effect was that not a single pupil presented himself for admission. To this day, the building, a large and handsome structure, has remained unoccupied.

The opposition to Széchény's plans proceeded chiefly from the inferior or untitled nobility, who feared that the overthrow of the ancient feudal constitution would also be the downfall of the inordinate privileges and political influence of their order. They were the only class who were benefited by the retention of antiquated customs; the magnates, with their vast landed estates, and having the entire control of the upper house in the Diet, would still be predominant in the state, even if their feudal privileges should be swept away. But the lesser nobles, many of whom are quite poor, would have no more power than the burghers of the free cities, or the wealthier class of the emancipated peasants, if the historical ground should be taken away from them, and the abuses and inequalities of the feudal system abolished. The ancient constitution of Hungary was made, as we have seen, solely for the benefit of this class; in their favor, for the protection of their order, the Golden Bull of Andreas II. had been issued. Hitherto every one of their number had called himself a member of the crown of Hungary; he was a part of

the sovereignty. Their idea of the constitution corresponded perfectly to Rousseau's definition of the government of Poland, "where the nobles are every thing, the burghers nothing, and the peasants less than nothing." Their only scheme of political conduct was to allow of no innovation in the ancient customs of the Magyars, and to manifest constant jealousy of the house of Austria, whose interests coincided with those of the oppressed peasants and of the subject races of the population, inasmuch as these ancient customs obstructed the political influence of all three. It suited the untitled nobles to declare, that they were contending for the ancient liberties of Hungary, when in fact they were opposing the emancipation of the peasants, and endeavoring to prevent the subject Sclavonians and Wallachians from breaking their chains.

It was natural, therefore, that while Széchény and the old liberal party, the constitutional opposition in the Diet, were gradually attracted towards the ministerialists because the ministry favored their plans of social amelioration, a new and more radical party should be formed behind them, whose politics consisted merely in inflexible resistance to the crown and in opposition to Austrian influence on all occasions. Count Bathiany was the first leader of this new party; but their course soon became too violent and excessive to be favored by any magnate, and his influence was superseded by that of Paul Nagy and Kossuth, two radical deputies who had become distinguished by their powers in debate. The latter of these is not even a Magyar by birth, but a Magyarized Slowack lawyer, who attended the Diet of 1836 in the very humble capacity of secretary of one of its members. He soon distinguished himself by *publishing* a *manuscript* journal of the proceedings, (a printed one being prohibited by the censorship,) which journal was actually copied by hand, and circulated in considerable numbers through the country. Some of his other publications transgressed the bounds of law more openly, so that he was apprehended and imprisoned for a time. When released, his popularity having grown through the persecution he had suffered, he was chosen a deputy, and became of course a more flaming patriot than ever. His extraordinary eloquence led captive the minds of his hearers, so that, after the revolution, he acquired the entire

control of the Diet, and was finally appointed Supreme Dictator of Hungary during the war. In fact, Kossuth's party, ever since it was organized, has been endeavoring to effect a complete separation of Hungary from Austria, the preservation of feudal privileges and the domination of the Magyar race being of more importance in their eyes than the promotion of the commercial and other material interests of the country and the intellectual cultivation of its people. Széchény and his friends, on the other hand, aware that Hungary would be thrown into an isolated and semibarbarous position if cut off from its present political connection with central and western Europe, have aimed to secure the assistance of Austria in developing the resources of the kingdom, adapting its institutions to the spirit of the age, and diffusing intelligence and refinement among its inhabitants. This party, and the magnates generally, seem to have remained passive during the late revolutionary war; one of the Esterhazys is the only titled noble who appears to have acted with the insurgents.

The question of language has had more influence than any other on the politics of Hungary for the last thirty years. In a country where there was so great confusion of tongues, it was absolutely necessary that some one language should be chosen for a universal medium in matters of government and legislation. The Latin has long been adopted for this purpose, its use having come down from the Middle Ages, when it was the general medium of learning throughout Europe, and its preservation in Hungary so long after it was abandoned elsewhere being due to the rivalry of different nationalities, two or three of which have been offended by the selection of any living language. The Latin was neutral ground, on which the German, the Magyar, the Sclavonian, and the Wallachian could meet without cause of offence. Joseph II. of Austria, a philosophical schemer who projected many excellent reforms, but spoiled them all by an excessive love of system and uniformity, and by a want of tact and discretion in carrying them out, nearly caused a rebellion in Hungary by undertaking to make the German language universal there; he required it to be used in all public acts, in all schools and seminaries of education, in civil offices, and in military command. The haughty Magyars had been already offended by the contempt he had manifested for their peculiar institutions;

he had altered the organization of the *comitats*, or counties, those little federal republics first established by St. Stephen; he had refused to be crowned king of Hungary, and had even carried away the golden crown from Buda to Vienna; he had attempted to impose taxes on the nobles. These things they had borne, though sulkily; but when he attempted to supplant their noble language by the hated German, the spirit of the nation was effectually roused, and their resistance became so menacing that he was obliged to revoke all his reforms, and reëstablish Magyarism throughout Hungary. As he was not crowned at Buda, his acts were considered null, and they do not now appear on the statute book of the kingdom.

The Magyars had thus vindicated the respect due to their own vernacular tongue, but they were not willing to respect the language and the national feeling of others. By constantly pressing the Austrian government on this point ever since 1800, they had at last succeeded in causing the Latin to be supplanted by the Magyar language in the deliberations of the Diet and in the acts of the government; this change was not consummated till 1844. The few Sclavonians in the legislature were still allowed, as of necessity, to address the assembly in Latin, and the government officials sometimes spoke German, though they risked their popularity by so doing. Having carried this point against the imperialists, the Magyars attempted to impose their language upon the subject races, and to oblige them to use it upon all occasions. The schoolmasters and the clergy, in every province and every village, though it might be inhabited exclusively by Sclavonians and Wallachians, were ordered to teach and to preach only in the Magyar tongue. This law created great irritation everywhere, but especially in Croatia. This province is in the same situation with regard to Hungary, that Hungary holds in respect to Austria. Together with its sister province of Sclavonia, it has a diet of its own, which meets at Agram, and is allowed to send three representatives to the general Hungarian Diet at Presburg or Pesth. The chief of these two provinces, who is styled the Ban of Croatia, holds the same relative position that the Palatine does in Hungary; he is responsible directly to the emperor, is chosen by the Croatian Diet, and claims to act independently of the Palatine. The Croats were very willing to abandon the Latin

for the sake of their own language, but not for the purpose of speaking the Magyar. They echoed back with one voice the declaration of their Diet, *nolumus Magyarisari.* The national feeling was effectually roused on this subject, and the Hungarian law was reprobated as both insulting and injurious. The Slowacks of the north of Hungary united with them in resistance to the law; and the Sclavonians generally were attracted towards the emperor, and sought, by increasing the influence of Austria, to erect for themselves a barrier against the haughty dominion of the Magyars. Ever since 1830, the deputies of Croatia in the Hungarian Diet have acted with the Austrian ministry, and supported the propositions of the Crown.

Croatia has been aptly called the Ireland of Hungary, and M. Louis Gaj aspires to play the part of its O'Connell. He began his career of agitation in 1835, striving to awaken the national feelings of the Illyrians, and to stir up hostility to the Magyars, the "Saxons" who for centuries have oppressed these honest "Celts." Hoping ultimately to make Croatia wholly independent of Hungary, he began with the simple project of defending the language and the local liberties of his country against the encroachments and the centralizing spirit of the Magyars. His movements were at first tolerated, and even countenanced, by Austria, who hoped to find in the awakened energy and resolution of the Sclavonians the means of holding the Hungarians in check, and a pretence for refusing some of their increasing demands. But the agitation throughout the Illyrian provinces, fanned by the skilful proceedings of M. Gaj, had reached so great a height in 1845, that the Austrian government deemed it necessary to adopt some measures to stay its force. On occasion of a trifling tumult at the elections held in Agram, the Ban Haller ordered the troops to fire on the people, and a number of them were killed; among whom were some young men of respectable families, devoted friends of the new movement. The whole city immediately broke out in insurrection, and Haller, in order to save his authority and his life, was obliged temporarily to give up his office to M. Gaj, who alone had power to stay the tempest.

The patriot leader was too politic to take this occasion for breaking all terms with the Austrian government and engaging

in a desperate war for independence; though his countrymen were unanimous, and their zeal was roused to the highest pitch, he knew they would be overmatched by the power of the empire and by the warlike spirit of the Magyars. He affected, therefore, to represent the affair to Metternich as the result of a plot long meditated against the Illyrians, formed by the Ban Haller in concert with the Hungarians. Delighted to have the matter put in this light, the Austrian minister at once consented to recall Haller, to allow the patriot bishop of Agram to be elected temporary viceroy or Ban, and to relax the censorship so far as to allow the circulation of certain books, till then prohibited, among which was a very bold history of all the Illyrian races, written in the national language by M. Gaj himself. With these concessions, and some others relating to the constitution of the Croatian Diet, the Illyrian agitator returned to Agram to denounce the Magyars more violently than ever. He wished to obtain a military leader for that movement of which he was himself the head, and he found one in Baron Jellachich, a young colonel of the troops on the military frontier, of simple manners and resolute character, devoted to the welfare of Croatia and the advancement of the Sclavonian race, and who has since shown considerable ability as an orator and a diplomatist, no less than as a soldier. The feelings of the Croatians, directed entirely by M. Gaj, were soon manifested so strongly in favor of Jellachich, that the Austrian ministry was forced to approve his election as Ban, which gave him the full control of the troops in the province, and great influence over the Austrian Sclavonians everywhere.

The beginning of this agitation in the Illyrian provinces may be traced back to the scheme developed and advocated several years ago by M. Kollar, a Slowack poet, who proposed to unite all the Sclavonians in Europe under one head, and thus establish a new and powerful empire, which might sway the destinies of the world. *Panslavism* was the name given to this project, which has been received with so much favor in Russia and other Sclavonic countries, as to create serious jealousy and uneasiness in Germany. The Sclavonic family constitutes from one third to one half of the whole population of Europe; the Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, two thirds of the Bohemians, one half of the Hungarians, the

Dalmatians, Croatians, Bosnians, Servians, and Bulgarians are of this stock. The eastern half of Europe is peopled by them, and were they united, they could subjugate the whole continent. No other European race is one half as numerous; no one excels them in bravery, patience, and fortitude, though they are deficient in enterprise and the power of combination. Numerous instances go to show that their intellect is susceptible of a high degree of cultivation; though they have been for so many centuries in a servile and depressed condition that their name, *Slave*, has become the general denomination of those in servitude. The scheme of uniting them into one empire is, of course, propounded in the interest of Russia, which country would be the head of this grand confederacy. M. Kollar is Russian in his politics, though not, we believe, a Russian by birth; and this fact has probably caused his project to be received with less favor than it seemed to deserve in Poland, Austria, and European Turkey, though he has developed it with singular learning, ingenuity, and eloquence. The recent war in Hungary has done more than any event in the history of Europe during the present century to make the realization of his scheme appear possible, and even probable. For the first time, the Russians have come into action as the allies of the Sclavonic races south of the Danube, to assist them in crushing the insolent dominion of a race of intruders who have ruled them with a rod of iron while vindicating their own freedom and independence against the pretensions of the house of Austria.

The quarrel between the Magyars and the Croatians has brought out in strong relief the characteristics of the two races. Brave, high-spirited, and imperious, the former treated the complaints of their ancient subjects, as they consider them, with scorn, and heaped new provocations on them just at the moment when they were bringing upon themselves a desperate conflict with Austria. More patient and politic, the Croatians took measures to secure the aid both of the emperor and of the Russians before they threw defiance in the teeth of the Magyars. Kollar, Gaj, and Jellachich had skilfully excited their national feelings, and they acted together with great firmness and unanimity. They exposed very fully the inconsistency of the Magyars, who thought it natural and right to enfranchise themselves from all foreign dominion, and to

reconquer their individuality as a nation and a race; but who were astonished and indignant, that the Illyrians and the Wallachians living within the borders of Hungary should experience the same desire and cherish the same hopes. The Croatians held high and menacing language to compel the emperor to espouse their quarrel. In a memorial addressed to him before hostilities had broken out they exclaimed, "Emperor, if you reject our prayers, we shall know how to vindicate our liberty without you; and we prefer to die heroically, like a Sclavonian people, rather than to bear any longer such a yoke as is imposed upon us by an Asiatic horde, from whom we have nothing good to receive or to learn. Emperor, know that we prefer, if we must choose between them, the knout of the Russians to the insolence of the Magyars. We will not, on any terms, belong to the Magyars. Remember that, if Croatia forms but a thirty-fifth part of your empire, the Croatians constitute a third of your whole infantry."

As a farther illustration of the spirit of the people at this time, we give a translation of a Sclavonian song, written by one of their patriots, which obtained great popularity throughout the Illyrian provinces.

"Whoever is a Sclavonian and a hero, let him wave his banner in the air; let him gird on his sabre, and mount his fiery steed. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"See how the black and savage Tartar is treading our nation and our language under foot. Let us resist before he prostrates us. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"Let the brave Sclavonian of the North and the Illyrian of the South join hands at this festival. Behold already the gleam of their lances, hear the sound of the trumpets and the thunder of the cannon. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"The time is come to wash ourselves in the blood of our enemies. Let each one, then, strike down a head. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies."

The Sclavonians were not the only enemies within the bosom of their country whom the Magyars provoked. The Germans, who had founded cities in the interior, establishing

themselves as commercial and manufacturing colonists in the midst of this rude and warlike agricultural population, were made to feel their isolated position, and the arrogance of the aristocratic masters of the soil around them. The lines of separation between the heterogeneous races were preserved with Jewish scrupulousness; each has retained its language, features, dress, and occupation unchanged for centuries. The situation of the Germans is most peculiar in the extreme eastern and southeastern provinces, in Transylvania and the Banat. Here they are surrounded by the rude and fierce Szeklers, a race who are born soldiers, allied in blood and language to the Magyars, whom they preceded a century or two in the occupation of the country. Their banner is indicative of their character; it bears a heart pierced through and through with a sword. Amid this half-barbarous people, in a rugged and mountainous country at the extreme limit of European civilization towards the east, a colony from the heart of Germany was established in the course of the twelfth century; and in spite of the disadvantages of their situation, they have increased in numbers and wealth. Their blood is still as pure as when they first left the fatherland; their fresh and smiling German faces, their fair hair and light complexion, indicate their origin as clearly, as do their prudent and economical habits, and their dogged industry. These grave and honest burghers are republicans by descent and in predilection; they reject all aristocracy, and choose their magistrates by universal suffrage. In many respects, they remind one of the flourishing commercial towns of the Middle Ages; like them, they are guarded with high walls and strong fortifications against the semi-barbarous people without, who are all warriors, and who are organized like a camp on the frontiers. If need be, these flourishing citizens will fight stoutly in defence of the walls which guard their shops and their homes.

The Magyars, the Szeklers, and the Germans formed a treaty at Torda in the fifteenth century, to divide Transylvania between them, — the two former to do all the fighting, and the latter to keep the cities and strongholds. They are the three sovereign nations, as they call themselves, though they number all together less than a million; while the subject nations, most of whom are Wallachians, amount to a million and a half. These had no part in the union of Torda,

which united the other three races, and therefore are allowed no political or civil rights. They cannot elect their magistrates, nor fill public offices; they are serfs, and cultivate the fields of their masters. The Magyars, though so few in number, helped themselves to three fourths of the soil of Transylvania; the north and the west, including Carlsbourg, the capital, are theirs. The Germans, or Saxons as they are here called, hold the flourishing cities of Cronstadt and Hermanstadt, with the rich territory in the south, and the district of Bistritz in the north. Their towns were originally fortified not more against the Turks than against the Magyars; and they have just had renewed occasion to use them against these foes, whose desperate valor, however, was not repelled by them. Naturally attached to Germany and to republican institutions, they saw with dismay, after the grand democratic outbreak of 1848, that the Magyars were separating all Hungary from Austria, with a view of preserving their own aristocratic institutions, and lording it more imperiously than ever over the other races that inhabited the land. They immediately sent a delegate to the federative Congress at Frankfort to ask for aid and protection; but the theorists in this distracted assembly had neither troops nor money to send them, and they were left to their fate,—to the arrogance of the Magyars whom they had offended by this step, and to the ruthless hostility of the Szeklers. The following is an extract from the address sent by the municipality of Hermanstadt, on the 9th of June, 1848, through their delegate to the Frankfort Assembly.

"German brothers, seven centuries ago, a branch of the national tree, the gigantic oak of Germany, was planted in the oriental valleys of the Carpathian mountains; its extended roots have penetrated to the soil of the fatherland, and continually drawn nourishment from it. The air and the light of Germany have continued to warm and to cheer us. In the midst of the aristocratic and feudal institutions of the other races which threaten to stifle our civilization, we have remained German citizens. Yes, brothers; in spite of the local separation, we have preserved with old German fidelity the manners and the language of our common ancestors. At the moment when the European edifice is everywhere crumbling into ruin, the legislator, like Archimedes, needs a fixed point on which to rest and sustain the world. This point has been found. Let the German fatherland extend to

every region where the German language is spoken. With our whole hearts we will join you in causing our national airs to resound from the banks of the Vistula to those of the Rhine. The children have not forgotten their mother, the mother has not forgotten her children. Generous voices have spoken in the imperial city, in this very assembly, in favor of maintaining the rights of Transylvanian Germany; we wish, indeed, that our great and powerful fatherland had used a bolder tone, and not restricted itself to entreating the little nation of the Magyars, but had ordered it to respect the German nationality."

In this general turmoil, the Wallachians, also, were moved to demand a restoration of those rights, the common rights of humanity, of which they had been deprived for centuries. Some of the younger members of the Greek clergy inspired them with a generous ambition, and taught them to shake impatiently the yoke of subjection and helotism which had so long weighed upon their necks. The example of their brethren across the frontier, also, in the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, who had recently driven off some of their petty local tyrants, had given them new ideas of freedom and new hopes of ameliorating their situation by their own efforts. In the last Diet which was held in Transylvania before the revolution of 1848, the Wallachians had uttered their complaints, and asked at least a hearing for their cause. It was sternly and stubbornly refused; the three sovereign nations agreed with each other on this point, if on no other, that the subject race, which outnumbered them all three together, should not be admitted to an equality of rights with themselves. The Saxon burghers in this respect showed no more liberality than the Magyar magnates or the Szekler nobles; they would not violate the ancient constitution of the duchy. The Austrian ministry hoped nothing from the efforts of the Wallachians, and therefore did not befriend them. The suppliants were rejected on all sides. Then the revolution broke out, and they offered to serve in the ranks of the Magyars if these would proclaim their emancipation. The offer was contemptuously refused; and in their despair, the Wallachians joined that party, the weakest one, whose professions seemed most liberal, though their conduct belied their words. They made common cause with the republican Germans, and contributed not a little to distract the attention and divide the forces of the Magyar insurgents.

The war in Hungary, then, was by no means so simple an affair as most persons have imagined. It was not a combined effort of the whole people of a subjugated province striving to regain their national independence. Hungary never was conquered by Austria; but she sought and continued the alliance as a means of protection against the Turks, and of commercial and political union with central and western Europe. It was not a republican movement, or the rising of the lower classes in the state against the higher, with a view of securing a more equal distribution of political rights and social advantages. Republicanism was never pretended by the Magyars, and is not even mentioned in their Declaration of Independence. It was an attempt on the part of the Magyar untitled nobility, 600,000 in number, to preserve the ancient feudal constitution of the state, which guarantied their aristocratic privileges and the dominion of their race, against the liberal constitution granted by the emperor of Austria, which destroyed all distinctions of rank and race, and established the modern ideas of equal representation, equal suffrage, the freedom of the press, and the liberty of individuals, on the ruins of feudalism.

In the general *mêlée* that ensued, each party and race fought on its own hook; each formed alliances and sought, support with a view only to the exigences of the moment, and without the slightest reference to the political and social doctrines of those whose aid they invoked, and whose cause they really subserved. The Magyars, aristocrats in a double sense, both as an order and a race, and now in arms to preserve their obsolete feudal institutions, made common cause with the Red Republicans of Vienna, who, like their brethren throughout Europe, aimed simply at the inversion of the old order of things, and the utter destruction of all existing forms of society and government. The Croats and other Sclavonians, democratic in their instincts and purposes, and proscribed as rebels by both parties at the beginning of the contest, fought gallantly to assist the emperor of Austria in crushing the insurgent nobility of Hungary. The republican German burghers of Transylvania united themselves first with the Wallachian serfs, whose petition for emancipation they had just rejected, and then invited the Russians into the country to protect them from the merciless hostility of the Magyars and the Szeklers, who had been their unwavering

allies for four centuries. Austria, the old champion of despotism in southern Europe, having just crushed the last hopes of the Italian liberals in Lombardy and Piedmont, engages in a crusade for the purpose of forcing a liberal constitution upon feudal and aristocratic Hungary, and of destroying that chivalrous nobility, whose enthusiastic bravery had more than once, within a century, saved the empire when menaced by the arms of coalized Europe. Russia, aggressive and selfish as her policy usually has been, has acted with strange magnanimity and forbearance; she entered Hungary only at the call, or under the pretence, of humanity, to protect the helpless Germans and Wallachians; her army crushed the insurrection by one decisive blow, and then, although the country was entirely in her power, and the Sclavonians, who form nearly half of its population, would gladly have become her subjects, she has quietly withdrawn her troops without making any demand for the expenses of the war, or any stipulation for her own territorial aggrandizement.

This statement of the case will take most persons in this country by surprise; for deceived by the prose dithyrambics of Kossuth, by the romantic history, chivalrous daring, and theatrical garb and manner of the Magyars, and by the prodigious lies of the ultra republican press in Germany, which spread a fresh report of the utter annihilation of the Austrian and Russian armies once a fortnight, we had generally come to believe, that the republican cause in Europe depended on the success of the insurrection in Hungary, and that this cause was almost sure to succeed from the unparalleled bravery and activity of the Magyars. The newspapers here attacked the American President with severity, because he did not immediately recognize the independence of Hungary, and send out a special minister to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with the gallant insurgents. It is true, that we can never have any intercourse or connection with this isolated country in the east of Europe, which has not a single seaport, any more than with the Cham of Tartary; but this fact is of no importance in the eyes of those who believe that the spirit of propagandism is the essence of republican institutions. The Magyars, indeed, fought with great gallantry; it was hardly possible to avoid sympathizing with a people who struggled so bravely against immense odds. But

their cause was bad; they sought to defend their antiquated feudal institutions, and their unjust and excessive privileges as an order and a race, against the incursion of the liberal ideas and the reformatory spirit of the nineteenth century.

We can notice only very briefly a few incidents in the history of the struggle which illustrate those peculiarities in the internal condition of Hungary that we have endeavored to point out. When the revolution of March at Vienna, and the flight of Metternich, had seemingly dissolved the Austrian empire, and left each of its component parts to crystallize into new forms under its own internal affinities, as many distinct revolutionary movements were made as there were different races which had hitherto acknowledged the authority of the emperor. The people of Venice and Lombardy threw off all connection with Germany, and sought a union with the Italian patriots throughout the peninsula. The radical party in the Hungarian Diet at once obtained the ascendency, and decreed that Hungary in future should have an independent administration and a separate ministry, including even a department for foreign affairs; that is, it decided to retain all the advantages, but to acknowledge none of the reciprocal obligations, of its connection with Austria. Hard as these conditions were, they were accepted without remonstrance by the terrified and powerless imperial government. The two races who form the population of Bohemia broke out into open hostilities against each other; the Czechs or Sclavonians, numbering nearly three millions, sought to avenge themselves for the long subjection in which they had been held by the Germans, who are hardly half as numerous. They demanded, among other things, that the two races should be admitted to an equality of political rights, and that all public officers should be required to speak both languages. The Emperor instantly granted all they asked, and the Germans of Bohemia consequently found, that the whole power had passed into the hands of their rivals, who, intoxicated by their sudden transition as a race from servitude to supremacy, were prepared to make the best use of their advantages. The Czechs of Moravia and Silesia joined the movement, and a call was issued for a grand Pansclavonic congress, to meet at Prague on the 31st of May, to take measures for establishing Sclavonic independence on a firm basis.

Meanwhile, the Croatians and other Sclavonians of the south were not idle. The Ban Jellachich invited all the Austro-Sclavonic countries to send delegates to a Diet to be held at Agram, on the 5th of June; he also opened communications with Count Leo Thun, the leader of the Czech party in Bohemia, and proposed to act in concert with him in all measures intended to promote the emancipation and welfare of the race to which they both belonged. But the headlong zeal of the Bohemian Sclavonians wellnigh made shipwreck of the whole affair; too eager to use and extend their newly acquired liberty, they menaced and oppressed their German countrymen, and decided to throw off all connection with Austria even before the day appointed for the assemblage of their Congress. They established an independent provisional government on the 29th of May, so that the terrified Bohemian Germans saw themselves deprived of their last hope, the protection of the emperor. But the ministry at Vienna denounced this provisional government, and Prince Windischgrätz, then the Austrian governor of Prague, encouraged by the German citizens who rallied around him, took a firm stand in opposition to the revolutionists, and expostulated with them on their mad proceedings. The Sclavonians were roused to fury, and a mob of them having beset his palace, a conflict ensued, and the Princess Windischgrätz was killed by a musket shot. The bereaved husband still remonstrated with them in mild language, but instead of listening to him, they pressed forward yet more eagerly, and attempted to seize him as a hostage. The troops then interfered, and after a short but sharp conflict, the rioters were driven back, and Windischgrätz left the city with his forces, and took post on the neighboring heights. There he was soon joined by Count Mensdorff with troops from Vienna, and as the insurgents continued obstinate, he commenced bombarding the city on the 15th of June. In two days, the greater part of Prague was laid in ashes, and the Czechs were compelled to surrender. Then, of course, the Sclavonian congress and the provisional government were dissolved; and both races in Bohemia, exhausted by the conflict and pained by the desolation it had caused, resumed their allegiance to the emperor, and waited for the gradual development of political reform.

During the short ascendency of the Czechs, they had induced or compelled the government at Vienna to admit one of their leaders, Palazky, into the imperial ministry. The pride of the Magyars took fire at this concession to the Sclavonian race, and Count Bathiany, their envoy at Vienna, remonstrated in strong terms against the measure, as it tended to encourage the Slowacks, who were already in rebellion in the north of Hungary. On the other hand, Jellachich and the Croatians supported Palazky. The emperor, who, in the middle of May, had secretly left his capital and taken refuge at Innspruck, temporized at first; but as the conduct of the Czechs at Prague grew more outrageous, he became more hostile to the Sclavonian cause, and summoned the Ban to meet him in the Tyrol, and to give an account of his conduct. Jellachich not only refused, but attended the Sclavonian Diet which he had called at Agram, where he was formally elected Ban by that assembly, having hitherto held his office by imperial appointment. The Emperor then denounced him as a rebel, and ordered him to be deprived of all his offices and titles; the Austrian Marshal Hrabowsky, with a considerable body of troops, was sent to enforce these commands by the invasion of Croatia and Sclavonia. The cities of Carlowitz and Neustadt were immediately invested by the Marshal, and compelled to surrender, the former after a severe bombardment.

The cause of the Sclavonians now seemed hopeless, and but for the politic conduct of Jellachich and his advisers, their race would probably have been reduced to their former political insignificance and subjection. Threatened by the Magyars, and actually invaded by the Austrians, the insurrection of the Czechs being entirely suppressed, and that of the Slowacks being too feeble and isolated to afford any material aid to the Croatians, the cause was lost if the latter could not effect a compromise with one of the parties now in arms against them. The haughty and warlike Magyars would make no terms with those whom they regarded as their revolted subjects, whom they had ruled with absolute dominion for eight centuries. A conference between Jellachich and Bathiany at Vienna, in July, 1848, only showed that the hostility of the two races was implacable. When they separated, the latter exclaimed, "We shall meet again

on the Drave," the northern boundary of Croatia; "No," answered Jellachich, "but on the Danube." The Ban then proceeded to Innspruck, where he satisfied his royal master, that his countrymen would gladly continue their allegiance to the house of Austria, if they should be allowed to retain their language, and to enjoy those rights which the emperor had promised to all his subjects. To contend against them, he said, was only to assist the Magyars; for if subdued, they must become subjects of Hungary, which country now retained only a nominal connection with the empire. The Magyars were the common enemies of the imperialists and the Croatians; they asserted their independence of the former, while striving to rivet their chains upon the latter. To adopt the cause of the Croatians would be to conciliate all the Sclavonians, who formed more than half of the population of the empire; while the Magyars numbered but little over four millions, and were hated alike by Wallachians, Germans, and Sclavonians, at the same time that they were disloyal to the emperor.

These reasons appearing conclusive, the emperor did not hesitate at once to change sides, to unite the imperial forces with those whom he had just before denounced as rebels, and to commission the Ban Jellachich himself, the chief rebel, to put down the insurrection in Hungary. This arrangement, however, was kept secret for a time, to await the results of negotiation with the Magyars. But this haughty and imperious race waited for no compromise, and their spirits only rose as the number of their enemies increased. Their Diet voted an extraordinary contribution of a hundred millions of florins, a levy of two hundred thousand men, and an issue of two hundred millions of paper money. It was also proposed to recall the Hungarian regiments that were serving under Radetsky in Lombardy; but Kossuth cried out, "Beware what you do! They are Croats and Sclavonians whom you wish to recall." The old liberal party of the constitutional opposition in the Diet, led by such men as Széchény and Deak, and even Bathiany, who was far more radical in his politics, protested against these headlong proceedings, and recommended delay and negotiation; but the danger was imminent, the excitement was intense, and as usual in such cases, the fanatics

reconquer their individuality as a nation and a race; but who were astonished and indignant, that the Illyrians and the Wallachians living within the borders of Hungary should experience the same desire and cherish the same hopes. The Croatians held high and menacing language to compel the emperor to espouse their quarrel. In a memorial addressed to him before hostilities had broken out they exclaimed, "Emperor, if you reject our prayers, we shall know how to vindicate our liberty without you; and we prefer to die heroically, like a Sclavonian people, rather than to bear any longer such a yoke as is imposed upon us by an Asiatic horde, from whom we have nothing good to receive or to learn. Emperor, know that we prefer, if we must choose between them, the knout of the Russians to the insolence of the Magyars. We will not, on any terms, belong to the Magyars. Remember that, if Croatia forms but a thirty-fifth part of your empire, the Croatians constitute a third of your whole infantry."

As a farther illustration of the spirit of the people at this time, we give a translation of a Sclavonian song, written by one of their patriots, which obtained great popularity throughout the Illyrian provinces.

"Whoever is a Sclavonian and a hero, let him wave his banner in the air; let him gird on his sabre, and mount his fiery steed. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"See how the black and savage Tartar is treading our nation and our language under foot. Let us resist before he prostrates us. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"Let the brave Sclavonian of the North and the Illyrian of the South join hands at this festival. Behold already the gleam of their lances, hear the sound of the trumpets and the thunder of the cannon. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"The time is come to wash ourselves in the blood of our enemies. Let each one, then, strike down a head. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies."

The Sclavonians were not the only enemies within the bosom of their country whom the Magyars provoked. The Germans, who had founded cities in the interior, establishing

themselves as commercial and manufacturing colonists in the midst of this rude and warlike agricultural population, were made to feel their isolated position, and the arrogance of the aristocratic masters of the soil around them. The lines of separation between the heterogeneous races were preserved with Jewish scrupulousness; each has retained its language, features, dress, and occupation unchanged for centuries. The situation of the Germans is most peculiar in the extreme eastern and southeastern provinces, in Transylvania and the Banat. Here they are surrounded by the rude and fierce Szeklers, a race who are born soldiers, allied in blood and language to the Magyars, whom they preceded a century or two in the occupation of the country. Their banner is indicative of their character; it bears a heart pierced through and through with a sword. Amid this half-barbarous people, in a rugged and mountainous country at the extreme limit of European civilization towards the east, a colony from the heart of Germany was established in the course of the twelfth century; and in spite of the disadvantages of their situation, they have increased in numbers and wealth. Their blood is still as pure as when they first left the fatherland; their fresh and smiling German faces, their fair hair and light complexion, indicate their origin as clearly, as do their prudent and economical habits, and their dogged industry. These grave and honest burghers are republicans by descent and in predilection; they reject all aristocracy, and choose their magistrates by universal suffrage. In many respects, they remind one of the flourishing commercial towns of the Middle Ages; like them, they are guarded with high walls and strong fortifications against the semi-barbarous people without, who are all warriors, and who are organized like a camp on the frontiers. If need be, these flourishing citizens will fight stoutly in defence of the walls which guard their shops and their homes.

The Magyars, the Szeklers, and the Germans formed a treaty at Torda in the fifteenth century, to divide Transylvania between them, — the two former to do all the fighting, and the latter to keep the cities and strongholds. They are the three sovereign nations, as they call themselves, though they number all together less than a million; while the subject nations, most of whom are Wallachians, amount to a million and a half. These had no part in the union of Torda,

which united the other three races, and therefore are allowed no political or civil rights. They cannot elect their magistrates, nor fill public offices; they are serfs, and cultivate the fields of their masters. The Magyars, though so few in number, helped themselves to three fourths of the soil of Transylvania; the north and the west, including Carlsbourg, the capital, are theirs. The Germans, or Saxons as they are here called, hold the flourishing cities of Cronstadt and Hermanstadt, with the rich territory in the south, and the district of Bistritz in the north. Their towns were originally fortified not more against the Turks than against the Magyars; and they have just had renewed occasion to use them against these foes, whose desperate valor, however, was not repelled by them. Naturally attached to Germany and to republican institutions, they saw with dismay, after the grand democratic outbreak of 1848, that the Magyars were separating all Hungary from Austria, with a view of preserving their own aristocratic institutions, and lording it more imperiously than ever over the other races that inhabited the land. They immediately sent a delegate to the federative Congress at Frankfort to ask for aid and protection; but the theorists in this distracted assembly had neither troops nor money to send them, and they were left to their fate, — to the arrogance of the Magyars whom they had offended by this step, and to the ruthless hostility of the Szeklers. The following is an extract from the address sent by the municipality of Hermanstadt, on the 9th of June, 1848, through their delegate to the Frankfort Assembly.

"German brothers, seven centuries ago, a branch of the national tree, the gigantic oak of Germany, was planted in the oriental valleys of the Carpathian mountains; its extended roots have penetrated to the soil of the fatherland, and continually drawn nourishment from it. The air and the light of Germany have continued to warm and to cheer us. In the midst of the aristocratic and feudal institutions of the other races which threaten to stifle our civilization, we have remained German citizens. Yes, brothers; in spite of the local separation, we have preserved with old German fidelity the manners and the language of our common ancestors. At the moment when the European edifice is everywhere crumbling into ruin, the legislator, like Archimedes, needs a fixed point on which to rest and sustain the world. This point has been found. Let the German fatherland extend to

every region where the German language is spoken. With our whole hearts we will join you in causing our national airs to resound from the banks of the Vistula to those of the Rhine. The children have not forgotten their mother, the mother has not forgotten her children. Generous voices have spoken in the imperial city, in this very assembly, in favor of maintaining the rights of Transylvanian Germany; we wish, indeed, that our great and powerful fatherland had used a bolder tone, and not restricted itself to entreating the little nation of the Magyars, but had ordered it to respect the German nationality."

In this general turmoil, the Wallachians, also, were moved to demand a restoration of those rights, the common rights of humanity, of which they had been deprived for centuries. Some of the younger members of the Greek clergy inspired them with a generous ambition, and taught them to shake impatiently the yoke of subjection and helotism which had so long weighed upon their necks. The example of their brethren across the frontier, also, in the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, who had recently driven off some of their petty local tyrants, had given them new ideas of freedom and new hopes of ameliorating their situation by their own efforts. In the last Diet which was held in Transylvania before the revolution of 1848, the Wallachians had uttered their complaints, and asked at least a hearing for their cause. It was sternly and stubbornly refused; the three sovereign nations agreed with each other on this point, if on no other, that the subject race, which outnumbered them all three together, should not be admitted to an equality of rights with themselves. The Saxon burghers in this respect showed no more liberality than the Magyar magnates or the Szekler nobles; they would not violate the ancient constitution of the duchy. The Austrian ministry hoped nothing from the efforts of the Wallachians, and therefore did not befriend them. The suppliants were rejected on all sides. Then the revolution broke out, and they offered to serve in the ranks of the Magyars if these would proclaim their emancipation. The offer was contemptuously refused; and in their despair, the Wallachians joined that party, the weakest one, whose professions seemed most liberal, though their conduct belied their words. They made common cause with the republican Germans, and contributed not a little to distract the attention and divide the forces of the Magyar insurgents.

guarantee to them their local liberties and their nationality. Uniting his influence with that of Bem, for the Poles, being themselves a Sclavonic race, were all anxious to unite their Croatian and Slowack brethren with them in hostility to Austria, he succeeded in causing the forces of the insurgents to be denominated the Magyar-Sclavonic army. But this was the whole concession which they were able to extort from their allies. The Magyars were fighting to support the old dominion of their race and the ancient constitution of Hungary, which secured to them, though they were less than four and a half millions in number, the entire control of a country peopled by fourteen millions. To make terms with Jellachich would be to give up the whole object of the war; for the union with Austria had never been felt by them as a burden, and ever since the Vienna revolution of March, 1848, that union had been merely nominal. With an independent Diet, an independent ministry, and a Palatine elected by themselves, they could dictate their own terms to the crippled and distracted empire; and of their own accord, they had kept up for six months an apparent connection with it, as both their political and commercial interests would have suffered from an absolute separation. The war had originated in September, in what they called "the rebellion" of the Croatians, the Slowacks, the Wallachians, and the Saxon colonists of Transylvania; and some time elapsed before Austria became fairly involved in it by espousing the cause of "the rebels," hoping thereby to regain a portion of her lost authority. Consequently, the first object of the Magyars was to crush their internal foes; while the Polish exiles, their allies, sought only to avenge their country's ancient wrongs by destroying the Austrian empire, and even menacing the Czar. This division of purpose caused a division also of the forces of the insurgents. In the south and east, Bem and Dembinski commanded each a separate partisan corps, a motley collection of exiles, deserters, and fugitives of whatever race; for as these generals had no antipathy to the other Hungarian races, they sought to entice as many of them as possible to their own standards, and to wage a war of extermination against those who continued to act with the enemy. The main body of the Magyars, being thus protected in their rear and on their flanks from the Sclavonic, Wallachian, and Saxon insurgents, were

free to act under Görgey, a general of their own race, against the forces of the Austrians, whom they would probably have overmatched, if the impolitic and ruthless conduct of Bem had not afforded a pretence for the emperor Nicholas to enter into the conflict.

We cannot follow in detail the history of the war, and can notice but briefly the circumstances which led to the most important event in it, the intervention of Russia. Nowhere was the outbreak of actual hostilities regarded with more dismay than in Transylvania. The unhappy Saxons and Wallachians found themselves exposed to the utmost fury of the Magyars and Szeklers, while, by their isolated position in the east, they were deprived of all hope of succor from Austria and the west of Germany. The great central plain of Hungary was occupied by the Magyar "insurrection," now developed to its full extent; Jellachich and his Croations in the south had now enough to do to defend themselves. Central Hungary is traversed by two great rivers, the Danube and the Theiss, running from north to south, and forming excellent successive lines of defence. Far in the west, the imperialist army had to cross this vast and defensible plain, admirably suited for the operations of cavalry, in which the chief strength of the Hungarians consisted, and to vanquish the whole Magyar nation, before they could throw troops into Transylvania. The first object of Kossuth was to put down with great severity all opposition in this province, so that the Magyars might be protected in their rear, and, if necessary, might retreat safely in that quarter into a woody and mountainous region. Bands of the fierce and warlike Szeklers were therefore sent out in all directions, who hunted the unarmed Wallachian peasants like wolves, and menaced the fortified cities of the Saxons. Terror everywhere prevailed, as the Austrian general Puchner, who commanded in the province, had only a few troops, who could offer no serious defence. The grave German burghers were unused to war, and the Wallachians were an unarmed and undisciplined crowd.

But a hasty attempt was made to organize their means of protection. A junto of government was formed, under the presidency of Puchner, consisting of two deputies from the Saxon cities, and the Greek bishop Schaguna, who, with a rich merchant, named Argidau, represented the Wallachians.

The district of Bistritz, in the north, was already in possession of the enemy, and such forces as this junto could collect were drawn together to cover Cronstadt and Hermanstadt in the south. Against these cities, in January, 1849, General Bem, who had left his coffin, advanced at the head of 10,000 men, composed of Poles, Szeklers, Kossuth's hussars, and a few Wallachians incorporated by compulsion with their enemies. He marched rapidly through the duchy, ravaging and burning on his way the Wallachian villages and Saxon settlements in the upper country, and driving the few Austrian troops towards Hermanstadt. Fugitives coming from every quarter, and driving before them their wearied beasts and flocks, sought refuge in this city; looking back from its walls, they could see the smoke of their burning villages, and fancy that they heard the cries of the aged and the feeble, who had fallen on the road, and were now suffering all the extremities of civil war from the savage Szeklers. As Bem's object was to terrify the poor Wallachian peasants into inaction during the war, and as their former degraded condition and their use of a different language caused his men to regard them hardly as human beings, though they were to be punished as runaway and contumacious serfs, the atrocities committed by his army almost exceed belief. An English officer, who was taken prisoner by him at Clausenburg, and detained for weeks under a constantly repeated threat of being tried by a drumhead court martial and shot, gives a vivid account of the barbarity of his troops.

"At Marosvasarhély," he writes, "in the prison where I slept, a Wallachian priest and his nephew were murdered at my side; the soldiers had been ordered to conduct them to Debreczin, but they wished to save themselves this trouble. Six Saxons had the same fate, and were shot down by the soldiers who had been detailed to guard them. But few detachments of prisoners arrived at their destination; they were generally murdered in some defile. On the morning of the 12th of March, while passing through the last forest which separated us from the frontier, we suddenly heard a volley of musketry; a quarter of an hour afterwards, we came to an opening in the woods, where I found the bodies, still warm, of seventeen Wallachians. The Szeklers who had just shot them joined my escort, and when asked if their prisoners had given them any cause of complaint, 'No, truly,' answered one of them; 'but thank God, there are now alive seventeen Wallachians less than there were yesterday.'"

We may imagine how much consternation was created by the appearance of Bem's army before Hermanstadt, the fortifications of which, once strong, were now quite incapable of resisting an attack. The dismayed Saxons sent an urgent request to General Luder, who commanded a small Russian army in the neighboring principality, that he would hasten to their protection. Bishop Schaguna and Professor Gottfried hastened to Bucharest, that they might represent to the Russian commander the imminent peril in which the city was placed. They urged that they were cut off from all communication with the Austrian government, and in view of the massacre of their countrymen and the pillage of their towns, they appealed to the generosity of their neighbors to protect them. They solicited a purely local intervention, as neither government as yet had solicited or offered a more general coöperation of their forces. Puchner at first refused to join in this application, but finally sanctioned it when the peril seemed more imminent. Common humanity, or the secret orders of his government which might have anticipated this conjuncture of events, may have induced Luder to grant the succor that was asked. At any rate, on the 1st of February, General Engelhardt, at the head of 10,000 Russians, entered Transylvania, and occupied both Hermanstadt and Cronstadt. The Austrian ministry were so far from being pleased at this event, that they despatched a courier with orders to prevent the admission of the Russians; and when he came too late, another was sent to urge them to withdraw. Elated by the first rapid success of the imperialists, by the capture of Pesth and the withdrawal of the Magyars to the line of the Theiss, the Austrians thought they should be able to end the war without foreign aid. But the desperate valor of the Hungarians soon changed the current of events; and when his armies were driven back on all sides, and even Vienna was menaced, the emperor himself was compelled to solicit that aid which he had at first rebuked his subjects for asking. One of the earliest reverses of fortune was caused by the insufficiency of Engelhardt's detachment to protect the whole Saxon district in the south of Transylvania.

When the Russians first entered Hermanstadt, Bem was deceived by an exaggerated report of their strength, and he retired into the mountains of the Szeklers. On learning his

mistake, and that the Russian force was divided, he appeared again before the city and offered battle, which was accepted by Puchner and Engelhardt. The impetuosity of Bem's troops, and a want of concert between the Austrians and Russians, gave the honor of the day to the former, though the Russians retreated in good order to Hermanstadt. But as they had found that their number was too small to effect any thing important, and the coldness of the Austrian ministry in respect to them had excited a natural resentment, they determined the next day to evacuate the city and to leave Transylvania. This determination threw the citizens into despair, and the weaker part of the population resolved, as the only mode of escaping the extremities of war, to remove along with the Russians into Wallachia. A numerous train of country vehicles of all sorts were hastily laden with their most precious effects, and a crowd of old men, women, and children, some on foot, and some riding on the overladen carts, prepared to go forth, under the escort of these foreigners, to exile and beggary, rather than to await their barbarous conquerors. It was still the depth of winter; the roads were encumbered with ice and snow, and a narrow and difficult defile along the river Aluta was to be passed before the fugitives could arrive at Kinien, the nearest village of Wallachia. The pass was a famous one; by this route, in former years, war and pestilence had passed from Turkey into Transylvania. After many alarms and much suffering, the fugitives arrived at Kinien late at night, and were received by the garrison of Russians and Turks with much hospitality. The officers gave up their tents and their beds to the women and children, the sick and the wounded received every attention, and all had leisure to reflect on the homes which they had left, and the beggary that awaited them. The fate of those who remained in Hermanstadt was pitiable indeed. Bem gave up the city to the utmost license of his troops for three whole days; those who were found bearing arms were shot, and others, who had joined in the request to the Russian commander, were brought before a council of war. The terror created by the inhuman conduct of Bem's army had the desired effect; he experienced no more opposition from the inhabitants of Transylvania, and was able to extend his incursions into the Banat, and to coöperate with the troops who were acting against Jellachich.

The loss of Transylvania, and the recapture of Buda-Pesth by the Magyars, with other reversals of fortune, humbled the pride of the imperialists, and disposed them to seek that intervention which they had but recently rejected. On the other hand, the emperor Nicholas was anxious to retrieve the credit of his army, which had suffered from the battle with Bem, and the retreat from Hermanstadt. The terms of co-operation being soon adjusted, the ablest marshal of the Russian army entered Hungary at the head of an imposing force, and from that moment the issue of the contest was really decided; the gallantry of the Magyars might protract the struggle, but could give no hope of ultimate success. They had provoked too many enemies; of the half a dozen races which make up the mixed population of the Austrian empire, every one was hostile to them. Their pride and indomitable obstinacy prevented them from making any attempt at conciliation; and Görgey, their last and ablest commander, rather than unite his troops with those of Dembinski, who had made some concessions and promises to the Sclavonians, and thereby partially recruited his ranks from them, preferred to surrender his whole army without conditions to the Russians. The Magyars have fallen, and there are few to lament their fate but the Red Republicans of France and Germany, and the refugee Poles, who were their only foreign allies. They have fallen in an unwise attempt to preserve their ancient feudal institutions, their supremacy as a race, and their national independence against the reforms demanded by the spirit of the age, against the equality of political rights which could no longer be refused to their ancient subjects, and against the union with Austria which is a necessity of their geographical position.

Austria has sullied her victory, — or rather her success, for the battle was really fought and won by the Sclavonians and the Russians, — by her merciless treatment of the vanquished. The blood of Bathiany and of fifty others will cry out against her from the ground upon which she has poured it in her reckless thirst of vengeance for the humiliation that she has suffered. The execution of these men was no less impolitic than cruel; it has changed into gall the last drop of affection for their ancient ally which may have lingered in the hearts of the Hungarians. Henceforward, this race,

whenever an opportunity may offer, will be foremost among the enemies of the house of Hapsburg. The gallantry with which they had fought, whatever were the defects in their cause, was enough, in the eyes of a generous enemy, to entitle them to surrender with all the honors of war. Austria has wrested the sword from them only to plunge it into their bosoms ; and a constant sense of insecurity for the future, in relation to this part of her dominions, once her bulwark against all foreign foes, will be the appropriate punishment of her cruelty. England committed the same crime or blunder, we care not which it may be called, after suppressing the Irish rebellion of 1798 ; and the consequence is, that Ireland has been in a chronic state of rebellion ever since. When will sovereigns learn, that mercy and magnanimity are the highest attributes of human policy as well of divine law ?

ART. IV. — *The Liberty of Rome: a History. With an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations.* By SAMUEL ELIOT. New York : G. P. Putnam. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

MR. ELIOT proposes to write the History of Liberty in a work of which the two volumes already published are but the beginning. Aside from the execution of his plan, there is something noticeable in the choice of the subject. It indicates of itself views of the progress of humanity so far original and just as to authorize the belief that they belong to no common mind. For the history of liberty must be the central history of mankind. Why, it may be asked, more than the history of civil government, of social or political civilization, of science or art, of philosophy, or, though last yet greatest, of religion ? Because all of these are but subservient to the progress of liberty ; they are all means to that end ; by its value are their value, by its advancement are their progress and efficiency, measured. But in saying this, we use the word liberty in a very high sense.

Freedom in some degree is the gift of God to all men. It is his first gift to them ; the condition precedent of all gifts,

and the means through which all others are given. The first and simplest form in which all men have it is in that personal free agency, against which, in most ages, a false philosophy, and, in some, a false religion, have contended with all the weapons of sophistry; and have always found these weapons powerless before the irresistible and universal consciousness of the human soul. This consciousness does not tell us where our freedom comes from; but it tells us that we possess it, and hold it inalienably. They who believe in God, who truly believe in Him — for it is not a true belief in Him which denies to Him His essential attributes — may, by very brief and decisive reasoning, be led to the conclusion, that human life is derivative, given by Him and flowing from Him; and then the next conclusion is as easy, that we should be parts of another, should have no individuality, should not be ourselves, should not be men, if this life did not bear with it from its source, and keep with it as an eternal companion, this profound and unassailable conviction of free agency, of personal being. Nor is this sense a delusion, for then it would not be a gift worthy a God of truth. He makes it true, by giving us free agency in fact. There is never a moment when circumstances do not operate upon us, when various motives do not cause, and various influences do not affect, our conduct. But, at every moment, all these motives and influences are powerless unless they can act upon and through our own choice, our own will; and the result to which they tend is always our own act.

The freedom of no man can be entirely destroyed without destroying him. But it may be checked, thwarted, controlled in its exercise, in a greater or less degree. As it is so, in that proportion are we the less, men. And, on the other hand, we grow into the full stature of humanity as we grow into the fulness and perfection of our freedom.

Thus, all pass through childhood; and the great purpose of childhood is the preparation for manhood. We see of this only the little that is comprehended in what we call education. But within all this a great work of expansion and development is going on, and the result we call manhood. But in the beginning of life we are under perpetual control, and in a condition of perfect dependence. This is then necessary; and the great purpose for which all the influences of childhood and early

life are gathered about it, is, to make this control and dependence unnecessary; to build us up into the capacity of freedom; for this depends necessarily upon our ability to use our freedom aright, because the good providence of God withholds it when it would be only weakness, danger, and ruin. The child longs ardently to be a man, that he may then be his own master; for this is, to him, the ideal of happiness. The man longs as ardently to escape from whatever bondage clings about him; for in his entire independence and freedom, he too sees the promise of all happiness; and thus they both bear testimony to the truth, that freedom is the blessing which includes all others. But the man sees that the child asks for that which he is not ready to receive; and if he be wise and truly kind, he withholds it, or measures it with careful adaptation to the child's ripeness for the gift. God knows that the man asks for that which he is not ready to receive, and because He is wise and kind, He also withholds or measures it. But the man — still supposing him to be a wise and good father — seeks to promote the maturity of the child; gives him all the freedom which can be given with safety, and gives it with the hope that every gift may become the means of making another and a larger gift safe and possible And our wisest and best Father in the same way deals with us all through life, and through the unending life which begins only on this side of death. For it is forever the one law of human life and human progress, that He who made us seeks to make us free, always more free, and is restrained only by the wisdom which perfectly discerns the measure in which we may, if we will, use this freedom for our own good; and by the love which always regards this limitation.

Nor is this any more true of the individual than of the race. That, too, passes through its infancy and its childhood. And as the individual man grows gradually into greater freedom, and so into the receptivity of always greater gifts, which come when they can be received, so is it with the race. All things are intended and disposed by Providence *for* the progress of freedom. And this again is given that it may bring to us the greater gifts which progressive freedom shall make possible; increase of knowledge, a better social life, higher art, purer, more instructive, and more influential religion.

For what is freedom, if it be not the unrestrained ability to possess, and to use as our own, and for our happiness, the gifts of God? Life is but the first of these; and the consciousness of individuality and free agency, and the hope and effort to enlarge and perfect these, are next in order and in worth; and on these, as on a broad and deep and eternal foundation, rest all the blessings which can be given to us by infinite love. For this, knowledge comes forth from the bosom of creation, and tells us of Him who in His laws reveals Himself; and with it grows our command over nature, and with it should grow our dominion over self; and with both will grow our liberation from the oppression, the suffering, the bondage which owe their being to ignorance or sin. For this, we are enabled to construct the political and social fabrics, and the myriads of mutual relations which connect — it may be, with chains of steel, and it may also be, with threads of golden light — all men with all their fellows. For this comes art, to stimulate and to feed the love of beauty; to awake imagination, and give to it glimpses and suggestions of a perfection too high and too remote for reason yet to grasp and measure, but near enough to kindle aspiration, endeavor, and hope. For art may be only sensuous, and still most beautiful and most seductive; but it is false to its own purpose, or fails to reach it, when it does not make us look upwards, and when it does not urge us forwards. And for this too comes religion; comes to sanctify all; to spread itself like an over-arching, all-embracing heaven, over all; and to convert all into the means of progress, development, and ascent. And when all these have accomplished their work; or rather, in proportion as the work is done, for revolving eternities will find it still beginning, — man is Free. He is free to receive life as it flows from the Source of life redundant and unchecked; free to hold all his capacities, and use them and enjoy them as his own; free to recognize as the laws which he obeys the truths of an infinite wisdom; free to acknowledge no master but the goodness of an infinite love. Far, very far, from us and all of us, is this result; and no efforts born of pride, or selfishness, or folly, or sin, will hasten its approach; but these evil things have no absolute dominion, and thitherward are we tending, step by step, led by our Maker's hand. Hith-

erward, one and all; but the race and the individual equally under the condition, that we use the freedom that we have aright, and *so* make it the glad parent of greater freedom. And therefore in the history of man's freedom, shall we always read the central history of man.

Mr. Eliot, if we understand him aright, has undertaken to develop and illustrate the history of our race, by the history of freedom among its nations. To do this fully, and with all the detail these topics might permit, would require a work of almost boundless extent; and in the volumes before us, and those which are to follow, the author proposes to do little more than sketch the outlines of his subject.

The history of liberty in Rome is prefaced by some chapters upon the history of liberty in India, Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Judea. It is difficult to present, in a brief space, his views of the progress of freedom among these nations; but we will endeavor to do so. In India and Egypt, — for they are so much alike in this respect that they may be considered together, — the master and the tyrant against whom Liberty strove was superstition; and the strife was ineffectual. Mr. Eliot supposes an earlier condition of mankind, — more free, more pure, and possessed of a peculiar civilization of which few or no distinct traces have come down to us. Before the beginning of authentic history, it had passed away. And at this beginning, we find despotic sovereigns, and a despotic priesthood, and these despotisms united for mutual support, and using the superstition of the people as the means of preserving their unlimited and oppressive sway.

But even in these ages, he finds evidence of wide, earnest, and enduring, but not successful, efforts after liberty; and he finds this chiefly in the principles and history of Buddhism. This may be so; and we are aware that Mr. Eliot's opinion is supported by high authority. If we do not misrecollect, Sir William Jones at one time held such views; but we believe that he afterwards abandoned them. It is true, that nearly all we know of early and Indian Buddhism comes from enemies who had conquered them, and is doubtless misrepresented by their hatred and contempt. But, except in its hostility to castes, we see no clear traces of principles of freedom. And the passages which may be quoted from

Buddhist writers indicative of purer religion, may easily be paralleled from Brahminical writings; and both together prove only that the fading light of a brighter morning had not wholly passed away; that tradition had preserved some recollections, which, in a few minds, revived into almost their primitive purity and splendor. Buddhism was conquered in India long ages ago; but it went abroad, and has remained ever since, as a firmly rooted, if not dominant faith in Japan, Thibet, China, Burmah, and Ceylon; and we see in none of these nations any proof of its favoring the progress of freedom. And if this be explained, as it sometimes is, by supposing the early severance of its political from its theological character, this very severance only shows their slight connection. The theory of Ritter, that by their migration to Thrace through Colchis, the Buddhists founded the civilization of the Pelasgi, from whom the Greeks derived the germs of all existing culture, was once received with some favor, but is now abandoned.

But that such efforts, such struggles of nascent liberty, there were, we have no doubt, whether the distinct evidence is now within our reach or not. And so mankind advanced into the possibility of that somewhat better state of things which prevailed in Persia. Here, superstition is not a stern and immutable master. Liberty was called to encounter only the feebler and less deadly hostility of political oppression. And the law of castes had lost its power. The institutions of Persia favored individual progress; men might make their way upwards in society; but the thought of political freedom was not born. The history of the nation is only the history of its rulers; for the people were their property, were mere incidents to them.

Not so is it in Greece. Here, for the first time, the people are foremost. Here, the history of the nation is the history of its peoples, and not of its kings and rulers. That men *might* be free, was conceded, at least as a possibility; not yet as a right; but freedom was henceforward to be something which all might desire, and the fortunate might win. The hope of it, the endeavor towards it, take part in all the conflicts of that history. If freedom itself was stifled in these conflicts, it did not die and leave no sign. For these very conflicts grew out of, and expressed, the rivalry of

newly awakened interests and rights, which, once aroused, were to slumber no more.

Of the history of Judea, in this connection, it can only be said, that its manifest purpose, implied indeed in the very word *theocracy*, is to substitute the dominion of God for the dominion of man, and, at the same time, to guard this from degenerating into that thraldom of idolatrous superstition which had for ages enslaved the eastern world. If this substitution were imperfect, if this guard were ineffectual, we have here but one more of the innumerable instances in which we see, that the coöperation of man with God is needed to develop the full value of His gifts, and that this coöperation, because it must be voluntary, may be withheld. And we see, too, that when it is withheld, and because man refuses to do his part, apparent failure and destruction follow, then, even in the midst of this and through it all, Providence works out great and abiding results which pass over to become the blessings of other members of the human family, and dwell with man forever.

Then came Rome, the universal conqueror. And this portentous history presents the three great questions, — How did this race so conquer, Why were they permitted so to conquer, and Why then decline, decay, and fall into such unmitigated ruin. All these questions, Mr. Eliot answers.

Over the infancy of Rome an impenetrable cloud still rests, in despite of the labor, learning, and ingenuity which have striven against it. Perhaps Mr. Eliot's view of the myths of its early history is a reasonable one; and it certainly has this in its favor, that it stands about half way between the extremes which would reject them altogether, or admit them as literal statements of actual facts. Amid this darkness, some things are seen with sufficient clearness to justify reasoning from them. The Romans were from the beginning warlike. Their rulers were not despots in the eastern and earlier way of sovereignty. There were families having great power, and perhaps the nation was at one time composed of them. The kingly power was hedged round by forms, by the distinct rights of large classes, and by privileges which penetrated society, and imparted to all but the slave a certain share of political power and liberty. There was no grinding, debilitating superstition; for this we

may say, although we cannot say what the religion of Rome was. With all this, and as a trait of national character new upon earth, there was an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of law, and of law as the express will of the state, which never died out in Rome, and which compelled the despotism, which at last overwhelmed all rights and interests, to observe with watchful and almost timid care all the forms and expressions which had once guarded liberty. Such was the beginning of Rome; and it was a good beginning for the cause of freedom. Successful wars added captured nations to their population. These were at first enslaved; and ages of conflict passed away, before the plebeians who represented these conquered nations acquired an equal liberty with the patricians who represented their conquerors. But these conflicts were conflicts for freedom, and the result was a conquest of freedom. And with freedom, the strength of the state grew. Its force was more easily put forth, and less easily resisted; and its conquests widened, until the sound of the Roman wars came back to Rome only as a distant echo.

The Romans had a work to do, and they did it well. They had to acquire the largest freedom then possible; and to use this freedom, and the strength it gave, in the conquest of the world. And the end was to be, that prostration of the heathen world and all its energies, that humiliation of the heathen mind and heart, which should make the spread of a new revelation possible; and therefore make the growth of a new and higher freedom — the child of this new revelation — also possible. Rome by her wide conquests made the world Roman. And when her own liberty had become corrupted into license, and then died, men felt as if there was no more hope, as if all that men could try had been tried, and all that men could do had been done, and it was all in vain. Among the writers of imperial Rome, there is a pervading expression of hopelessness, — stoical with some, and made almost beautiful by the stern pride of a Tacitus, and with many more putting on the aspect of utter indifference, or believing, with the followers of Epicurus, that the only wisdom left for man was to seek and enjoy the skilful and cautious luxury which took excellent care not to perish prematurely of excess. The human mind and character were thus made

ready for new gifts; ready, at least, not to oppose them with an energy which might have been successful, not to choke them by strong adverse growths of its own. Then was our race as effectually prepared for a new dispensation, as ever a field — enriched by the decay of all to which it had formerly given sustenance, ploughed to its very depths, and moistened by tempests — was prepared to receive new seed. And then Christianity came down from Heaven.

The facts of the past are as meaningless as the letters of a child's alphabet thrown at hazard on the floor, until a recognition of providential government comes in to give them order and significance. Then they may arrange themselves into words full of instruction. The belief in a divine government implies a belief in a unity of purpose from the beginning, and in the prevalence of laws which have always regulated the development of humanity. Can we discover these laws? Not yet perhaps. The acknowledgment that there are such laws, which lead towards a determinate end, is a great step forwards. And by grouping the facts of history, and looking carefully into their analogies, we may discover the laws of the science of history, as we do of other sciences.

Among these analogies is one which may at least be fancied between the growth of the race and that of the individual. When the biography of man shall be written — and until it is, history will not be written — perhaps we shall know, that periods analogous to infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, belong to humanity in the mass, as to each one of them who compose the mass. It is easy to fancy that we see its infancy in that earliest period alluded to by Mr. Eliot, towards which many traditions and some evidences point, when the golden age of the poets found upon earth nothing of the culture of subsequent ages, and little of their crimes or sorrows, but instead of these, a peace as calm as the smile of an infant. Of that age, history preserves nothing; and the universal recollection, which places it as a gate of pearl at the entrance of every nation's history, is as dim and undefined, as sweet and pure, as the veiled memory which sometimes brings back to every man his own earliest years. Then, in the East, where history begins, began the childhood of our race; and in its perfect and unreflecting obedience — for the thought of personal freedom seems not to have existed — in the institu-

tion of castes, which would be appropriate and good for them who were not ripe enough to be trusted with the choice of their own employments; — in their literature, for the literature of eastern men comes to the nurseries and play-rooms of Europe and finds a fitting home there; — and in many particulars of their religion, philosophy, and social life, to which we cannot pause even to allude, we may find much that becomes at once explicable and fitting, if we remember that we are looking on the childhood of humanity.

Then may we fancy that in Greece we have reached its youth. Mr. Eliot regards the love of the beautiful as the distinguishing characteristic of that nation; but it seems to us a false ingenuity which would explain Sparta and Thermopylæ by a love of the beautiful. There are two passions of youth, both vehement and irrepressible, — the love of the beautiful and the love of combat. As yet untaught and undisciplined, the love of beauty is only of that external beauty which filled with the miracles of art that Athens of which a fine thinker said, that religion there was only one among the fine arts. And its love of combat was that love of fighting for its own sake which made Sparta a mere encampment, but could not make her a great conqueror. Athens and Sparta were Greece, because they impersonated these two great passions of untamed youth.

And then Alexander, who seems almost the incarnation of the Grecian character, conquered the East. With him was Aristotle, who conquered the eastern mind, and began that system of exact and methodical inquiry and knowledge, which has never since permitted the old oriental sublimity and obscurity to be what it once was, the religion, philosophy, and poetry of mankind all in one.

And so was our race prepared for the coming of its manhood; for Rome. There was an energy not less vigorous than that of Greece, but strengthened by the foresight, the persistence, and the guidance of the present by a steady look to a far future, which are not the attributes of youth, and were not of Greece. It went forth step by step, and in its centuries conquered a dominion but little wider than Alexander won in twelve years, but a dominion that lasted its centuries, and slowly fell.

And here our fancy is exhausted, and this same analogy

fails, unless we look upon the feudal ages as the decline of this period, and upon ourselves, who are witnessing the last dying throes of feudal institutions, as living at the close of one great cycle of humanity, or rather at the beginning of another, which may also have its youth, its manhood, and its decline. This fancy will be welcome to many, because it tells us, that we constitute and are, as it were, the beginning of an era; and that in this country, man is to begin to live anew. And national vanity will be flattered by remembering the fact, which, however inexplicable, is at least as undeniable, that from the beginning, the course of empire has ever been westward. From the East to Greece, thence to Rome, and thence to the western shores of an old world, where it waited until a new one should be discovered; and then, bounding over the ocean, the dominion of the world, or the chief seat of those principles which are to be henceforth sovereign throughout the world, is to be established in the new home that is now limited in the east and west only by the two great oceans of the globe. Then will it have completed its circuit, and at its next remove must return to the place of its beginning. Very easy is it to indulge such fancies as these; still easier is it, to nurse the vanity and self-complacency for which such fancies are the fitting nutriment. Suppose them to be true, or to have some foundation of truth; suppose that with our nation a new era begins, characterized by the possession of a completed liberty; of that blessing for which blood and tears have freely flowed in all ages, and which has ever stood before the eyes of struggling and suffering humanity, as the end for which it was well to strive and suffer to the last limit of endurance, — as the hope which was great enough to sustain the courage of mankind through perpetual conflict, and to cheer them through the strife and the pain of their pilgrimage. What then? Why do we forget that, before we learn how to use this blessing, coming generations must pass through a new — perhaps a far more wasting and desolate — series of efforts and of conflicts, of errors and of punishments. That liberty has come to mankind at last, so large that it can be made no larger, is certain. That we are unprepared for it, that we are in danger of making enormous mistakes in relation to it, that we shall strive to make it the slave of selfishness until bitter suffering shall teach us and

succeeding ages better things by long and oft repeated admonitions, seems now to thinking men, we believe, generally, at least as certain.

Of the moral tone of Mr. Eliot's work we cannot speak too highly. From the beginning to the end it is profoundly religious; but upon no page and in no sentence, is there a word of cant. The very idea and purpose of the book were inspired by a deep conviction of providential government, and by a belief which is borne like a torch through the mazes of the past, — that every occurrence was caused or permitted for an end, and would teach us that end if our ears were open to the lesson. There are those who will complain of the author's enthusiasm; that it never masters him, that strong as it is, a stronger reason ever goes with it, and that it never degenerates into wild phantasy, will not excuse it with such readers, nor would we blame them very heartily; for an honest and earnest, yet rational, enthusiasm is so rare in these days, that one may be pardoned who believes it impossible.

The learning employed in this work, gathered for it and exhibited in it, is very remarkable. The notes show a very wide reading, and a power of getting aid and illustration from the most improbable quarters. Before we read the work, we observed the quantity of notes, and the variety of reference, and a suspicion arose that there was some parade in this. But it soon passed away. There is no display; but in all sincerity, the acquisitions of years of well-directed industry are brought — fairly and without violence — into the service of the writer. Indeed, in some of the notes, interesting topics are touched too lightly, and apparently from the fear, that if more were said, the author might seem to *try* to make the most of them.

The great fault of the book is its obscurity; and it is a very great fault. It seems to arise from two causes. The views and thoughts are often very original, and have not yet been matured in the mind of the author. It is unfortunate for the book, that a part has been thus published prematurely; for we believe that if it had been kept until, through years of study and investigation, the work had been finished, this beginning would have been re-written in the light of the whole. But we are not sure that it is unfortunate for the author. He has won a high place in the literature of our country. He has

produced a work which implies a combination of uncommon abilities, of great industry, and of a very singular capacity for unfailing devotion to a great purpose. The approbation he has received, and must receive, will sustain him. He will go on, and complete his work; of that, if he lives we have no doubt; and just as little, that every step which he takes will be a step in advance.

But it is obscure for another reason; and that is, a style very faulty, or rather very often faulty, in this respect. It is not direct enough; it is often allusive and suggestive, precisely where the author should speak most plainly — should *labor* to speak plainly. There will be a series of facts and observations, intelligible enough, and then a paragraph summing up the results, which it is hard to understand. Take, for instance, the following paragraph, which we have not selected, but found by opening the book almost at hazard. Others may easily be pointed out more obscure, and many others far less so; and this would be plainer, if read in its proper connection; but as it is, it will serve to show our meaning:

"At the same time that the growth of society was helped by the rivalry and activity amongst the nations of Greece, its natural offspring was conceived. The lower orders not only became of consequence to the higher, but, as warfare continued and civilization dilated, they rose, themselves, towards and to the higher, while new classes were brought from hitherto silent shores to cover the ocean upheaving with strength and hope. Henceforth the fitness of man for freedom was determined; and beings trampled in the dust, above which they were supposed incapable to lift their faces, much more their souls, were recognized as having their portion, also, in humanity. It must be plainly added, that these were results in their beginning only; but the beginning was the boon most desirable to mankind. The course of ancient history brightens with increasing liberty; yet liberty, though the inspiration of progress, was, as we may see hereafter, the forerunner of that humiliation in which heathenism departed and Christianity appeared." — Vol. I. p. 111.

There is often great beauty in a suggestive style; but it is when one thing, whether thought or fact, is presented with perfect clearness, but the thing itself, or the manner of its presentation, suggests many other things. But a suggestive style is very bad, which *only* suggests. How few writers, how very few readers, are aware of the potent charm of a

perfectly direct and transparent style. A very large part of Prescott's fame, which seems now to be as well established in England as at home, rests upon his merit in this respect. You do not stop to admire its brilliancy, or its force, or precision, or any other excellence; you do not stop at all; you are borne along by the gentle current of his language, and give yourself up to the pleasure of such progress. It is indeed so pleasant to glide along a clear stream which breaks only into smiles, that the happy voyager sometimes sees great beauty in what is often but the very common scenery of the banks. We do not of course mean that Prescott thus seduces us into undeserved admiration; but we began the figure — which is, after all, rather a poor one, — for the purpose of saying, that be the beauty of the shores never so great and never so new, one must be a passionate lover of the picturesque who can appreciate it fully, while his course is tortuous and interrupted, and sometimes he is compelled to take the oar and work his passage. There are many sentences in Mr. Eliot's book which we have studied with some diligence, and are now by no means sure that we understand them.

And this is provoking, because it is so entirely his own fault, or at least, a misfortune easily avoided. Indeed, it lessens as you go on, and the last half of his second volume is, in addition to its other merits, almost easy reading. But we say it is entirely his own fault, because he labors under nothing like disability in the matter of style. It is generally rich, glowing, and impressive; and there are many passages, and long ones too, of which the beauty is high and consummate, and wholly unimpaired. But instead of talking more about the style of this work, let us give our readers an opportunity to judge for themselves. And for this purpose, we give them the closing chapter.

Before quoting it, however, let us sum up the opinions we have somewhat discursively expressed. This work is singularly learned, full of original and important views and valuable instruction, perfect in its moral and religious tone, and generally beautiful, sometimes extremely beautiful, in style. But the thoughts are occasionally immature, and give the impression, that with all the author's zeal and industry they have not yet been fully studied; and the work is marred

by a prevailing obscurity which will impair, not merely its popularity, but its usefulness. Indeed, it will never be a favorite work with the many who love to read, but cannot think; but they who read that they may think, will use this book, and prize it.

"The view from which our steps are bearing us away is such as we may well be glad to leave. A few scattered palaces, wherein we would not willingly look again, rise amongst a mass of hovels, of which the doors are closed against us, upon a plain grim with devastation and sterility. The cheerful voice of the husbandman is changed to the outcry of the soldier or the wail of the slave; while the earth itself, as if saddened and speechless, denies a place to the waving corn, and bears, it seems, no tree or leaf to hear the murmurs of the wind. Above the plain, a mountain, diademed with clouds, and barren as the fields beneath, supports a single edifice, which, whether it be a residence or a fortress, is equally magnificent and dreary. Here dwells the master, and below him, on the plain, are the subjects of the Roman Empire.

"The prospect to which we turn, at first, is not more gladsome. Without a people, and, a few rare instances excepted, without a ruler that deserves the name, the Empire appears to sink deeper and deeper in the wickedness and feebleness it has inherited. Years pass, and centuries; and as they one by one depart from Rome, her fortitude and hope are not only extinguished, but forgotten. The despotism of the Emperor is the judgment upon the Empire. The hollowness of the Empire, like "an empty urn," becomes fit for the "withered hands" of the Emperor by whom it is held. And the onslaught of the barbarians, at last, is the retribution to which the Emperor, the Empire, and the parent Commonwealth have been long foredoomed. The glimpses before or behind us, that we catch of Rome alone, are all alike mournful.

"In every country and amongst every nation of the ancient world, a marvellous progress from barbarism to comparative civilization or from servitude to comparative freedom had been allowed to precede the decline to each appointed in its turn. The extent of this advancement was generally commensurate with the degree of liberty existing amongst the various races engaged in its production; and the greatest development of knowledge and of cultivation occurred in Greece, together with the greatest development of liberty. A different phase appears to be observable in Rome, under whose laws liberty attained to a greater stature than in any other heathen state, without producing a corres-

ponding increase in the sciences, the arts, or the comforts of mankind. The same religion that had interposed itself like a cloud between the freedom of other nations and the light from Heaven hung thinnest above the seven hills; and yet nowhere was the liberty it always obscured so fatal to human works and to human hopes as amongst the proud and finally the lawless conquerors who were trained at Rome.

"Here lies the moral of our history. In the great creation of which we form a part, the process of animation and increase is the result of mutual, though they be unconscious, services amongst its members. The plant subsists upon the breath of the animal, and the animal seeks from the plant those exhalations without which its own life would be intolerable. It is one of the thousand instances with which the world is filled to teach men how to conduct themselves and how to employ their principles; and it may serve, at this moment, as an illustration of the truth, that liberty is virtually servitude, unless it be so connected with human powers as to minister to them and be ministered unto by them in return. The institutions of ancient Rome secured to all the citizens whom they acknowledged the amplest freedom in that age possible; yet freedom failed amongst them for want of higher powers in its possessors than those of conquerors and rulers; while the institutions by which this liberty had been provided were bowed and broken by its courses of blood and despotism. The few, like the Gracchi and Cicero, whom it educated to greater aspirations were not allowed to spread the learning they acquired amongst men, much less to exercise the benevolence they had received from their Creator.

"The wants of the Romans are as evident as their errors. They not only lacked the powers, but the first necessities, of humanity. To be free, they needed to be conscious of their weakness as individuals, and, mortally speaking, as a nation; a consciousness which never came to the nation, and only to its individual members in the day of their utter downfall. Even had they been sooner humbled, a law of right and wrong would still have failed them; though in order to be free, singly or collectively, they required liberation from the vice and fortification in the virtue of the world. This law, however, was never theirs; it neither rose with their early institutions nor arrived with their later philosophy, except in part; and the part even which they did obtain was lost before the beginning of the Empire. Without this knowledge of right and wrong, there can be no true power; and without power, again, there can be no real exercise of liberty. There is a holiness of freedom yet to be attained in doing 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things

are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report'; and so doing them, that the glory of God, which religion commands, may be fulfilled by man through liberty.

"So far as humility amongst men was necessary for the preparation of a truer freedom than could ever be known under heathenism, the part of Rome, however dreadful, was yet sublime. It was not to unite, to discipline, or to fortify humanity, but to enervate, to loosen, and to scatter its forces, that the people whose history we have read were allowed to conquer the earth and were then themselves reduced to deep submission. Every good labor of theirs that failed was, by reason of what we esteem its failure, a step gained nearer to the end of the wellnigh universal evil that prevailed; while every bad achievement that may seem to us to have succeeded, temporarily or lastingly, with them was equally, by reason of its success, a progress towards the good of which the coming would have been longed and prayed for, could it have been comprehended. Alike in the virtues and in the vices of antiquity, we may read the progress towards its humiliation. Yet, on the other hand, it must not seem, at the last, that the disposition of the Romans or of mankind to submission was secured solely through the errors and the apparently ineffectual toils which we have traced back to these times of old. Desires too true to have been wasted, and strivings too humane to have been unproductive, though all were overshadowed by passing wrongs, still gleam as if in anticipation or in preparation of the advancing day.

"At length, when it had been proved by ages of conflict and loss that no lasting joy and no abiding truth could be procured through the power, the freedom, or the faith of mankind, the angels sang their song, in which the glory of God and the goodwill of men were together blended. The universe was wrapped in momentary tranquillity, and 'peaceful was the night' above the manger at Bethlehem. We may believe, that, when the morning came, the ignorance, the confusion, and the servitude of humanity had left their darkest forms amongst the midnight clouds. It was still, indeed, beyond the power of man to lay hold securely of the charity and the regeneration that were henceforth to be his law; and the indefinable terrors of the future, whether seen from the West or from the East, were not at once to be dispelled. But before the death of the Emperor Augustus, in the midst of his fallen subjects, the Business of The Father had already been begun in the Temple at Jerusalem; and, near by The Son was increasing in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man.

"The sea, as it were, upon which wave has pursued wave through day and night, through years and centuries, before our

eyes, is thus illumined with the approaching light which we have been waiting to behold. And as we stand upon the shore, conscious of the spirit that has moved upon the face of the waters, we may lift our eyes with more confiding faith to the over-watching Heaven."

ART. V. — *Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life.* By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, Author of "Essays and Reviews." Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 218.

MR. WHIPPLE may now fairly be called the most popular essayist in this country; and he has substantial merits which go far to justify the favor with which his writings have been received. To a large acquaintance with English literature, a prompt and retentive memory, a lively fancy, and considerable wit, he joins the brisk and smart exuberance of style which is the most agreeable quality of the essayist, and the most essential to his success. His command of expression is almost marvellous; he showers words upon the page with a prodigality that astonishes the lean and bare scribblers who, after painful search and with many contorsions, clothe their shivering thoughts in scant and inappropriate garments. He revels in the abundance of his wealth, and changes his rich costume so frequently and swiftly, that the reader begins to think he is playing tricks with dress, or is substituting words for thought. Yet the suspicion would be groundless. The expression, though lavish and ornate, is almost invariably clear, pointed, and precise. Because he has a large store to choose from, the word selected is just the appropriate word, conveying the precise idea that the writer wishes to impart, without distortion or indistinctness. Mr. Whipple's essays, therefore, form easy and luxurious reading. We are not obliged to pause and dwell upon a sentence before we can detect its meaning, or discern its connection with what precedes and what follows in the train of thought.

The essayist does not aim at complete and elaborate inves-

tigations; he touches upon many subjects, but exhausts none. He has no excuse, therefore, for tiring the reader with wire-drawn disquisitions, complex processes of argumentation, painful collections of facts, or a mere *farrago* of other men's ideas. He is at liberty to skip all that is tedious in the exhibition of his theme, and all that he may suppose to be familiarly known to most of his readers. He is bound not to be dull, feeble, or common-place, but he is not obliged to be methodical, far-reaching, or profound. He is a gleaner on the fields of thought, and is expected to bring into barn only what the regular reapers have left behind them. Still he must bring wheat, and not tares; he must gather what the husbandmen have overlooked, or what has dropped from their wearied arms, not what they have intentionally left to decay. We look to the quality, not the quantity, of the collection that he has made, and are grateful to him for any addition, however slight, that he may make to the sum of knowledge, the means of entertainment, or the materials of thought. The aggregate of good done by many laborers in this department of effort may be considerable; English literature would lose much of what is most entertaining and valuable in it, if the productions of all the essayists were left out of the account, or condemned to the flames. There are some minds — Lord Bacon's and Dr. Johnson's, for instance, judging the latter, however, only from his conversations — the mere drippings of which are of more worth than the full flow of other men's thoughts. We prize both the essays of the former and the talk of the latter for the acuteness and originality displayed in them, and never think of censuring them for not looking at all sides of a subject, or not exhausting all that can be said upon it. It is often a greater mark of genius to be able to say something that is new and striking upon a very trite theme, than to spread out a more novel topic in all its breadth and variety.

These considerations, which in themselves are sufficiently obvious, are very necessary to be kept in mind in passing judgment upon such a volume as Mr. Whipple has just published; as we might otherwise unfairly accuse him of presumption in selecting ambitious but hackneyed topics for his Lectures, or of superficiality in his mode of writing upon them. Here is a little book of about 200 pages, which professes to

treat of "subjects connected with Literature and Life," subjects which are subsequently specified as follows: — Authors in their Relation to Life, Novels and Novelists, Wit and Humor, the Ludicrous Side of Life, Genius, and Intellectual Health and Disease. Volumes might be written upon any one of these themes; but we doubt whether they would be half as entertaining as these slight but spirited essays. Of course, they are "Lectures" only in name, that appellation being given to them because they were written for the purpose of delivery before a literary association in Boston, and also before several of the lyceums in our country towns. The miscellaneous character of the audiences to which they were addressed made it necessary to treat familiar topics, and imposed some restrictions upon the writer in regard both to the selection of his materials and the characteristics of his style. He could not wing a very lofty flight without passing beyond the range of vision of at least a portion of his hearers. But he had also too much good sense to hug the ground from an affected desire of accommodating himself to their perceptions. He does not pay his audience the poor compliment of telling them, by implication at least, that he is making an effort to keep himself down to the level of their apprehensions. Confiding in the general transparency of his style and in the obviousness of the associations in his trains of thought, he writes frankly and naturally, without any painful reference to the tastes or powers of his auditory. Some of the literary criticisms interspersed in these Lectures relate to books which most of his hearers probably had never seen; many of the allusions to facts in literary history could not have stirred their recollections. And yet, the fact that these performances were received with applause by such an audience as can be collected in any of our small villages, bears honorable testimony both to the tact of the speaker and to the general cultivation of the people of New England.

The chief negative merit of these essays is the entire lack of pretence and affectation. The writer is not bitten with a pestilent desire of playing any other part than that for which nature has designed him. He is neither a pedant, a sentimentalist, nor an enthusiast; though he has the taste and feelings of a poet, the gleams of a very rich fancy often irradiating the substance of his prose, he does not fly off into

rhapsodies, or die away in ecstacies. His vigorous common sense and quick perception of the ludicrous guard him effectually from such follies, and he launches some keen shafts of ridicule against those who are guilty of them. He does not belong to the modern school of political philanthropists, and has no universal nostrum to recommend as a cure for all the evils with which society is afflicted. He is not possessed by one idea, but looks round the whole horizon of truth, and welcomes the light which comes to him from any quarter. There is a pervading air of kindliness and good nature in his estimate both of books and men; if a satirist, he is a playful and benevolent one, and his laugh is genial, leaving no trace of party prejudice or personal animosity. This negative praise may not seem a high compliment either to his disposition or his talents; but the faults of pretension, cant, and savageness infect so much of the popular fugitive literature of the present day, that it seems to us no small merit in an author to be entirely free from them.

Of all the later English essayists, Mr. Whipple may most properly be compared with Hazlitt, whom he closely resembles except in this very point of his imperturbable good humor. Hazlitt was a soured man, who had quarrelled with the world, and was disposed to avenge his supposed wrongs on every person who crossed his path. He was a savage politician, and many of his essays on public affairs show the concentrated energy of hate. But his perception of the beauties of literature was as keen as his perception of personal wrong. His taste was formed by diligent study of the writers of the Elizabethan age, and his estimate of their merits, his explanation of their peculiarities, manifested a degree of critical insight and a power of metaphysical analysis which have seldom been surpassed. Felicities of expression stud his page as frequent as the stars in the evening sky. When he wholly forgets himself and his supposed injuries, he is delightful, though he has none of the sly humor of Lamb, and but little of the affectionateness and simplicity of Leigh Hunt. Mr. Whipple reminds us of him at every turn, especially in his fondness for the use of metaphysical terms in criticism. The ordinary resources of the critical vocabulary are not enough for these two writers; they carry the analysis so far that they are obliged to give the results in phraseology borrowed from

another science. They are constantly striving to fix evanescent beauties upon the page, to mark vanishing lines of difference, and to describe in words what can only be felt. This detracts somewhat from the naturalness of their style, though it does not injure its transparency; they are both too great masters of English idiom ever to drop the leading thought in a mere fog of words. Hazlitt often wrote narrative, and we wish Whipple would follow his example; for his style now too frequently *creams* like sparkling, but very light ale, which lacks body. Thought always lies beneath, but it is often subtile and over-refined thought, or a playful repetition of one idea, which is meant to tickle the reader's fancy after it has satisfied the demands of his intellect. Rapid, vigorous, and condensed narration is the best exercise-ground for writers whose tendency is to be continually fencing with words. The rigid demands of the story oblige them to take the buttons off from their foils.

But it is time that we should give our readers a taste of Mr. Whipple's quality; though there is less need of making extracts in this case, as he has been a frequent and favored contributor to our pages. On account of the bias that we naturally feel from this circumstance, our readers may make such deduction from the praise already bestowed as they may think proper. The following lively and ingenious parallel between wit and humor is very characteristic, and certainly very good; the lines which we have italicized are as witty as any thing in Dr. Barrow's celebrated description of wit, which is daringly quoted in the very lecture from which this extract is taken.

"Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. *It marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding.* Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; Humor by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; Humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; Humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lov-

ingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; Humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; Humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; Humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes, in an instant; Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; Humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is an humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence, promoting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is 'the image of God cut in ebony,' is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is 'the image of the devil cut in ivory,' is witty. Wit can coëxist with fierce and malignant passions; but Humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling, feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us. When Wit and Humor are commingled, the result is a genial sharpness, dealing with its object somewhat as old Izaak Walton dealt with the frog he used for bait, — running the hook neatly through his mouth and out at his gills, and in so doing 'using him as though he loved him!' Sydney Smith and Shakspeare's Touchstone are examples."

This is brilliantly said; but while the writer accumulates the points in regard to which wit differs from humor, we are not sure that he hits with a sure aim, or even keeps constantly in sight, the fundamental distinction between them, upon which all their other differences depend. Humor, as it seems to us, is continuous and consistent wit embodied in character. Hence, wit sparkles, and humor flows. Falstaff is a humorous character who says witty things; Corporal Nym, on the other hand, is a humorous creation, but he has no wit at all. Wit gives a pleasing shock, but humor affords continuous delight. Unexpectedness in the combination of ideas is characteristic of both; but in the case of humor, one

of the related ideas is, so to speak, a fixed quantity, being the character which is to be illustrated. Witticisms have no connection with each other, so that a constant succession of them may tire; they are like a bunch of India crackers all fired off at once, one explosion being just like another in regard to the effect produced. But every stroke of humor has a relation to the character which is its object; all the strokes are in keeping with each other, and all tend to make the portrait more complete and lifelike. Uncle Toby's merciful treatment of the bluebottle fly is a humorous illustration of the same benevolence and simplicity of heart which appear in his conduct towards poor Le Fevre. Humor, consequently, never tires; the effect of successive strokes is cumulative, not disjunctive. The wit of the characters in Sheridan's comedies, for instance, *tells* like frequent blows from a hammer, the effect constantly diminishing as the nail is driven nearer home; but humor acts like gravity on a descending weight, which moves faster and faster every instant. The wit of Shakspeare's characters is all, to a certain extent, humorous; for it is all in keeping with the minds and hearts of those who utter it. Rosalind's wit differs from Touchstone's as plainly as the moralizing of Jacques from that of the Duke. Humor is witty portrait-painting.

Mr. Whipple's description of irony is very much in his manner, fanciful illustrations of the leading thought being clustered together with a sort of comic rapidity and earnestness.

"Irony is an insult conveyed in the form of a compliment; insinuating the most galling satire under the phraseology of panegyric; placing its victim naked on a bed of briers and thistles, thinly covered with rose-leaves; adorning his brow with a crown of gold, which burns into his brain; teasing, and fretting, and riddling him through and through, with incessant discharges of hot shot from a masked battery; laying bare the most sensitive and shrinking nerves of his mind, and then blandly touching them with ice, or smilingly pricking them with needles. Wit, in this form, cannot be withstood, even by the hardest of heart and the emptiest of head. It eats and rusts into its victim."

The extracts already made illustrate our essayist's command of language and the peculiarities of his style; but they are not fair specimens of his power of thought, the sobriety and

correctness of his judgment, or his facile use of the rich stores of English literature for the purposes of illustration and ornament. It is partly his own fault, if these more substantial merits of his writings have been sometimes overlooked, or not clearly perceived, through the glitter and sparkle of his sentences, and his frequent playfulness of manner. The last Lecture in this volume, on Intellectual Health and Disease, does more justice than the others to the higher qualities of his mind; we shall therefore make liberal quotations from it, though to be fairly appreciated, it must be read as a whole. The leading idea of the essay, or the philosophy of mental disease, is thus stated.

"An analysis of our consciousness, or rather a contemplation of the mysterious processes of our inward life, reveals no faculties and no impulses which can be disconnected from our personality. The mind is no collection of self-acting powers and passions, but a vital, indissoluble unit and person, capable, it is true, of great variety of manifestation, but still in its nature a unit, not an aggregate. For the purposes of science, or verbal convenience, we may call its various operations by different names, according as it perceives, feels, understands, or imagines; but the moment science breaks it up into a series of disconnected parts, and considers each part by itself as a separate power, that moment the living principle of mind is lost, and the result is an anarchy of faculties. Fortunately, however, we cannot free ourselves, by any craft of analysis, from personal pronouns. A man who speaks or acts, instinctively mentions it as — *I* said, *I* did. We do not say that Milton's imagination wrote Paradise Lost, but that Milton wrote it. There is no mental operation in which the whole mind is not present; nothing produced but by the joint action of all its faculties, under the direction of its central personality. This central principle of mind is spiritual force, — capacity to cause, to create, to assimilate, to be. This underlies all faculties; interpenetrates, fuses, directs all faculties. This thinks, this feels, this imagines, this worships; this is what glows with health, this is what is enfeebled and corrupted by disease. Call it what you please, — will, personality, individuality, character, force of being; but recognize it as the true spiritual power which constitutes a living soul. This is the only peculiarity which separates the impersonal *existence* of a vegetable from the personal *life* of a man. The material universe is instinct with spiritual existence, but only in man is it individualized into spiritual life.

. . . . . .

"This mind, this free spiritual force, cannot grow, cannot

even exist, by itself. It can only grow by assimilating something external to itself, the very condition of mental life being the exercise of power within on objects without. The form and superficial qualities of objects it perceives; their life and spirit it conceives. Only what the mind conceives, it assimilates and draws into its own life; — intellectual conception indicating a penetrating vision into the heart of things, through a fierce, firm exertion of vital creative force. In this distinction between perception and conception, we have a principle which accounts for the limited degree in which so many persons grow in intelligence and character, in grace and gracelessness. Here, also, is the distinction between assent and faith, theory and practice. In the one case, opinions lie on the surface of the mind, mere objects, the truth of which it perceives, but which do not influence its will; in the other, ideas penetrate into the very substance of the mind, become one with it, and are springs of living thought and action. For instance, you may cram whole folios of morality and divinity into the heads of Dick Turpin and Captain Kidd, and both will cordially assent to their truth; but the captives of Dick's blunderbuss will still have to give up their purses, and the prisoners of Kidd's piracy will still have to walk the plank. On the other hand, you may pour all varieties of immoral opinions and images into the understanding of a pure and high nature, and there they will remain, unassimilated, uncorrupting; his mind, like that of Ion,

> 'Though shapes of ill
> May hover round its surface, glides in light,
> And takes no shadow from them.'

"In accordance with the same principle, all knowledge, however imposing in its appearance, is but superficial knowledge, if it be merely the mind's furniture, not the mind's nutriment. It must be transmuted into mind, as food is into blood, to become wisdom and power. . . . . .

"If the mind thus grows by assimilating external objects, it is plain that the character of the objects it assimilates will determine the form of its development, and its health or disease. Mental health consists in the self-direction of mental power, in the capacity to perceive its own relations to objects and the relations of objects to each other, and to choose those which will conduce to its enlargement and elevation. Disease occurs both when it loses its self-direction, and its self-distrust. When it loses its self-direction, it surrenders itself to every outward impression; when it loses its self-distrust, it surrenders itself to every inward whim. In the one case, it loses all moral and intellectual character, becomes unstrung, sentimental, dissolute,

are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report'; and so doing them, that the glory of God, which religion commands, may be fulfilled by man through liberty.

"So far as humility amongst men was necessary for the preparation of a truer freedom than could ever be known under heathenism, the part of Rome, however dreadful, was yet sublime. It was not to unite, to discipline, or to fortify humanity, but to enervate, to loosen, and to scatter its forces, that the people whose history we have read were allowed to conquer the earth and were then themselves reduced to deep submission. Every good labor of theirs that failed was, by reason of what we esteem its failure, a step gained nearer to the end of the wellnigh universal evil that prevailed; while every bad achievement that may seem to us to have succeeded, temporarily or lastingly, with them was equally, by reason of its success, a progress towards the good of which the coming would have been longed and prayed for, could it have been comprehended. Alike in the virtues and in the vices of antiquity, we may read the progress towards its humiliation. Yet, on the other hand, it must not seem, at the last, that the disposition of the Romans or of mankind to submission was secured solely through the errors and the apparently ineffectual toils which we have traced back to these times of old. Desires too true to have been wasted, and strivings too humane to have been unproductive, though all were overshadowed by passing wrongs, still gleam as if in anticipation or in preparation of the advancing day.

"At length, when it had been proved by ages of conflict and loss that no lasting joy and no abiding truth could be procured through the power, the freedom, or the faith of mankind, the angels sang their song, in which the glory of God and the good-will of men were together blended. The universe was wrapped in momentary tranquillity, and 'peaceful was the night' above the manger at Bethlehem. We may believe, that, when the morning came, the ignorance, the confusion, and the servitude of humanity had left their darkest forms amongst the midnight clouds. It was still, indeed, beyond the power of man to lay hold securely of the charity and the regeneration that were henceforth to be his law; and the indefinable terrors of the future, whether seen from the West or from the East, were not at once to be dispelled. But before the death of the Emperor Augustus, in the midst of his fallen subjects, the Business of The Father had already been begun in the Temple at Jerusalem; and, near by The Son was increasing in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man.

"The sea, as it were, upon which wave has pursued wave through day and night, through years and centuries, before our

eyes, is thus illumined with the approaching light which we have been waiting to behold. And as we stand upon the shore, conscious of the spirit that has moved upon the face of the waters, we may lift our eyes with more confiding faith to the over-watching Heaven."

ART. V. — *Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life.* By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, Author of "Essays and Reviews." Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 218.

MR. WHIPPLE may now fairly be called the most popular essayist in this country; and he has substantial merits which go far to justify the favor with which his writings have been received. To a large acquaintance with English literature, a prompt and retentive memory, a lively fancy, and considerable wit, he joins the brisk and smart exuberance of style which is the most agreeable quality of the essayist, and the most essential to his success. His command of expression is almost marvellous; he showers words upon the page with a prodigality that astonishes the lean and bare scribblers who, after painful search and with many contorsions, clothe their shivering thoughts in scant and inappropriate garments. He revels in the abundance of his wealth, and changes his rich costume so frequently and swiftly, that the reader begins to think he is playing tricks with dress, or is substituting words for thought. Yet the suspicion would be groundless. The expression, though lavish and ornate, is almost invariably clear, pointed, and precise. Because he has a large store to choose from, the word selected is just the appropriate word, conveying the precise idea that the writer wishes to impart, without distortion or indistinctness. Mr. Whipple's essays, therefore, form easy and luxurious reading. We are not obliged to pause and dwell upon a sentence before we can detect its meaning, or discern its connection with what precedes and what follows in the train of thought.

The essayist does not aim at complete and elaborate inves-

the moment he ceased to rise above himself, he began to decay. The strength at the heart of a nation, which keeps it alive, must either grow or dwindle; and, after a certain stage in its progress, it can only grow by assimilating moral and religious truth. Moral corruption, which is the result of wilful energy, eats into the very substance and core of intellectual life. Energy, it is true, is requisite to all greatness of soul; but the energy of health, while it has the strength and fearlessness of Prometheus chained to the rock, or Satan, buffeting the billows of fire, is also meek, aspiring, and reverential. Its spirit is that of the stout old martyr, who told the trembling brethren of the faith who clustered around his funeral pyre, that if his soul was serene in its last struggle with death, he would lift up his hands to them as a sign. They watched, with tremulous eagerness, the fierce element, as it swept along and over his withered frame, and, in the awful agonies of that moment when he was encircled with fire, and wholly hidden from their view, two thin hands quivered up above fagot and flame, and closed in the form of prayer.

"In the Greek mind, the wilful element took the form of conceit rather than pride, and it is therefore in the civilization of Rome that we must seek for the best expression of the power and the weakness of Satanic passion. The myth, which declares its founders to have been suckled by a wolf, aptly symbolizes that base of ferocity and iron will on which its colossal dominion was raised. The Roman mind, if we look at it in relation to its all-conquering courage and intelligence, had many sublime qualities; but pride, hard, fierce, remorseless, invulnerable pride and contempt of right, was its ruling characteristic. It existed just as long as it had power to crush opposition. But avarice, licentiousness, effeminacy, the whole brood of the abject vices, are sure at last to fasten on the conqueror, humbling his proud will, and turning his strength into weakness. The heart of that vast empire was ulcerated long before it fell. The sensuality of a Mark Antony is a more frightful thing than the sensuality of a savage; and when self-abandonment thus succeeds to self-worship, and men are literally given over to their lusts, a state of society exists which, in its demoniacal contempt of restraint, sets all description at defiance. The irruption of barbarian energy into that worn-out empire, — the fierce horde of savages that swept in a devouring flame over its plains and cities, — we view with something of the grim satisfaction with which an old Hebrew might have surveyed the engulfing of Pharaoh and his host in the waters of the Red Sea."

These are copious extracts; but we must borrow one passage more, though from a different Lecture, to illustrate

the writer's ready application of the materials both of civil and literary history to the illustration of his subject.

"Satirical compositions, floating about among a people, have more than once produced revolutions. They are sown as dragon's teeth; they spring up armed men. The author of the ballad of Lilliburlero boasted that he had rhymed King James the Second out of his dominions. England, under Charles II., was governed pretty equally by roués and wit-snappers. A joke hazarded by royal lips on a regal object has sometimes plunged kingdoms into war; for dull monarchs generally make their repartees through the cannon's mouth. The biting jests of Frederick the Great on the Empress Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour were instrumental in bringing down upon his dominions the armies of Russia and France. The downfall of the French monarchy was occasioned primarily by its becoming contemptible through its vices. No government, whether evil or good, can long exist after it has ceased to excite respect and begun to excite hilarity. Ministers of state have been repeatedly laughed out of office. Where Scorn points its scoffing finger, Servility itself may well be ashamed to fawn. In this connection, I trust no one will consider me capable of making a political allusion, or to be wanting in respect for the dead, if I refer in illustration to a late administration of our own government, — I mean that which retired on the fourth of March, 1845. Now, during that administration measures of the utmost importance were commenced or consummated; the country was more generally prosperous than it had been for years; there were no spectacles of gentlemen taking passage for France or Texas, with bags of the public gold in their valises; the executive power was felt in every part of the land; and yet the whole thing was hailed with a shout of laughter, ringing to the remotest villages of the east and the west. Everybody laughed, and the only difference between its nominal supporters and its adversaries was, that whereas one party laughed outright, the other laughed in their sleeves. Nothing could have saved such an administration from downfall, for whatever may have been its intrinsic merits, it was still considered not so much a government as a gigantic joke."

ART. VI. — 1. *Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia.* By CAPT. CHARLES STURT. Second Edition. London. 1834. 2 vols.

2. *An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, &c.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D. D. Second Edition. London. 1837. 2 vols.

3. *Physical Description of New South Wales.* By P. E. STRZELECKI. London. 1845.

4. *Discoveries in Australia in* 1837–43. By J. LOTT STOKES. London. 1846.

5. *Journal of an Overland Expedition in Australia from Moreton Bay to Port Essington.* By DR. LUDWIG LEICHHARDT. London. 1847.

6. *Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia.* By LIEUT. COL. SIR P. MITCHELL. London. 1848.

SINCE Pisistratus Caxton, his wild cousin, and speculative uncle, thought it worth their while to seek their fortunes in Australia, perhaps some review-readers may not be unwilling to take a trip there too, especially if they can do it in their arm chairs, and without being exposed to winds strong enough to spoil a cigar, or disturb a quiet nap. In England, Australia is rather a pet topic, and books innumerable are published in respect to it; but few or none of them are reprinted on this side of the Atlantic, and not many among us, unless from some special cause, turn their studies toward the southern land of wonders. Her egg-laying quadrupeds, black swans, and marvels of all sorts, which, as Sidney Smith says, rendered the latter half of Dr. Shaw's life miserable by their oddities, and filled Sir Joseph Banks "with mingled emotions of distress and delight," are now old stories, familiar to every child; while the more serious problems of her agricultural and commercial capabilities, her future political condition and moral influence, have hardly attracted the eye of any one who is not concerned in the immediate pressing, practical problems of emigration. Indeed, we suspect many of those on this side the water who have followed the fortunes of our "Anachronism," were forced to go to an Atlas to know

where the famous city of "Adelaide" was situated, and have puzzled their brains not a little, endeavoring to form, by the help of Mr. Pisistratus Caxton's note, a clear conception of what is meant by "the Wakefield."

As we have heretofore said little as to this second New World which, looked at from the right point of view, is "farther west" even than Oregon or California, we embrace the present moment, and Mr. Caxton's introduction, to enter, examine, and imperfectly describe it.

And first, let us get a clear idea, if we can, of its size. Maps deceive us sadly. The wisest, even, scarce escape the optical delusion of thinking that that country is large which looks large on the map. As England, therefore, has commonly one sheet, at least, to herself, and England's youngest child, New Holland, only the corner of a sheet, we very naturally think of our antarctic sister as but a little affair. When we look closely, however, the proportions of this young land of the Anglo-Saxon change wonderfully. Should we place her northern point, for example, on the northern point of Maine, her southern would fall somewhere south of Cuba, or in the latitude of the city of Mexico; while longitudinally, her eastern extremity being as far "down" as Cape Cod itself, her western would not fall short of the new Mormon settlement by the great Salt Lake, beyond the Rocky Mountains. Or if we compare her rounded, compact area with our more scattered and outstretched domain, we shall find that she numbers about as many million square miles as we do, Texas, New Mexico, California, and all.* This, then, is the land we propose to visit; not a little, out-of-the-way island, but truly a New World. Thinly peopled, poorly cultivated, scarce known beyond the coast, it is true; but when as many years had elapsed after the settlement of Jamestown as have passed since the founding of Sydney,† namely, sixty-one, the colony of South Carolina was not in existence. New York had been but four years under the flag of England. "Jamestown was but a place of a State-house, one church, and

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* Say three million square miles. Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography, (American Edition,) III. 323, 371; McCullock's Gazetteer, article "Australia."

† Sometimes incorrectly written Sidney; it was named after Lord Sydney, Secretary of State for the Home Department, in 1787. See Collins, quoted by Lang, I. 25.

eighteen houses, occupied by about a dozen families;" New England did not number fifty-five thousand souls; "Berkshire (in Massachusetts) was a wilderness;" "Lancaster and Brookfield solitary settlements of Christians in the desert," * and not a white man, save the half-apocryphal De Soto, had seen the prairies, or struggled through the forests of the West. Let the slow, early colonial growth of our own rapidly growing land teach us not to despise the comparative feebleness of Australia; it is impossible, by their size merely, to distinguish the new-born oak from the most trivial weed of the meadow.

And now, having a somewhat tangible notion of the extent of this island-continent, let us briefly recall the story of its discovery, its exploration, the facts brought to light by those who have explored it, its colonial ups and downs, — look into its present condition, — and thus try to realize this, to so many of us, mere nominal thing, "New Holland."

In the king's library at the British museum is a chart by a French draftsman, dated 1542, and probably the same referred to by Rear Admiral Burney as drawn by Rotz, in which a coast is laid down that would appear to be the shores of Australia; but we know nothing of the voyages upon which this map was based. Sixty-four years later, in 1606, Pedro Fernandez de Quiros and Luis Vaes de Torres, sailing from Callao, in Peru, made a more or less complete examination of the northern part of the great "Terra Australis Incognita;" and the latter, who was second in command, even discovered the straits which bear his name. Nothing, however, came from this Spanish discovery, except countless memorials from the commanders to the king, praying him to colonize the new Continent of the South; to all which suggestions and entreaties the court turned a deaf ear, for Spain was then just falling asleep, and, in the very year after the discoveries of Quiros, at the very time he was penning his memorials, probably, lost the Moluccas † with their cloves and nutmegs to the insatiable Dutch, and was nearly cut off by those busybodies from all her colonies, east and west. Then came the persevering Hollanders themselves upon the stage. The

* Bancroft, II. 212, 92.

† The Moluccas belonged to Portugal, but Spain and Portugal were then united.

Duyfhen, a Dutch yacht, seems indeed to have touched near Cape York in 1605, but it was by mere accident; and those who were in her knew not what they had seen. But the labors of Dirk Hartog, in the good ship Endragt, extending from 1616 to 1622, were not labors wholly in the dark, though still it was the "Great unknown south land" along whose western shores Dirk Hartog sailed, and upon the borders of whose bays he left memorials of his visits.* The hero of Dutch discovery in regard to Australia, however, inasmuch as he sailed round it, was Tasman, Abel Janez Tasman, who, — sailing from Batavia in 1642, during the rule of the excellent Anthony Van Diemen, — passed west and south of New Holland; discovered the land which bears the name of the worthy governor; and continuing beyond Australia, he brought up against, and made known to the world, New Zealand. Finding but a murderous reception there, he pursued his course northward, and after many perils, and visiting many new and strange places, at last reached Java again in safety. It would be no more than justice to the first circumnavigator of the southern continent, should the name "Tasmania" at last drive out the title of "Van Diemen's Land," as at the present time it bids fair to do.

But the swarms from the Low Countries found nothing along the dry and barren coasts of Australia to tempt a settlement. No spices, nor jewels, nor precious metals; not even water enough to make a canal possible. So the shores which were visited by Hartog, and De Witt, and Nuyt, and Tasman remained silent and desert as ever.

At length, in 1688, England began to bear her part in Australian research, her representative being the well-born, but, as we think in these times, not well-behaved, buccaneer, William Dampier. This celebrated and successful navigator made two visits to New Holland; first, in the capacity of a pirate or "privateer," (for so the fraternity called themselves,) and next as the commander of His Majesty's ship Roebuck. His examinations were confined for the most part to the west and northwest coasts, which he found by no means inviting, neither soil nor inhabitants being such as to win any one's affections. Of the people, he says, they "are

* King, II. 180.

the miserablest people in the world. The Hodmadods of Monomatapa,* though a nasty people, yet for wealth are gentlemen to these, who have no houses and skin-garments, sheep, poultry, and fruits of the earth, ostrich eggs, &c. . . . . They have great bottle-noses, pretty full lips, and wide mouths, They are long-visaged, and of a very unpleasant aspect, having no one graceful feature in their faces." In most respects, the accounts given by Dampier prove to be perfectly correct; he was a close observer, and had he fallen upon the eastern instead of the western coast, the colonization of Australia might have commenced more than half a century earlier than it did. As it was, the voyages of the British buccaneer effected no more than those of his Dutch predecessors had done.

From that time until Cook began to unravel the mazes of the Pacific and Australian seas, New Holland was left to her bottle-nosed savages, — her Indians, as they were termed down almost to our own days. In April, 1770, however, the great circumnavigator approaching, not from the north or west, as other discoverers had done, but from the east, came upon a shore which was green, fertile, well-watered, and pleasant of aspect. Anchoring in a harbor, the shores of which furnished such treasures to the collections of Mr. Joseph Banks, afterwards the world-renowned Sir Joseph, that the bay was named Botany Bay, Cook began to make acquaintance with the advantages of the neighboring country; and coasting thence northward, examined and named in succession inlet after inlet, point after point. Of the north, west, and south coasts he saw nothing, and of the eastern, south of Botany Bay, learned no details. Nor was much added to his information during his after-voyages, no other part of Australia being examined, and only so much of Tasmania as left it still, on the map, the southern extremity of its continental neighbor.

So stood geography, sixty-two years since, Alexander Humboldt being at the time eighteen years of age, — when the first body of convicts left England for Botany Bay. Let us see how much it amounted to. New Holland, which in those days of darkness included Van Diemen's Land, had been sailed round, and its dimensions and shape pretty well ascertained. Its western shore had been examined for a few miles

* East coast of Africa, back of Mozambique.

inward, and found thirsty and inhospitable; its eastern had been skirted, and its comparative fertility and pleasantness placed beyond doubt. The natives were known to be extremely uncivilized, but neither very warlike nor very cruel, and appeared to be by no means numerous. No fruits or vegetables of value had been discovered by the industry of Banks and his companions; and no animal worthy of notice except the kangaroo. The shores were clothed for the most part with a sombre forest of evergreens, the mass of them unknown elsewhere; coral reefs skirted the coast in many parts; water was by no means abundant upon the whole, and in the west was sadly wanting; the power of the sun was such as the torrid zone and its vicinity might reasonably be expected to feel; and though hills and mountains rose in the distance, they did not seem to possess great height, or to promise valleys or table-lands of fertility among or beyond them.

Meanwhile, England needed a new outlet for her criminal population. America would receive them no more; the labors of Howard and of the Quakers had opened the eyes of men to the horrors of European prisons; the punishment of death for trivial crimes was becoming every day more and more offensive to the hearts and consciences of the masses. In this state of things, of growing crime and a growing indisposition to use the old home remedies, how natural to go back freely to the ancient constitutional depletive of transportation;* and what land of exile so fitting as that lately visited by Cook? So, in the early spring of 1787, a fleet of eleven sail mustered at Portsmouth to form the new colony of criminals at the south: six transports, three store ships, a frigate, and a tender; the whole conveying six hundred male and two hundred and fifty female convicts, together with some two hundred and fifty soldiers, or rather marines, and forty of their wives. Over the whole presided Capt. Arthur Phillip, of the navy, who was to be first governor of New South Wales. The fleet sailed May 13th, and reached Botany Bay from the 18th to the 20th of the following January.

It was not an uneventful time. During the passage of that fleet, "The Ohio Company," which first settled our great

* Dating from 39th Eliz., ch. iv., A. D. 1597.

Northwest, bought their lands of Congress; the ordinance that makes slavery impossible in that young empire was framed by the dying confederation; Washington and his associates fashioned the constitution under which we live; while in Europe, the political caldron began to simmer,—the parliament of Paris was "transported" for refusing to register the new taxes asked for by the court, and Phillippe Egalité took open part against the king.

Into the details of Australian history we cannot, of course, enter. But we may notice three leading sources of trouble to the early inhabitants. The first was the proportion of the criminal population; proportion we say, for it was not intended or attempted to make the colony a mere prison, a larger jail. Free emigrants, men of means, and enterprise, and character, were encouraged from the outset to seek in the new settlement a field for investment and profitable labor.* But no high tone of character, no proper spirit of industry, no decency or moral purity even, could prevail in a colony the vast mass of which consisted of the most idle and abandoned of mankind. For years, the settlers of Sydney, unmolested by the natives, were dependent upon England for the bread they eat, and more than once nearly starved to death;† while the pioneers in Ohio, who reached their camping ground not quite three months after the Australians moored in Port Jackson, raised their corn, their flax, their cotton even, spun their thread and wove their cloth,—and all in the face of the most formidable savages that the Anglo-Saxon has yet had to deal with.‡ Nor has England learned, until within the last few years, that her system of transporting the refuse of her population will never answer, unless, even after all the reformation which can be effected before they go, they are made so small a portion of the colony to which they migrate as to receive its character, not give their character to it.

The second cause from which the young New Holland nation suffered, aye, and yet suffers, was and is *the want of women.* It is a subject we cannot and need not dwell on; but

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* See letters of Gov. Phillip and Secretary Dundas on this subject. Lang, I. 39 to 43.

† For three years, said an old settler to Mr. Lang, I lived in the constant belief that I should some day perish with hunger. Lang, I. 56.

‡ Hildreth's Pioneer History, 392, &c.

whoever knows any thing of human nature, and especially of convict nature, knows that where masses of hardened men are collected together, and women are rare, there is not a vice which can, — we will not say brutalize, for the brutes are pure and true to their natures, — but which can *Yahoo* mankind, that is not soon forthcoming.

The third cause of idleness, low tastes, low morals, and slow progress in the realm of Botany Bay, was the unprecedented use of rum, which became at last the colonial currency, being the only thing universally desired.* During Governor King's administration, "from 1800 to 1806," says Dr. Lang,"† the population of New South Wales consisted chiefly of those who sold rum, and those who drank it. Even the chief constable of Sydney, whose business it was to repress irregularity, had a license to promote it, under the Governor's hand, by the sale of rum and other ardent liquors; and although the chief jailer was not exactly permitted to convert His Majesty's jail into a grog-shop, he had a licensed house in which he sold rum publicly on his own behalf, right opposite the jail door."‡ We must not, however, leave it to be inferred that Governor King was so munificent in his licenses from mere love of mischief; the fact being that he was trying a sort of homœopathic experiment. He found upon his accession the leaders of society, and especially the officers of the military corps, the "New South Wales corps," which had been raised for the colony, engaged in a monopoly of spirits that was immensely profitable, though immensely pernicious; and he was trying to dry up the streams of alcohol by diminishing the profits of those who dealt therein. He had also in view the lessening of the influence of his Pretorians, who were rapidly becoming too strong for the civil power, and whom he hoped to counterbalance by the emancipists § and free settlers to whom he gave the *entrée* of the rum traffic. He failed, however, in all points. The "New South Wales Corps" lost none of the influence which it had possessed, and rum remained, in spite of Governors and clergy, strong measures and weak, prohibitions and licenses, even more influential than the "Corps" itself. Up to 1810, said Captain Kemp of the Pretorians, at a trial in England,

* Lang, I. 96. † Id. I. 81. ‡ Id. I. 83. § Freed convicts.

"the Governor, clergy, officers civil and military, all ranks and descriptions of people, bartered spirits." "Every description of inhabitants," said, at the same trial, John Macarthur, a leading merchant and paymaster of the "Corps," "were under the necessity of paying for the necessaries of life, for every article of consumption, in that sort of commodity which the people who had to sell were inclined to take," namely, — rum. As to the military, this very John Macarthur, and his friends of the body to which he was Paymaster, deposed the successor of Governor King, Governor Bligh, who was a strong opponent of the spirit trade. They placed him in confinement, usurped the supreme power, turned out the old officers and put in new, and for a time were masters of the colony. For this decided step, however, the commander, Major Johnston, was cashiered, and the corps ordered elsewhere.

We have said the Colony suffered from three great evils, the abundance of criminals and rum, and the scarcity of women. In a less degree it suffered then, and has, together with other colonies, suffered since, from the infamous system of *nepotism*,— if that word may be stretched so as to take in favoritism toward relatives and connections when practised by profane hands. The results of this system were well displayed in the events which led to the "whiskey rebellion" that overthrew Governor Bligh. That rebellion grew out of the opposition of Macarthur & Co. to the Governor; but sought an excuse in the character of the chief law officer of the Colony, Richard Atkins, Judge Advocate, and under the statutes of Parliament, President Judge. This man, the relative of some one in power at home, and therefore thus raised to authority and influence, was so utterly ignorant of law, that he had to employ the only regularly bred attorney in the colony, one who had been transported for perjury, to do his professional work; he was moreover a drunkard; had pronounced sentence of death, says Governor Bligh, when intoxicated; was irresolute, "his opinion floating and infirm," and wholly unable to keep a secret, however weighty.* Under such circumstances, certainly not favorable, were laid the foundations of the great antarctic Anglo-Saxon Empire.

* Lang, I. 113, 134, 150, 441.

Two decades of Australian history closed with the deposition of Governer Bligh; a third opened and ended with a ruler who has left his name to rivers and harbors, capes and mountains, hospitals, jails, and roads, — Lachlan Macquarie. Upon his reign, which extended from 1809 to 1821, we must dwell with more detail, as it was marked by the clear presentation of problems, geographical and social, which are not yet wholly solved.

We will first state what these problems were, and how they came to be presented; and afterwards attempt to show in how far, and in what manner, they have as yet been answered.

And, first, as to the geographical. The general outlines of Australia, as we have said, had been ascertained before the time of Cook. That great sailor added to what had been known before a running survey of the Eastern shore north of Botany Bay. But when the convict-colony was founded in 1788, no one knew that Tasmania was a separate island, and the southern shores of Australia had never been examined with any degree of thoroughness. In 1797, however, there came into the sphere of southern research one who explored with such perseverance and wrote so ably, that his name ought to be scientifically sanctified in the annals of the Australian Academy, — Lieut. Flinders. As midshipman, he, together with Surgeon Bass, in 1789, explored in small and leaky boats the straits which bear the name of the adventurous doctor; and toward the close of the same year, while Washington was consolidating our Union, and the ruler of Britain's empire was unable to rule his own mind even, and the court of France had gone crazy with royal banquets and its people with king-conquering mobs, — just then, when the women of Paris led Louis prisoner, Flinders and Bass made themselves ready for the trip which, in a few weeks, demonstrated the geographical independence of Tasmania.

But the career of Flinders did not end, it only commenced, with the discovery of Tasmania's isolation; this merit was recognized by the powers at home, and in 1801, with John Franklin, whose name, like a vast *aurora borealis*, now fills the world's horizon, as his subordinate, — he began the survey of Australia's southern coast. During that survey, he discovered the whole of what is now known as the South

Australian shore, Spencer Gulf, the Gulf of St. Vincent, and Encounter Bay. And yet those discoveries were almost unwelcome; for the word had gone abroad, no one knew whence, that a vast strait of the ocean passed from the great Australian bight, the Gulf of Carpentaria; and each voyager hoped along that strait to find the Mexico or Peru of New Holland. This strait vanished before our discoverer, and the interior of the southern continent yet remained a mystery.

It was not, however, without a struggle that Flinders abandoned the discovery of the reputed passage. In 1802, renewed and strong, he sailed northward, and strove to find, in the vast bay of Carpenter, some opening which would make accessible the treasures of the interior; but he found, we regret to say, only mud,—infinite flats, and shallows, and bars, and swamps, of mud. Many years passed, and that strange interior was still unknown. The colony of New South Wales had been, meanwhile, drunken with rum and convicts; staggering along from 1788 till 1813, and yet no one had been able to penetrate the rugged and precipitous range of the Blue Mountains, the highest peaks of which are less than one hundred miles from Sydney. But at length, in 1813, came a season of unusual drought. The pastures which lay along the Hawkesbury, the Nepean, and their tributaries, close to the original settlements, were dried up; and as grazing had become the chief occupation of many of the leading agriculturists, it became a most important point to learn what chance for cattle and sheep there was beyond the precipitous defiles which had thus far been the western limits of the colony. Three gentlemen, one of them a barrister, undertook to explore the passes of the hills. These passes, (if such impassable ravines deserve the name,) are of the most romantic and broken character. The streams flow through valleys bounded by walls of rock, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet in height; Strzelecki* says, he was unable to extricate himself and his men from them "until after days of incessant fatigue, danger, and starvation." Mr. Dixon, the surveyor, in attempting to reach Mount Hay, immediately west of Sydney, was for four days bewildered in the labyrinth of gullies through which flow the river Grose and its branches, and

* Page 57.

was at length thankful to escape from them alive, leaving the mountain for some more fortunate explorer to climb. Into this wilderness of basalt and sandstone the discoverers of the interior of Australia, urged by the thought of starving herds and scant larders, trusted themselves. Before that time, the most successful attempt to pass the range had been made by Mr. Caley, a botanist, who, having at length reached a point where all around him rose naked masses of weather-stained rock, while deep chasms yawned at intervals, turned back to the abodes of civilized men in despair. But to fill an herbarium is one thing, and to save one's life and property a very different matter. The three travellers, accordingly, urged by necessity, overcame the difficulties which had daunted the botanist, and after great dangers and sufferings, reached the streams flowing westward, which pointed or led them to a country that seemed to their worn cattle and to themselves a paradise.* A road was instantly commenced; the whole convict-labor of the colony was devoted to its completion; settlers with their flocks and herds crowded across the before impassable barrier; Bathurst was founded in the valley of a fine stream, named in honor of the governor, "Macquarie;" and a new era seemed opening upon the Anglo-Saxon in the great island of the south.

The country beyond the Blue Mountains having been once made known, an examination of it followed as a matter of course. Mr. Evans, who, as deputy of the colonial surveyor, had constructed the road over the hills, was the first to carry on the investigation, and discovered another westward-flowing river, in size and appearance resembling the Macquarie, to which was given the Governor's first name, Lachlan. But where did these streams empty? Through what regions did they run? Were there not, somewhere on their banks, natives more civilized than those which as yet had been seen? Perhaps towns, wealth, the Australian Mexico, for which all adventurers had been looking? To determine these various matters, Mr. Oxley, the surveyor-general, prepared, in 1817,

* The usual uncertainty of history in small matters attaches to these first explorers; Dr. Lang makes one of them, Lawson, a respectable old settler; Sturt says he was Lieutenant in the 104th regiment. Lang carries them, and some cattle with them, over the mountains; Sturt says they turned back when in sight of the western plains.

to trace the Lachlan to its mouth. But, strange to say, as he proceeded down its banks, it lessened and lessened, and dwindled away, till all its waters were lost in flooded marshes without end. The next year he tried the Macquarie, and with no better success. It did not, like the African rivers, dry up in deserts of sand, but was swallowed by what appeared to be a vast, shallow lake, covered with reeds, which made it impossible to examine its shores or learn its extent. Disappointed and astonished, the examiner turned back with the conviction, that the centre of Australia was a basin into which its interior rivers flowed, and from which they found no exit; so that the dreams of wealth, of cities, even of fine farms and countless herds, along the banks of the Macquarie and Lachlan, were forced to disappear as mere castles in the air. Nor was the experience of Mr. Oxley the sole ground of faith in respect to these central waters. The natives, in their hand-and-foot, mumbo-jumbo kind of talk, seemed to describe them; told how they were navigated by canoes, and imitated the spouting of the whales that played in them. So strong was the faith in this Mediterranean sea, that, for ten years, no farther effort was made to solve the problem as to the nature of the interior.

The western slope of the mountains, which rise not far from the eastern coast, was explored by Oxley, Mechan, Hume, and Allan Cunningham, the king's botanist. The Argyle country was discovered, the heads of the Murray were crossed, the region now known as Australia Felix was traversed and its excellencies in part comprehended, while, to the north, partial surveys were made as far as Moreton Bay. Capt. King, also, during the period between Oxley's attempt to trace the interior streams in 1817, and Sturt's in 1828, began and completed his survey of the Australian shores, and especially of the northern and western coasts. To these voyages of King we shall have occasion to refer hereafter; but for the present, we wish to keep our attention and that of our readers to the problem of the interior.

At length, in 1828, forty years after Sydney was founded, a second expedition was sent to inquire into the condition of that immense region in the centre of Australia, which had baffled Oxley ten years before, but into which colonists were perpetually pressing. The immediate motive for sending ex-

plorers at that time was the existence of a drought which, commencing in 1826, had made new fields and streams the one necessity of life; and which also, it was supposed with reason, must have changed the condition of the marshes that had stopped the previous inquirers, even if it had not wholly dried them up. To the command of this band of investigators was appointed Captain Sturt, the most successful upon the whole, of Australian explorers. In 1828, Sturt and his comrades followed the Macquarie to where it was lost, — not in an interior sea, as Oxley had supposed, but in a vast plain covered with reeds and impassable by man, a plain alternately submerged and sun-burnt. He also discovered beyond this plain a river, which he named, after the Governor who then presided in New South Wales, the Darling. The course of this river was southwest, but the little water it at that time* contained was so impregnated with salt and alum that it was impossible for the party to use it, and they were forced reluctantly to turn back. The Castlereagh, a stream north of the Macquarie, and flowing in nearly the same direction, northwest, was next examined and traced to the Darling. Thus much having, with great trouble and suffering, been learned, Sturt the next year turned his steps more to the southwest, in which direction ran the river through whose channel the Macquarie, Castlereagh, and all other streams thereabouts, as the traveller was convinced, discharged their waters. Striking the head of the Murrumbidgee, he traced that river to its junction with the Murray, followed their united waters to the union of a stream from the northeast, by him supposed to be, and which proves to be, the Darling, and thence pursued his way to Lake Alexandrina, (named after her present majesty, Victoria Alexandrina,) and across that shallow basin to the ocean.

These two expeditions served to demonstrate that no great interior sea, such as had been imagined, existed in the southeastern corner of Australia; for after all his travels, Sturt had only been able to determine, half by sight and half by shrewd guesswork, the true outline of one corner of the continent. It was proved, pretty clearly, that the waters which fell upon the western slope of the mountains, that extend

* Mitchell afterwards found it sweet at the same point.

from Cape Howe to Moreton Bay, found their way through vast plains, in a southwest direction, toward Encounter Bay, or were lost by evaporation and absorption before they could penetrate to the shore. It was also proved, that those plains were by no means fertile, were ill-suited to tillage, were wanting in water, and during any season of drought, — and it was terribly apparent that droughts lasting through years might be looked for, — would be uninhabitable. The rivers were mountain streams, rising in a moment, inundating every thing, laying vast tracts under water; then passing away, and giving place to sand, and dust, and desolation. Our western rivers are changeable enough; the Ohio rises in its flood from sixty-five to seventy feet; at one season, it is a torrent often a mile in width, and fit to bear navies; at another, it creeps along, a little "creek" that a man may ford on horseback, and travellers upon the bank, (we speak literal truth,) are annoyed and blinded by the sharp dust which drives from the bed of the river. But the Ohio is unchangeable compared with the streams of Australia. The Hawkesworth, back of Sydney, rises ninety feet above low water. The Macquarie is alternately deep enough to bear a line-of-battle ship upon its bosom, and so shallow that the fishes and frogs cannot live in it. One month, it is the Hudson in its strength and volume, and the next, a "dry-run." To-day, you may faint upon its banks from thirst, because between them all is waterless; and to-night, be wakened by a distant roar of crashing logs and breaking tree-tops, and hurrying out may find a moving cataract, tossing the spoil of the forest before it, and filling the bed of the river in a moment with a torrent that you cannot pass.

Among such streams and with such a soil, in which, during dry weather, a horse will sink above his fetlock at every step,* tillage cannot flourish.† It is a land for flocks and herds, which can journey to and fro with the change of seasons; much of it is almost valueless. In 1843, Sir Thomas Mitchell stated before the legislative council, that in his belief, of about eighteen million of acres as yet not granted within the colony of New South Wales, five sevenths were

* See Sturt. II 64, 65, &c.

† Much may be done for Australia by systematic irrigation. See some suggestions by Strzelecki, p. 443, &c.

not worth sixpence an acre. So scant is the vegetation that from ten to twenty acres are allowed as grazing ground to a bullock, and from three to seven for a sheep.*

The investigations by Sturt, therefore, while they served to clear away the cloud which hung over the geography of Australia's southeastern corner, and gave an intelligible character to the rivers of that region, added nothing to the hopes of the colonists, gave no stimulus to speculation, and caused no mass of emigrants to divert their course from America to New Holland. And yet the Captain spoke hopefully and strongly† of the lands which lie upon the lower banks of the Murray, and between that stream and St. Vincent's Gulf, and recommended there the formation of an emigrant colony.‡

But although the Captain's discoveries immediately, and at once, caused no emigration to the regions he had passed through and near, indirectly they were connected with one of the four chief colonies of New Holland, — that of South Australia; and as the principles upon which that colony was based were promulgated in the same year in which Sturt discovered the Murray, and as, besides, the steps for settling Swan River in the west were commenced in that same eventful twelvemonth, 1829, we think it but fair to leave our geographical problem here for a while, and turn to the social inquiries, which, as we have intimated, were more or less clearly presenting themselves to the English world during the rule of Lachlan Macquarie.

Those problems were,

1. Ought any future settlements in Australia to be composed, in whole or part, of criminals?

2. How ought the criminals sent to New South Wales, or elsewhere, to be employed?

3. Should lands be granted or sold? If sold, in what manner, and at what price?

4. Is it desirable to concentrate the settlements, and if so, how can it be done?

These topics, mixed up with a vast amount of what was

* See statements in Douglas Jerrold's newspaper of September 30th, 1848, p. 1268. Strzelecki, 459, 370.

† Too strongly; he makes a space of fifty-five miles by seventy-five contain seven million acres! See vol. ii. p. 247. It should have been 2,640,000.

‡ Sturt. II. 229, 246.

merely personal and political, were brought prominently before the people of England by the accusations which the Hon. H. Grey Bennet brought against Governor Macquarie; by the appointment of a Commissioner to visit New South Wales, and by the report of that functionary, Mr. Bigge, made in 1822.

In regard to the problem of future colonies, the effect of Australian experience upon the best minds at home was decidedly adverse to mingling convicts with free settlers. Immorality, social aristocracy, bad culture, and unequal profits, were but a few of the evils which were believed to flow from the system that had been pursued at Sydney. All future colonies, it was thought, ought to be merely penal settlements, larger prisons, or should be free from the taint of the dungeon and the gallows. The settlers of New South Wales, it is true, and those of Tasmania at a later period, found convict labor cheap and profitable; but even at that early day, the mischiefs which have since, for years at a time, put a stop to transportation were discerned by the keen-sighted.*

The second problem, how to employ the convicts sent to Botany Bay and its dependencies, was less easily answered. If Government employed them, as Macquarie had done, on public works, a vast expense followed. If they were "assigned" to individuals, that is, made over as a sort of white slaves, after the old fashion† which had been pursued in America in early days, though the master made money, and though the convict, if well-behaved, gained great privileges, yet the popular mind of England was likely to become displeased with this sort of servitude in those Wilberforcean times. And if the convict were set free, was it not saying to the honest man in Great Britain, "you must pay for a passage to our Australian empire;" and to the rogue, "you shall go there for nothing?" Where was a fourth course to be discovered?

Up to the close of Macquarie's rule, the Government had been the chief employer; free settlers were scarce, and the emancipists were poor and clung to the towns. After his time, the "assignment" system gained in favor for a while, both

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* *e. g.* Sydney Smith, Dr. Whateley, Bentham, and Bennet named above.

† See Bancroft, I. 187–8. Macauley's England, I. 602–3, (Harper's large edition.)

at home and abroad, and New South Wales grew rich and wicked; then it was denounced in Great Britain; in 1838, a committee of Parliament advised its discontinuance; and in 1840, it was abandoned. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley, having come into power, next commenced (in 1843) an experiment in Van Diemen's land, which collected the convicts, who were no longer sent to Sydney, into gangs under the superintendence of public officers; this was the "probation" system.* It was found, however, worse, more demoralizing, and far more depopulating in its results, than even its enemies had foretold. One twentieth of the free population of Tasmania left it in six months; thefts and robberies by the Bushrangers, the escaped convicts, and those whose time was out, prevailed to an extent that made all men fear for life and property each hour of the day and night;† vices which Sodom would have blushed at were as common as the gangs were numerous; and from 5,500 to 12,000 men were stationed, in bodies of 200 and 300, from Southport, all up through the interior, to the waters of the Mersey in the north. This system, therefore, had in its turn to be modified and further transportation to Tasmania abandoned; and again the problem came back, what shall we do with our transported convicts? At present, if we are rightly informed,‡ they all go through a course of punishment and discipline in England to begin with, and then, as "exiles," with "tickets of leave," which make them in substance freemen within specified limits and during good behavior, go to the colony appointed; they can choose their own masters, make their own bargains, and while they keep within bounds and conduct properly, are like any other good citizens; if they stray or misbehave, a summary proceeding by any magistrate may bring them to their marrow-bones. Such is the present half-solution, for it is no more, of the second problem we have stated.§

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* A full account of this system is in the Edinburgh Review, for July, 1847, page 132. American Edition.

† Crimes were from six to eight times as numerous as in England.

‡ Our latest information is through the article in the Edinburgh Review of July last.

§ The whole subject of transportation is just now in a state of transition; what will be done no one knows.

The third, as to the sale of lands, has proved even yet harder to deal with; in that early day, however, it attracted comparatively little attention. When land was plenty and free emigrants scarce, the royal representatives found it convenient for all parties to make liberal gifts of His Majesty's Australian territory, and accordingly, tracts varying in size from ten thousand acres to fifty thousand were granted to various individuals upon condition that they would employ a certain number of convicts. But in 1829 commenced a movement which was destined to change all this system of gratuities, and substitute in its place one phase or other of "the Wakefield."

Mr. Wakefield's theory of colonization, if we comprehend it aright, was substantially as follows: —The welfare of any community depends very much upon such a division of labor as shall fill every trade, profession, and employment with good men, and not overload any of them. If land in any country is so cheap that all are able to become freeholders, there will be no laborers, no farm-hands, or mechanics; a semi-barbarism will follow; no growth in wealth or civilization will take place, and the country will be stationary or retrograde. If, therefore, you would have a colony progressive and civilized, you must put your lands so high as to keep a proper proportion of the inhabitants in the labor-market seeking employment, and yet not so high as to prevent as many from buying real estate as can use it to advantage with the help of such laborers. But still further, your colony cannot be supplied with laborers, especially if far from home, unless they are carried there free of expense, or with but little expense, to themselves. If then, England wishes Australia to grow in riches and goodness, let her, instead of giving lands to all who will employ a few convicts, sell them at a fixed price, never taking less, and in fixed quantities, never selling less; and let her apply the revenue arising from these sales to the transportation of free, honest laborers to the points where they are needed. In this way, the labor-market of New Holland will be supplied; the expense of supplying working hands will be paid by the lands of the colony; no more land will be taken up than can be worked to advantage; population will be concentrated; wealth accumulate; knowledge and virtue advance; and the millennium begin to dawn for this unhappy world of the antipodes,

to say nothing of the relief England will feel when her paupers are thus economically provided for.

These views Mr. Wakefield gave to the world in his "Letters from Sydney," in 1829. They contained too much common sense, and Great Britain too many paupers, to fall dead upon the public ear even during the political tumults of 1830; and in that year a Society was formed to promote the scheme he had suggested. In 1831, the Government adopted the leading principles which were advocated by the Wakefield school, and Lord Ripon, Secretary for the Colonies, forbade all further grants by the Royal Governors, East and West, instructing them to sell the royal lands at auction, at a minimum price of five shillings (one dollar and a quarter) an acre. Commissioners were also appointed to attend to the subject of emigration, and every effort was made to induce the starving laborers of England, Ireland, and Scotland to betake themselves to the plains of New South Wales, and the banks of the St. Lawrence. These measures and these efforts were not in vain; the number of emigrants to Sydney increased, in eight years, from 800 yearly to 5,000; the sales of land from 20,000 acres in 1832, to 271,000 in 1835.

But the greatest achievement of the Wakefield system was the founding of the colony of South Australia, near the mouth of the Murray. No sooner was it understood that the ministry were disposed to adopt the new theory of colonization, than efforts were made to secure a grant of those lands lately visited by Sturt,* as a field where that theory could be tried with some degree of confidence; as the country was uninhabited by whites, and was sufficiently distant from New South Wales and Tasmania to prevent much trouble from stragglers. In 1831, accordingly, Lord Ripon was approached on the subject; after much trouble, a charter was obtained in 1834; and on the 28th of December, 1836, Governor Hindmarsh anchored in St. Vincent's Bay. But before we proceed to speak of South Australia, which commenced thus at the close of 1836, we have several arrearages to bring up; namely,—the fourth problem stated above, as to the concentra-

* The projectors of South Australia seem to have adopted Sturt's error of "seven million acres" without question; see a letter from Mr. Morphett in the second annual report of the Colonization Commissioners.

tion of settlers; some items in the history of New South Wales; the progress of inland discovery; and the foundation of Western Australia on the banks of Swan River.

When the passage of the Blue Mountains opened the interior of the continent to settlers and squatters, and above all, when the experience of a few dry seasons demonstrated the need of vast pastures for their flocks and herds, it was a matter of course that the colonists began to scatter themselves to far distant stations, wherever grass and water beckoned them. This dispersion was felt to be injurious to the welfare of the community, and concentration became a recognized desideratum soon after the time of Macquarie; but how to prevent the dispersion was a question which none could answer. Wakefield's scheme, it was hoped, would do something, but could have no effect upon those who occupied lands without authority; police officers and prosecutions were out of the question; and many were almost forced by the increasing price of real estate, — which was raised by the rulers from one and a quarter to three, and then to five and seven dollars an acre as the minimum,* — to seek the wilderness, and become squatters on the royal domain. Some who bear this by no means honorable or euphonious name are wealthy; some own herds of 25,000 cattle, and flocks that number 60,000 head. Thus "the Wakefield," misapplied and caricatured, led to a result the opposite of what was hoped for, — dispersion instead of concentration, barbarism in place of civilized society. Nor have some other governmental measures been more wise; for example, land is sold to the settler at five dollars the acre, and not less; but if he refuses to buy, he may, if he dislikes squatting, take out a license to pasture his sheep on the vast public commons, and for this he pays a mere trifle, less than four cents an acre.†

The fourth problem, accordingly, as to the concentration of society in Australia, is, we may say, still unanswered.

Turning next to the second of our arrearages, the state of things in New South Wales from 1821 to 1836, during the rule of Brisbane, Darling, and Bourke, we have, — in addi-

* In 1833 to 12 shillings; to 20 shillings in 1843; and in some localities to 30 shillings.

† See Howitt, 99, 213.

tion to the greater ingress of free emigrants, the popularity, growth, and death of the "assignment" system, and the introduction of Wakefield's plan, — to notice, first, the speculative spirit which, in 1825 – 6, played the same game with sheep and cattle in Australia, that it was playing in England with Joint Stock Companies of all sorts, and has since played with railroads and locomotives. Next, we would refer to the constant growth of that social aristocracy, which was inevitable in a community part convict and part free. Many of the emancipists became wealthy as years rolled by, but they remained as much a marked class as the free blacks of Philadelphia or Boston. Efforts were made to break down the wall of partition; governors and philanthropists tried it, but in vain. The shoemaker who had never seen the inside of a prison would no more ride in the carriage of the emancipist millionaire, than a Virginia planter would marry his slave.

A third point in the annals of Sydney and its dependencies is the continued power of rum. In the capital, there has been a bar-room or liquor-store of some kind to about every sixty inhabitants from 1821 till nearly the present time. To these stores the laborers from the country, — unable as they say to buy land at the high rates asked, and in the large tracts (640 acres) prescribed under "the Wakefield," and so having no motive to save, — bring their earnings, two and three hundred dollars at a time, place them in the landlord's hands, and with a request to be helped till the money is gone, and then to be kicked out of doors, they gather their friends and commence an Australian spree.

And now, having hinted at the social problems which arose in the time of Macquarie, and at the partial solutions that have been given them, we return to the geographical investigations which have taken place since Sturt discovered the Murray in 1829. During his sail down that river, the Captain found, as we have stated, a stream entering from the north which he thought was the Darling; to determine how this was, and what might be the character of the country along the latter stream, Major Mitchell, surveyor-general of the Colony, was sent, in 1835, to examine the region from which the great drought of 1828 had driven the former explorers. During that year and the one succeeding, this

gentleman traced the river in question from where Sturt had left it to its junction with the Murray; he also ascertained that its valley, though by no means as fertile as that of the Nile, was yet available for pasturage in ordinary seasons; and discovered several new native grasses. But the facts revealed by Mitchell respecting the Darling were unimportant compared with his examinations of the country about the heads of the Murray, and southward to Port Phillip, a region so fertile to eyes that had dwelt on the half-desert lands farther north, that he named it Australia Felix. It is a country, he says in his report of October 24, 1836, "more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and which now lies ready for the plough in many parts, as if specially prepared by the Creator for the industrious hands of Englishmen." Since that expedition, Mitchell, now Sir Thomas and Lieutenant Colonel, has attempted to find a stream which, flowing into the Gulf of Carpentaria, would open a route from Sydney to the northern coast, and avoid the difficult straits of Torres. He started upon his enterprise in November, 1845, and succeeded in finding, as he thought, the very stream he was in search of, which he named the Victoria. He did not, however, prosecute the inquiry, but returned to Sydney in January, 1847, and left his second in command, Mr. Kennedy, to follow the Victoria through its lower course. This he undertook to do, but soon found that the river, instead of continuing to run northward, changed its course and ran, growing shallower and smaller as it went southwest, toward the as yet unknown centre of the continent.* From that point Kennedy turned back, and no one thus far, we believe, has learned the fate of Mitchell's Victoria, unless Dr. Leichhardt, who, a year ago last April, had just left the neighborhood of Moreton Bay with the intention of pursuing the course of the Victoria, and then penetrating entirely across to Swan River, — has been fortunate enough to do so.

After Mitchell, no late investigator deserves more praise than Dr. Leichhardt himself, and should he succeed in his present enterprise, he will place himself foremost among the Austral travellers. In his expedition of 1844–5, he suc-

* Kennedy's report is in the Athenæum for June 10th, 1848, p. 580.

ceeded in going from Moreton Bay to a point on the eastern shore of Carpenter's Bay, and thence, round the head of those waters, to Port Essington. In this journey, he saw large tracts of fine land, and discovered a considerable stream, which he named after the Surveyor-General, Mitchell. Captain Stokes, also, of late years, between 1837 and 1843, has examined in detail the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and also some portion of the northern shores that King passed by; — the result of which researches has been the finding of four river-mouths, that seem to promise a fine inland country upon the banks; these are the Albert and Flinders, emptying into Carpenter's Gulf; the Adelaide, opening into Clarence Strait; and another, Victoria, which pours out its waters at the eastern extremity of the inlet, the western end of which King named Cambridge Gulf.

Less important, but not less interesting than the researches of Mitchell, Leichhardt, or Stokes, have been those of Eyre, and our friend Captain Sturt, both of whom, starting from Adelaide, have tried to penetrate the realms north of that capital. Of their travels we have not seen any full accounts, and can only say that Eyre learned the existence of a vast horse-shoe lake, which seems formerly to have communicated with Spencer Gulf, and would seem to be the very mediterranean sea to which the natives have referred from time to time. All about it, as we gather, was salt and barren. Sturt went further northward, to about the 25th parallel of latitude, and there found also salt lagoons and dry runs.

Thus stands the geographical problem to-day; as yet, no one knows any thing worth speaking of in Eastern Australia away from the sea-coast, and beyond the valley of the Murray and its tributaries, which reach, however, through some ten degrees of longitude, and thirteen degrees of latitude, from the tropic of Capricorn to the neighborhood of Cape Howe; an extent of country equal to that which lies between Pittsburgh and the Mississippi, Lake Michigan and New Orleans. On the north, west, and south, the shores alone have been visited by Europeans, if we except the neighborhood of Swan River, and thence to King George's Sound on the south. To that colony we must now, for a few moments, turn our attention.

The southwestern corner of Australia was, in all proba-

bility, explored to some extent by the early Dutch navigators; they at any rate sailed along its shores, and left their mellifluous names as an inheritance; Vlaming-land, Leeuwin-land, and Nuyt's-land attest their presence to this day. But the first examination of the Swan-river region, of which we have any account, was made by the officers under Captain Baudin, who, in the "Geographe," was engaged in surveying that portion of New Holland about the same time that Flinders was at work at his survey; indeed, the two discoverers met in Encounter Bay during April, 1802, and although France and England were at war, exchanged visits, acted like men, and left the name of the gulf to commemorate so sensible a *rencontre*. The French are stated to have gone up the river and along its banks for eighty miles, but no attempt, that we know of, was ever made by the Emperor to take possession of the realms which his officers had thus brought to light. Nor was any thing done by Britain, until Captain Stirling, who followed the footsteps of the French in 1826, reported that the lands bordering upon this western stream were fertile and worthy of cultivation, and being so much more accessible from Europe, would be found far more desirable than those of the Hawkesworth and Macquarie. The British government, acting upon his suggestions, in 1829, offered the territory to such settlers as would pay their own expenses out, and take care of themselves when there, on these terms: — whoever would invest three pounds was to receive forty acres, and as soon as he could prove that that amount, about thirty-seven cents an acre, had been actually expended on the land, he was to have a title in fee-simple; and so for every three pounds invested; — provided, that if one fourth of any land thus allotted was not brought into cultivation in three years, there was to be an additional charge of sixpence on every uncultivated acre; and whatever remained wild at the end of seven years was to revert to the Crown. Whoever took out laboring hands, male or female, above ten years of age, was to receive for each one two hundred acres of land in fee-simple.

This was the second colony on the southern continent, it will be remembered, and convicts were not to pollute it with their presence. Sterling, who had opened the way, was appointed the Governor of "Western Australia," and settlers

flocked to the new Canaan; between June and December, 1829, twenty-five ships arrived at the mouth of the river. But the up-and-down kind of progress, which seems to be inseparable from the colonial condition, soon changed matters. Off from the river banks the soil was poor; rains came in torrents, and then droughts turned all to dust; the thermometer stood at 105 in the shade;* the harbor was objectionable; the river navigable by boats only about forty miles; and in short, men had hoped too much and had been disappointed. Then all went down; lands were abandoned after money had been spent on them; houses were given up half built, in despair of tenants; cultivation was neglected; the pendulum swung back, and Swan River was as much underrated as it had been overrated. But pendulums swing both ways, as we know; so, in 1833, we find all flourishing again; grants of land, which the year before sold for twenty-five pounds, worth a hundred, and rents netting ten per cent., from the rage for sheep farming.† And so, from that day to this, has West Australia risen and fallen; at one time, men have rushed from it as from a sinking ship, and then have clustered to it again, like the wreckers round that same ship, when high and dry on the beach. Of late years, since the wild grants of land which were made in early days have ceased, and the Wakefield selling system has ruled, matters have been regularly and healthily progressive, in spite of the introduction of convicts, who now, under the modified system that is in operation, as we have stated above, are sent as laborers to the Swan with their "tickets of leave." About six thousand acres of land are now cultivated; the vine and olive have been introduced, and the exportation of sandal-wood, which is found some sixty miles inland, promises to open a profitable trade with China. Coal has been discovered; specimens of mercurial ores have been met with; and the mineral world may come to the aid of Western Australia, as it has to that of her southern and eastern sisters. The shore, however, of the west of New Holland is sadly unproductive and dry. The expedition of Capt. George Gray, in 1840, from Shark

* Breton's Excursions, 30, 31. Breton went to Swan River in the autumn of 1829.

† Letter of January 27th, 1833, appended to Sir James Stirling's Journals.

Bay to Perth, disclosed a region which none but an Australian, who can live on "fragrant grubs" and raw roots, could inhabit. In the interior, the lands are better; well fitted in many parts for pasturage, and swarming already with half-wild bullocks and unconquerable cows.*

The third colony of Australia in point of seniority, and the second certainly, if not the first, in respect to wealth and progress, is that of which we have already said a few words in connection with "the Wakefield." "South Australia" was suggested in 1831, established by Parliament in 1834, and settled at the close of 1836. But to follow its varying fates from that time to the present would require not so much an article as a volume; and we must refer all curious readers to the works of Wilkinson, Stephens, Torrens, &c., and the various reports made from time to time to Parliament. We must notice, however, the main source of the adversity which tried the founders of South Australia, and that of the prosperity which has since raised her to preëminence again. The plan of the colony was this; it was from the outset to support itself; not, however, by the sale of lands, for all the proceeds of the territorial sales were to be applied to emigration, in accordance with Wakefield's principles, — but by borrowing money to be repaid out of the future revenue; this was one peculiarity; a second was, that the Governor, instead of being sent out by the powers in England, in the usual way, was to be appointed by a board of commissioners, residing in London,† and named principally by the association which had brought about the formation of the colony. The result of these two peculiarities was a series of misunderstandings, mismanagements, and reckless expenditures, which plunged the colony in debt, perplexed and discouraged the settlers, and held out such visions of high taxes in future as effectually scared away all emigrants.‡ The expenses of the colonial government, in 1839, rose to £140,000, with a revenue of £20,000; an income one seventh of the outlay.

Such was the source of the troubles which, for a while,

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* See Landor's account of a cow-hunt, in his "Buckman, or Life in a New Country."

† One commisioner resided in the Colony and overlooked matters.

‡ The land sales fell from 17,000 acres to 600 in one year. In 1842, the emigrants were not more than 150 in number.

beset South Australia. But her fertile soil, her excellent climate, one of the most healthy in the world, and above all, the discovery of immense mineral treasures, copper, lead, iron, silver, gold even, have again made her popular and prosperous. The copper mines are among the richest in the world;* and the iron is said to be remarkably pure. Agriculture is also flourishing in spite of the high minimum price of public lands, which so long prevailed, five dollars an acre.† Sixty thousand acres are actually cultivated, and three years ago, 620,000 sheep and 38,000 cattle rejoiced in the luxuriant pastures which stretch from Adelaide inward.

Upon the higher branches of the same river, which discharges the waters of Southeastern Australia near Adelaide, lie the pleasant and fertile lands of that happy region which we have mentioned as having been partially explored by Messrs. Hovel and Hume in 1824, and as having been more fully surveyed by Mitchell in 1836. The "Port Phillip" country, the southern portion, politically, of New South Wales, is, next to South Australia, the most popular portion of the southern continent; and for agricultural purposes, whether tillage or grazing, is the most popular and promising of all. There has been, thus far, but one serious drawback, apparently, to its prosperity; although it is to be apprehended that the existing system of transportation will prove injurious in the end to Australia Felix, which is receiving largely of the "exiles," young and old;— the drawback to which we refer is the system of land-selling and renting. Under this system, such high prices were asked for land, and permits for grazing granted so low,‡ that dispersion was inevitable, settlers were discouraged, squatters became more numerous than ever,§

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* The value of ore exported in 1845-6 was £140,000, or $700,000; in 1847, it was £180,000.

† The folly of such a price is well put by Strzelecki, page 459; it requires seven acres, worth thirty-four dollars, to feed a sheep worth fifty or seventy-five cents, and producing two and a half pounds of wool! The interest alone would make the wool cost eighty cents a pound.

‡ A section, or square mile, 640 acres, was sold by government for 3,200 dollars, (£640) but rented for 25 dollars a year! See Howitt's Impressions of Australia Felix, pp. 99-213. Mr. Howitt was a sufferer, and his impressions are very unfavorable; too much so, we judge.

§ In October, 1843, there were in New South Wales, 879 squatters' stations, with a population of 800 souls, and containing 11,796 horses, 491,000 horned cattle, and 1,000,800 sheep.

and civilization was needlessly delayed. Nor was this all; the course pursued by the government led to speculations of the most extravagant character, and these were followed by almost universal bankruptcy. But this portion of New Holland, like our own western country, which but a few years since went through a similar series of revulsions, contains the essential elements of prosperity, and must, at some future time, become the most densely peopled part of the island that has yet been entered. In 1847, indeed, the effects of the earlier convulsions had in a great degree passed away.*

One other point alone remains to be mentioned, — Northern Australia, or the north province of New South Wales; the site of Port Essington and Victoria.

In 1813, Capt. King explored the strait which divides the two islands, named by him Melville and Bathurst. As the reports which he made proved the neighborhood to be well suited for a settlement, and as the British ministry desired to take formal possession of the coast which King had examined, an expedition was sent out in 1824, under Capt. Bremer, which founded a fort upon the western side of Melville Island, and there commenced a colony. The fort was named Dundas, and the harbor Port Cockburn; and one hundred and twenty-six persons, of whom forty-five were convicts, were left as the germ of the new province. This position, however, was abandoned in 1828 for Raffles' Bay, on Coborg peninsula, near to Port Essington. The object of this change was to secure the trade with the Malays, who come in large numbers yearly to this coast to take the Trepang or *Bêche de mer*. This point was soon left uninhabited, however, in consequence of the incompetence of the commanding officer, and from that time till 1839, the northern coast was left to the natives and the Malays. In the year last named, Capt. Bremer, who had meantime become "Sir Gordon Bremer," was again commissioned to colonize the desert "Arnheimland," and in due season founded at Port Essington the third infant settlement of the north; a settlement which, in so far as we are informed, yet remains in an infantile state. Leichhardt found it, in 1845–6, a mere military station.

And now we have briefly, dryly, most imperfectly, sketched

* See a letter in Douglas Jerrold's paper, October 14, 1848.

the history of discovery and colonization in the great unknown Southern land. We have seen it visited by the Spanish, Dutch, and French, without an effort on the part of either at colonization. We have pointed to the voyages of Dampier, Cook, Flinders, King, and Stokes, under the authority of Great Britain, by whose efforts the coast has been gradually brought to light with great distinctness, although not a year passes without some farther additions to the perfectness of the surveys thus made, and even to the discoveries of river-mouths of importance; — as, for instance, the discovery lately made, or certainly about to be made, of the mouth of the river Boyne, which discharges its waters on the eastern coast not far from the Tropic of Capricorn, probably into Harvey Bay. We have briefly reported the passage of the Blue Mountains, the expeditions of Oxley, Sturt, Hume, Mitchell, Eyre, Sturt again, and Leichhardt, which have made known to us the great valley of the Murray, the Victoria of Central Australia, the coast of the northeast, the region of the Austral Alps and Pyrenees, the slope towards Bass's Straits, Lake Torrens, and the deserts which lie between the gulfs of Spencer and Carpentaria. We have mentioned, for we could do no more, the problems as to convict labor, emigration, the price of land, and the dispersion of the settlers, which have arisen from time to time into prominence in the progress of New South Wales more especially, but which in some degree have been sources of disquiet in Western and Southern Australia as well. We have attempted to convey to our readers an idea of the fitness of this New Holland world more particularly for grazing; of the advantages for tillage that distinguish the southern district of New South Wales, "Australia the Blessed"; of the metallic wealth of the "Wakefield" colony; of the comparative barrenness, as far as we yet know, of the western and northwestern shores; and of the regular progress that is taking place in the region that reaches from Swan River to King George's Sound, and which is nearly equal in size to the State of Georgia, and about as far from the equator.

Two subjects alone remain for us to speak of, the geological and meteorological views which have been proposed to account for the peculiar soil and condition of Central Aus-

tralia, and the character and situation of the natives. Of both we must speak very briefly.

A favorite theory for explaining the flatness, the barrenness, and the salt pools of the vast regions which stretch from the western slope of the Blue Mountains and Australian Alps to the eastern declivities of the Stanley range of hills beyond the river Darling, has been its recent rise from the ocean. According to this view, the fertile lands along the eastern coast were not long since (in a geological estimate of long and short) bounded on the west by a bay or gulf, which stretched from the neighborhood of Adelaide, along the course of the Darling, to the region beyond the marshes of the Lachlan and Macquarie, where those rivers make a descent of 1,800 feet in from one to two hundred miles. As the whole continent rose above the ocean level, the bottom of this vast gulf became that plain which is now alternately flooded and scorched to dust. Hence its barren character, for as yet the influence of the ocean salt is felt, and only salsolaceous plants grow plentifully; and time has not yet brought from the uplands that vegetable mould which is essential to fertility; indeed, the uplands have not much to spare, for the evergreens that cover them afford but a short supply of leaves, and those fall so gradually as to lose most of their enriching virtues from the absence of a proper fermentation. When, in addition to this ocean origin of the interior, its flatness, the imperfect formation of its river channels, the absence of vegetable mould, and the frequent droughts, we consider the denuding effects of the floods which from time to time sweep portions of it, — its want of fertility is explained. But, according to this view, nature by these very floods is preparing these plains for the habitation of man; she is deepening the river channels, is manuring the soil, is changing the worthless ocean bed into a land fit for cultivation. Such, very briefly stated, is the view (as we understand it,) of Sturt, of Mitchell, of M'Culloch and others.*

Another theory, and one to our mind far better supported by facts, is ably stated, though in a somewhat scattered form, by Strzelecki, who has done more to make New South Wales

* See M'Culloch's Gazetteer, art. "Australia," and references there given.

and Tasmania scientifically intelligible than all other inquirers. He has done so much, indeed, that before speaking of his views in relation to the subject before us, we must say a few words of the Count himself. He is a Pole, exiled, or self-exiled probably, because he would not renounce that nationality which he estimates so well.* For twelve years previous to 1845, he was engaged in wandering through North and South America, the West Indies, the South Sea islands, New Zealand, New South Wales, Van Diemen's land, the islands near Java, China, Hindostan, Egypt, and Europe. That he did not fail to use his eyes, his ears, and his mind, during these varied travels, is amply proved by the work before us, and by the extracts from his unpublished journals, which he here and there gives by way of illustration. If these are fair specimens of his manuscripts, no traveller since Humboldt (if "since" is applicable to that wonderful man) so well deserves to have his writings published and illustrated at large.†

Strzelecki's view of New South Wales, — for of New Holland as a whole no sane man would say any thing in our present state of ignorance, — is this: the geology, or rather the mineral character, of the rocks which prevail determines the vegetation, the temperature, the moisture, and the fertility of that strange land, whose lightnings even are so often thunderless.‡

The rocks of New South Wales are excessively silicious; the proportion of those containing more than sixty per cent. of silex to those containing less being as four to one; and so far as the country west of the Blue Mountains is known, this flinty formation almost universally prevails. Now the soil formed by the disintegration of such rocks is very unfavorable to vegetation, and especially to that kind of vegetation which causes *the earth readily to imbibe moisture from the air, and slowly to part with it;* in other words, such a soil, independent of rains, will always be dry, and rains will

* See the note from his Manuscript Journal, page 380.

† It was Strzelecki who discovered "Gipp's land," back of Cape Howe, a very valuable region, — to him almost a rat-trap, (page 460,) as he had to work four weeks, going three miles a day, and leaving every thing, in order to get out!

‡ Strzelecki, 190; McCulloch's Gazetteer, 215, (Am. Ed.) Lightning without thunder has been witnessed on the Atlantic; men have been killed on board ship, when no other sound accompanied the electricity than a hiss. This we have from the commander of the ship, a man of the highest character.

always run through it, or be shed by its surface. In addition to this, it is found, that the silicious soils absorb solar heat, but do not retain it after the sun has passed away, a circumstance uniformly connected with non-productiveness. The amount of rain which falls in Australia was, for the years 1838 to 1842, both included, more than double that which falls in London; while the evaporation was not one third more. It is not, therefore, a dry climate. Neither is it a hot one, upon the whole; an average of three years does not show a summer heat above 90°, or an annual mean above 68°. The peculiar character of New South Wales, in short, is not to be traced to its climate, or its rains, although they fall unequally and often in torrents, so much as to its peculiar soil growing out of the minerals which compose the mass of its rocks. If this view be correct, nature must not be left to turn the Macquarie into a Nile, but wise irrigation and wise planting must cure what nature cannot; and, after all, the time may never come when the valley of the Darling and its tributaries can be other than a thinly peopled, pastoral land.*

In reference to the aborigines of Australia, who are decreasing with truly frightful rapidity, Strzelecki states, as a fact based upon very extensive and varied observation among the natives of America, the South Sea islanders, and Australians, that, by a law of nature, the aboriginal female, after having once borne children to a European, is barren to men of her own race.† In addition to this cause of decrease, the prevalence among the New Hollanders of the most poisonous complaints, as attested by Sturt‡ and others, may be mentioned. Nor is there in the Australian nearly as much as in the Iroquois, the Delaware, the Huron, and the Black-foot, to make us regret this God-directed, — for such it seems to be, — wasting away. Civilization and Christianity seem even less adapted to him than to our own red man. The British government, and especially the colony of South Australia, have favored the natives as far as the white man in this century can be expected to favor the brown. But it is all in vain. The New Hollander is not wanting in intelligence or good feeling. He is kind, forbearing, not devoid of ingenuity,

* Strzelecki, from one end to the other. † Page 346.

‡ Sturt, II. 124, 126, 148.

not unworthy of sympathy; but he can no more live where the Anglo-Saxon once plants his foot, than his aboriginal weeds can where the plough, and harrow, and hoe are at their mission. The negro has a permanence; he fits into the white, and in one relation or another, the two can and do live together. But the North American Indian and the Australian fill no crevice in the absorbing nature of the Caucasian; they cannot be slaves, they cannot be equals, of course they cannot be masters; and so, while might practically makes right, they die, or their race is lost by admixture with the race of their conquerors. It is not now, indeed, a question of right, but a question of fact; and before it can be made a question of right in practice, the sufferers will be gone from earth.

And here we must close. This topic of the natives, taken in connection with the aborigines of the Pacific islands and Africa, we may return to again. We might also fill another article as long, though perhaps not as tedious, as this, with sketches of Anglo-Australian life; but we prefer to turn the attention of such readers as may follow us thus far to some of the various English works, which relate to this subject, — especially to those of Landor, Sidney, Howitt, Wilkinson, and Westgarth.*

ART. VII. — *Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life.* By C. A. BARTOL, Junior Minister of the West Church, Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 344.

IN spite of the common prejudice upon the subject, we maintain that theology, considered as a department of literature, is no more under the dominion of dulness than any other department. Books, viewed apart from their subjects, may be divided into two classes, and when subjected to analysis, they exhibit widely different mental processes according as they fall within one division or the other. The first class is composed of works which proceed from self-acting minds,

* Landor on Western Australia; Sidney on Botany Bay and its Backgrounds; Howitt and Westgarth on Australia Felix; Wilkinson on Australia of the South.

gifted with a vivid conception of the objects of thought; the other, of the productions of mechanical minds, having no conception of the spirit of things, but only a perception of their forms and empirical relations. Books which fall under the latter division are as apt to be tiresome when they pass under the name of poems or novels, as when they take the graver appellation of sermons; and though capable of conveying information, they never succeed in communicating any moral or mental energy. The difference between the two classes is as radical as the difference between organic life and mechanical contrivance.

Now, theological works, like all others, are interesting or dull, they fix or stupefy attention, according to the character of the minds whence they proceed; and it is no more appropriate to call Hooker, Taylor, South, or Bunyan tiresome, than it would be to apply this epithet to Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, or Dryden. There is, it must be admitted, a great difficulty in the way of the preacher, arising from the triteness of his topics as contrasted with the grandeur of his sphere of thought; and he will most certainly lack the power of pleasing unless he resolutely seizes and vividly presents the all-important and all-inclusive truths which are buried in our trite forms of speech. In order that he may communicate the spiritual life inherent in religious facts and ideas, he must possess a strong and vivid conception, amounting to practical realization, of spiritual things in their essential nature, and a power of expression which pierces through the crust of worldliness and touches the inmost nerve of the moral being. But almost every community has made an apotheosis of common sense, and in regard to religious matters, has reduced the most awful realities the mind can contemplate into neat and portable propositions, destitute of all living force and influence, equally self-evident and unmeaning, and which everybody theoretically assents to and practically disregards. This passage of truths into truisms, this conversion of spiritual facts into spiritless abstractions, is the great crime for which mediocrity is to be held responsible; and it fairly exceeds in turpitude all the minor peccadilloes which it is common to lay to the charge of genius. The clergyman is under the strongest temptations to slide into these commonplace phrases and opinions, — to pass off a series of wearisome moralities,

undisputed doctrines, and dead didactics for the Christian religion, — and, therefore, though during his ministry, birth preaches, and calamity preaches, and death preaches, he never preaches. Compared with this smooth formality, fanaticism itself may be called wholesome, and we hardly know of any check which can be given to the practice until dulness is promoted from a misfortune into a sin. One curious result of this substitution of religious maxims for religious life, is its development in society of a peculiar form of mental rebellion, the characteristic expression of which is an inversion of truisms into paradoxes, a denial of all the commonplaces of morality and religion, and an escape from opinions tediously true into opinions racily false. On no other principle than that of reaction against dulness, can we account for the custom which now obtains among certain metaphysical reformers and men of wit and displeasure about town, of calling evil good and sin experience, of eliminating responsibility and retribution from the system of life, and of considering all the excellence there is in society to be monopolized by its outcasts.

The leading characteristic of the volume of sermons before us is the comparative absence of all the cant phraseology and formal rhetorical arrangement, which are so apt to vitiate the compositions of the pulpit, and the continual presence of a living and inspiring mind, which, while it conceives spiritual things in the concrete, generally observes their mutual relations, avoids apathy as well as fanaticism, and frequently presents that fine combination of vitality with moderation which constitutes repose. The sermons are in a high degree intellectual. By this we do not mean that they indicate more learning and logic than sensibility; but that they exhibit that union of reason and imagination which is the condition of spiritual insight, as distinguished from mere spiritual feeling; emotions not being substituted for conceptions, but accompanying or pervading them. In speaking of a great religious truth, having its root and substance in the invisible realities of another world, we have a right to demand that the preacher should spiritually discern it, not as an opinion or proposition, but as a fact; assert its existence with as much confidence as though it were perceptible to sense; see, feel, and believe it; and in reference to its reality, record on his page the

testimony of a witness, not the mere hearsay of a repeater of another's contemplations. There are many sermons in the present volume in which much of this "gift of genuine insight" is displayed, and we could especially mention those on Spiritual Peace, Faith the Substance and Evidence, The Dead Speaking, Eternal Life, and The Spiritual Mind. In these, a calm, clear, inward vision of spiritual facts is combined with a quiet religious ecstacy awakened by their contemplation; and so intense is the realization, that the diction at times becomes rhythmical, and discourse almost melts into a rapturous hymn. The might as well as the peace of Christian truths, their capacity equally to animate and to tranquillize, are represented with lyrical beauty and force, and the style loses all the formality of preaching, as interrogations, exclamations, images, and illustrations flash up from its even and melodious movement. The author seems really to feel what deep and momentous truths lie entombed in topics and maxims which appear to common minds hopelessly trite; and if resurrection implies as much power as creation, we are compelled to award the praise of vital imagination to a mind which can thus call back the life departed out of common forms, and animate them anew.

Connected with this clear inward vision of supersensual realities, is the unconscious felicity with which the author associates all the phenomena of nature and society with religious ideas and sentiments, and views every thing in relation to God. His mind is eminently interpretative, perceiving the spiritual significance of the meanest visible object, and solicitous to assign it a place and a purpose in the Divine economy. This is not merely an imaginative discernment of the life inherent in all things, but a perception of the meaning and relations of things considered as objects of religious contemplation, and as having a practical bearing upon spiritual culture. The author, as far as his perceptions extend, makes a translation of nature and character into the language of piety. The hardest and most resisting materials melt at once into religious significance, and become occasions for cheerful hope, as they pass through the crucible of his baptized imagination. We cannot detect a trace of that misanthropy, either in statement or tone, which usually comes from a vivid conception of the spiritual world as contrasted with the actual.

There is enough of indignation at cruelty, iniquity, and baseness, enough of holy passion directed against bad passion; but no morbid hatred of imperfection, no scorn and contempt, none of the language either of despair or sarcasm, no use of the devil's weapons to overturn the devil's legions. It is much easier to hate the sinner than to make the sinner hate his sin; and this abstinence from the luxury of invective and satire would alone indicate depth of nature, even if the sermons did not furnish other and sufficient proofs of it.

This tenderness, humility, and cheerful trust in God are apt, in minds of great religious sensitiveness, to degenerate into mere amiability or weakness of heart, and interfere with breadth and robustness of thinking. We do not perceive that Mr. Bartol ever puts on the sentimentalist, or even the mystic, in representing these finer qualities of Christian faith. There are no two sermons in the volume more diverse in their subjects than those entitled, Business and Religion, and Death is Yours; but in each, the facts are fairly and boldly met, without any yielding to expediency in the former case, or to sentimentality in the latter; and both are excellent for the sturdy piety with which Christian principles are opposed to the strongest temptation and the most bewildering fear to which mankind are subject. The discourse on death, especially, is a very striking expression of spiritual faith. There is something sublime in the mere statement of the subject, in the courage with which the extreme case of mortal agony is taken at the commencement, all moralizing remoteness of thought discarded, and the seeming curse pronounced a blessing in the full view of the pall and the coffin. "Strange, indeed," he says, "if it were an evil, happening universally, as it does, to intelligent creatures under the government of a benevolent God. No: Death is yours. I would fain say it to you, my friends, not in the spirit of melancholy, uncertain doubt, but of cheerful assurance and hope. I come from the funeral company, from the coffin and the grave, to say it; and many of you have come from the burial of loved and pure ones to hear, Death is yours."

Besides this spirituality of vision, this view of all things in relation to God and another world, Mr. Bartol is further distinguished by force, clearness, and precision in the reflective action of his mind. His general views of the subjects he

treats are broad and comprehensive, equally marked by sagacity in the discernment of strong points and judgment in limiting their applications. As his discourses are practical, they exhibit, of course, no long trains of argumentation, but the arrangement of the matter ever indicates logical method, and he has much of that power of rapid intellectual analysis by which arguments are condensed into statements. This is well illustrated in the sermons on Human Nature, Now I Know in Part, and Change and Growth. The reasoning in these loses none of its force by its admirable compression. Perhaps, however, the philosophical capacity of his intellect is best displayed in those sermons in which he develops and applies a principle after the deductive method. The finest example of this in the book is the discourse entitled, Putting on the Lord Jesus Christ, which is not only original in its conception, but, if we mistake not, is a new contribution to the metaphysics of theology. The Song of the Redeemed, one of the mellowest and most melodious compositions in the book, presents a singular combination of the lyrical and the logical, — a principle being developed in a series of vivid pictures, addressing at once the reason, imagination, and heart. Considered merely as a theological disquisition, the sermon on "Nature, Conscience, and Revelation as declaring God, Duty, and Destiny," has very striking merits, the movement of the thought being as sure and orderly, as the eloquence which urges it on is rich and forcible.

Another characteristic of this volume is the power with which the author grasps the Christian sentiments and virtues, penetrating as he does into their substance, and exhibiting their reasonableness as well as their beauty and might. These virtues and sentiments are too commonly expressed with a distressing formality and an apologetic air, as though the preacher himself considered them only proper for weaklings, and hesitated to thrust them impertinently upon men who "know the world." Mr. Bartol ever views them as vital forces, pointing to the highest ideal of manliness. Humility, forbearance, forgiveness, love, meekness, veneration, self-devotion, he treats as the most resolute, courageous, and bracing of qualities; and he probes to the core the weakness, hollowness, cowardice, or unreasonableness of their opposites. It is no little task thus to show the meanness and impotence

which are really at the foundation of sin, selfishness, and the "pagan virtues"; for they have an imposing march and a valorous outside which are not without their effect even upon the imaginations of the good. We have rarely seen a more eloquent representation of a Christian excellence, one written more closely to the heart of the subject, than the sermon on Forbearance. "The undiscerning," he says, "may mistake it for dulness, and want of becoming chivalry. But to the all-seeing God there is beauty in such repose, beyond the exploits of strength and bravery. In the finest statues of ancient art, the last perfection is a calmness of posture, seeming to embosom unbounded power."

The style of pulpit discourses of the present day betrays the influence of the established dictator of diction at our colleges. There is a formal neatness and pharisaic precision of expression common to most preachers who are rhetoricians by the grace of Dr. Blair, which appear to us ingeniously infelicitous as channels of spiritual thought and emotion. We have seen many sermons, written by men who felt warmly and conceived vividly, in which piety was strangled in the process of putting it into sentences and paragraphs. Style should follow, not determine, the action of the mind; and clearness of expression will be more likely to spring from clear conceptions, than from following rules which mangle the thought in the very act of setting it in clear light. Mr. Bartol's style is free from all blemishes of smartness, crispiness, and merely mechanical precision; but it offends occasionally in the opposite extreme of sedateness, fulness, and luxuriant excess of ornament and illustration. Its characteristic merit is a grave energy of movement, which often rises into majesty, and never sinks into feebleness, with little to disturb the harmony of its motion but a too frequent use of interrogations. This form of speech, from its snapping and trampling character, is felt at times as a harsh intruder into the author's melodious paragraphs; but in a majority of instances, it is almost concealed by the rich and flowing drapery in which the author clothes it; and there are numerous sentences in which the reader hardly knows he is committing himself to such a perilous companion, until he obtains a distant view of the "little crooked thing that asks questions," posted truculently at the end of the period. In

one great merit of a preacher's style, that of shedding over the composition a light caught from the stainless beauty of the Christian ideas it conveys, Mr. Bartol is commonly successful; but even the purity of this effect is lessened by the bewildering abundance of images and comparisons which he pours over every page, until the thing illustrated is in danger of being lost in the splendor of the illustrations. Nothing but the firmness of his hold upon central principles prevents his style from being, in this way, altogether overloaded, losing all consistency of purpose, and becoming confused and disjointed.

It is difficult to cull passages from the volume for quotation, as there are no paragraphs deliberately eloquent, and set as traps to catch the reader's admiration. The following may be given as a specimen of the author's plain speaking: —

"Are you nominal Christians or real Christians? We are all one or the other. Suppose the angel of God should descend, and, breaking up the decent and orderly ranks as they now appear, classify us; how many would be on the one side, and how many on the other? — on your own conscience, my friend, where would *you* be? It is said that there are in Boston more than twelve thousand communicants professing their love for Christ in the ordinance of his supper? Are they all real Christians? They would shake this city from the centre to the circumference, if they were. Not a sin, public or private, could dare long to stand unabashed before their searching gaze and spotless example. For virtue, religious character, is influential. It is not to be altogether withstood, any more than gravitation or the tides. A healing and reforming power will go out of it (for this is God's ordination) wherever it moves. We talk of reform and reformers. A good, virtuous, Christian character is the only real, effectual, lasting reformer in the world. And before twelve thousand real Christians, these vile deceptions in trade, — these social pollutions, the horror of which we are just beginning to see, — these evil customs, that exist only by compliance and sufferance, — these traps and temptations, now set without a blush to take captive men's honor and virtue, would flee away with a brand of intolerable ignominy from our sight. The existence of bad habit and bold iniquity is, rightly viewed, a reproach to the church; for, were the church really what it is in name, the habit and the iniquity could not so quietly endure."

The sermon entitled, The Spiritual Mind, is one long strain of devotional eloquence. The passages which more espe-

cially refer to the spiritual world, — "in which God presides, and Christ intercedes, and bands of elder and younger angels minister," — are very grand and inspiring. We can only extract a couple of paragraphs.

"But the spiritual mind, while opposed to what is carnal, completing what is moral, and discerning the significance of what is formal, has, of course, a positive and intrinsic quality of its own, which we must go beyond all terms of negation and comparison to set forth. To be spiritually-minded, then, is to have a sense, a conviction, and inward knowledge of the reality, solidity, and permanent security of spiritual things. It is to believe and see that there is something more in God's universe than outwardly appears; something more than this richly compounded order of material elements, with all its beauty and lustre; something beyond the sharply-defined glittering objects that crowd the landscape. It is to understand that day and night, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, are not the only facts possibly subject to the notice of the undying soul. It is to be aware that even the broad streets and mighty pathways which the astronomer descries, laid out from globe to globe, do not embrace the whole or highest survey of God's creation. But beyond, within, or above all, there verily is a scene, a society of lofty, intelligent existence, where are brighter displays of God's nearness and love; a company of immortals, escaped from this empire of change; a circle of children in harmonious ranks about the infinite Father, on whose forms, "vital in every part," death comes not to lay his finger, and whose feet no sorrow or disappointment can clog or trip, as they run in endless pursuit of truth and goodness.

"The spiritual mind not only sees, as in cold vision, this inner or upper world gloriously triumphing in its stability over the passing kingdom of earth and sense, but enters into relation with it, feels surrounded by it, bows to it, and realizes an inspection from the living firmament of its power. It repeats, indeed, in the chambers of its own hidden life, the experience of the great spiritually-minded writer to the Hebrews, when, after enumerating a long list of ancient worthies, who had died in the faith many centuries before, their names rising up like ranges of mountains on the horizon of history, he represents them as actually present, like the amphitheatre of witnesses at the Grecian stadium, and says to his fellow-believers, 'Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking

unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith;' a passage of stirring power, which no literature out of the Bible can match. And even such a holy, unseen environment the spiritually-minded man walks in the midst of, or, with a forthrunning and believing imagination, draws around him, and feels its potent virtue. He beholds vividly beside him their bright examples; for they have finished the race before him. He hears them, from their seats of bliss, with united cry cheer him on; and his feet gain swiftness in the way of all honor and well-doing. The rays from their crowns of glory are concentrated from the whole canopy of heaven into the little earthly space over which he speeds to do God's bidding; and he heeds not the ephemeral allurements of earthly pleasure, or the side-lights of human fame."

In the sermon on Belshazzar's Feast, there is much picturesque imagery and vivid description; but perhaps the most striking exhibition of the author's power of painting with words, is in The Song of the Redeemed. The principle illustrated is that by which "toil, pain, and trial, however hard and sharp and grievous in the experience, turn to comfort and delight in the retrospect;" and the following passage exquisitely pictures the sailor.

"The same principle operates in the hardships of peaceful life. The sailor has a like gladness from the dangers with which he has been environed on the stormy deep. His rough and flinty experience, too, melts in this crucible of inward recollection, by some wondrous alchemy changed to gold. He would not lose now from mind the rough winter, the perilous voyage, the tempestuous Cape, in doubling which, the biting frost and the bitter wind did their worst upon him, and his bark wellnigh foundered in the trough of the sea. Not a hurricane, or season of scant allowance, or exposure to deadly disease, would he part from. Sweeter than the music of harps and organs, the breezes whistle and the billows rage from afar; and more beautiful than the calm inland lake, reflecting the wood and the verdant hill-top near which he was born, that foam still sparkles, and those breakers swell and gleam, into which, as he clomb the giddy mast and grasped the frozen rigging, he had wellnigh been plunged. The gloomy patches of the scene charm him more than any spots of sunshine. He interprets the almost intolerable accidents that overtook him into a good and gracious Providence, and sings of his calamity, privation, and fear."

We must close our extracts with one passage from a ser-

mon replete with meditative beauty and a still searching pathos, entitled, The Record of the Year. It refers to the good ministries of sickness and death.

"I have seen too much the gracious work that sickness, with all her sharp instrumentalities, does, to wish to close my eyes on, or pass slightly over, her entries in the book of life. She is the angel who comes not alone and unattended to the body and soul of man. Herself dark, she comes with a bright retinue. Patience, resignation, spiritual thoughts of God and of futurity, come with her. Penitence, flying back over the past, yet the pardoning mercy of the gospel flying with her, and shedding rays of heaven on her mournful way; resolution, pluming herself for a better course; good affections to the Father above, and the brethren around, often unfolding more strong and tender than they had ever done before in health; — these are the attendant spirits and close companions of sickness, to whose presence and precious agency we can all testify. And so this page of our record shall be to us no page of fell chance or dark misfortune, but written with the finger of God, not in the train of outward circumstances merely, but for enduring instruction, on the tables of the heart. For as the most blazing effulgence of heaven sleeps within the black cloud, so in this lowering darkness and eclipse of bodily suffering often lies the very brilliance of a spiritual and divine glory.

. . . . . .

"God, my friends, by his Son Jesus Christ lifts up even this burden of death. He lifts it up in the assurance that they are not dead, though their mortal frames are dissolved; that they are not silent, though by our dull ears their voices are unheard. They praise him still, though not in the faint tones of this our humble worship. Their virtues live and grow, still sacred in his care, though canonized in no human calendar. Nay, they are not only themselves immortal, but they keep alive, or create, the faith and sense of immortality in our hearts. They have made a path with their feet into the blessed land; they have filled up and bridged over with their hallowed dust the separating gulf from time into eternity. To the meditative and prayerful soul, they send back their appeal. Being dead in the body, they yet speak for truth and goodness with louder tone and more persuasive pathos than when their words fell on our outward hearing. They have gone, that they might awaken our virtue. They have gone, that they might chill and discourage our worldly lusts. They have gone, that, from their purer, spiritualized being they might sanctify our motives, and touch with a thrilling and arousing,

though invisible, hand our better nature. Like the mysterious stars, though with a warmer attraction, they lift and beckon us up. The light still burns, the fountain flows, the music sounds for us."

We have considered at some length this volume of sermons, because it appears to us to have its foundation deep in religious ideas and sentiments, to present much of the rich substance of religious thought, to evince more than common power in evolving the real soul of religion from religious maxims, and to indicate a mind which, in the region of spiritual meditation, moves with certainty and ease while it moves with becoming humility and awe. As a contribution to literature, we think it worthy of consideration for the beauty of its style and the nourishing quality of its thoughts; and though we would speak less confidently of it as a contribution to theology, it certainly possesses some rare qualities, which give it no mean station among the compositions of religious and contemplative minds.

ART. VIII. — *Memorials of* JOHN BARTRAM *and* HUMPHRY MARSHALL, *with Notices of their Botanical Contemporaries.* By WILLIAM DARLINGTON, M. D., LL. D., &c. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 585.

THE name of John Bartram stands first on the long list of eminent men who have enwreathed their names with trophies from our North American Flora. He was the earliest explorer of the botanical wonders of the New World, from the then continuously wooded shores of Ontario and Cayuga to the source of the San Juan in Florida. The meagre sketches of his life, which have appeared in encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries, have made his name but lightly known to the public, though he has long been honored by the scientific world as the patriarch of botany in America. He was the contemporary of Linnæus, who considered him the best practical botanist of the age; and while monuments have

been erected, medals struck, and memoirs written in commemoration of the Swedish naturalist, three quarters of a century elapsed after the death of Bartram before he found a biographer. When standing under the splendid cypress planted by the patriarch's own hands in the garden which, had it been duly preserved, would be his best monument, we hoped that some other memorial of him, equally interesting and more generally known, might yet appear and keep his memory green. This wish has now been fulfilled by the publication of his correspondence in a far more perfect form than could have been expected after the lapse of so many years. His letters are quaint and characteristic, and are written with delightful simplicity and frankness; apart from their value as contributions to the history of natural science in this country, they throw more light upon the manners of the times and the character of the man, than could be derived from any formally prepared biography.

The Bartram and Marshall Memorial is a handsomely printed octavo volume, with engraved illustrations representing the houses of both botanists, fac-similes of their handwriting, and the cup and gold medal that were presented to Bartram, the former by Sir Hans Sloane, and the other by a society of gentlemen at Edinburgh. It is edited by an enthusiastic botanist, now nearly the Nestor of his brethren, who has passed his life near the locality where these pioneers of American botany lived and died. Dr. Darlington is already favorably known to the public as the compiler of *Reliquiæ Baldwinianæ*, and of a Flora of his own town and county. He has never lost sight of his favorite study amid the din and bustle of the other avocations in which he has been actively engaged; and it is honorable to his feelings that he has given so much time to commemorating the services of those who preceded him in devotion to this delightful science.

It is well that these papers came into the hands of one so able and desirous to do honor to the memory of the writers of them; for if a few years more had passed, it seems that the curious might have sought in vain for any relics of them. The editor tells us that, —

"These ancient manuscripts were not only jumbled together in a chaotic mass, but were generally much injured by time, and many of them scarcely legible; so that it required no little care

and patient perseverance, to decipher and arrange them. This was especially the case with the letters from JOHN BARTRAM to his friends, of which letters he seems to have been in the habit of retaining the original rough draughts. It is, in fact, too probable, that if the opportunity thus kindly afforded by Colonel CARR and his lady had not been embraced, the portion of the correspondence here preserved would, ere long, have been scattered among the various branches of the family, and the recovery of it rendered wholly impracticable."

Dr. Darlington has performed his task with ability. The biographical notes are interesting, and though shorter than we could wish, are sufficiently explicit to give the reader a fair knowledge of the character and station of the persons to whom they relate. We think the harmony of the different portions of the book would have been better preserved, if the correspondence had been arranged in chronological order throughout; as it is, the letters which passed between Collinson and Bartram, extending from 1734 to 1768, are placed first, and occupy about half of the volume. Bartram's other correspondents were many of the most celebrated men of the last century, among whom may be mentioned Gronovius, Dillenius, Kalm, Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Fothergill, Miller, Catesby, and Wilson. We regret that none of Linnæus's letters have been preserved in the collection, although there are allusions to them by the other correspondents. Bartram says, "Linnæus hath sent me the second edition of his *Characteres Plantarum* with a very loving letter, desiring my correspondence, to furnish him with some natural curiosities of our country. I hope by next ship to send him some." The Swedish naturalist was delighted with the plants he received from America, and often regretted that he could never visit this country, which then, in its vast unexplored regions, contained such treasures of natural history; and he imposed upon all his friends who came hither the obligation of sending him specimens.

John Bartram, the subject of these memoirs, was born in Darby, Pennsylvania, on the 23d of March, 1699. He was the son of William Bartram, whose father, following the fortunes of William Penn, removed from Derbyshire, England, in 1682. John Bartram inherited a farm near Darby from his uncle, and was bred a husbandman; but he evinced in

early life an inclination for the study of physic and surgery, and as his biographer relates, "he even acquired so much knowledge in the practice of this latter science as to be very useful, and in many instances to give great relief, to his poorer neighbors, who were unable to apply for medicine and assistance to physicians of the city. It is extremely probable that, as most of his medicines were derived from the vegetable kingdom, this circumstance might point out to him the necessity of, and excite a desire for, the study of botany." He was the first American who conceived the idea of establishing a botanic garden, for which purpose, in 1728, he bought five acres of land having a favorable soil and exposure, on the banks of the Schuylkill, three miles from Philadelphia. Here he built with his own hands a comfortable house of hewn stone. This house and garden are still in existence, although modern innovation threatens their destruction. A railroad runs through the garden, and there is some danger that it will be converted into a coal and lumber yard.

Of the five botanic gardens mentioned as established in the United States before 1806, two have wholly disappeared, and only one, that at Cambridge, is still used for its original purpose. Dr. Darlington observes, "the last named, now under the skilful supervision of Professor A. Gray, is in a flourishing condition, and bids fair, if supported by an adequate endowment, to be a perennial monument of the liberality and love of science of those who projected it." The adequate endowment, of which it stands sadly in need, we hope may soon be supplied. Three years ago, the greenhouse in the garden had become so dilapidated from the want of funds for making the necessary repairs, that the plants were taken out of it, and distributed through the grounds. Some, too large to be removed, were left to await the chance of being killed by the cold; among these was an enormous Camelia, fifty years old, the first that was brought to this country. Last winter, a small sum was spared from the funds to fit up temporarily one of the compartments of the greenhouse; but the whole building is so much out of repair, that it would be better economy to erect a new one than to spend any more money upon the old edifice. The garden is kept in as good order as the trifling sum appropriated to it will admit; but even now, with the utmost frugality, the annual expenses exceed the interest

of the fund. The establishment cannot support itself, because it cannot be devoted to any great extent to the cultivation of flowers for sale; its objects are to bring together the vegetable productions of our own country and of other lands, to acclimate the foreign trees and shrubs which may prove useful or ornamental, and to distribute abroad the most curious of our indigenous plants. These purposes cannot be answered without incurring considerable expense; and we know of no worthier object to which the liberality of the patrons of science can be directed, than to the restoration and support of the garden at Cambridge.

But we return to the history of our botanical patriarch. John Bartram, from the time he was ten years old, evinced a great inclination for plants, and as he says in one of his letters, he could recognize at sight all that he had once observed, though he knew not their proper names, having had no person or books to instruct him. He received the usual education which in those days could be acquired in country schools; and he acquired also some knowledge of Greek and Latin, though probably not much, as he requests Gronovius to write to him in English, because he cannot easily make out his Latin. He was about thirty years old when he laid out his botanic garden, and filled it with the curious trees and flowers he had found in his various excursions; it soon attracted the attention of many persons, who encouraged him to persist in his labors. His particular friend, Joseph Breintnall, a merchant of Philadelphia, undertook to convey some of his collections and observations on natural history to Peter Collinson, in London, and thus laid the foundation of a friendship and correspondence which continued for fifty years. Bartram and Collinson both were Quakers, and both were passionately fond of botanical pursuits; the latter accumulated a large fortune, and was rather generous in the use of it, though his benevolence was somewhat tinctured by the peculiar straitness and precision of his sect. He writes to his American friend with a rather paternal and patronizing air, but with great cordiality and frankness. From a life of Collinson, published in the University Magazine of 1795, we extract the following: — "John Bartram may almost be said to have been created an eminent naturalist by Mr. P. Collinson's assistance. He it was who first recommended to him

the collecting of seeds, and afterwards aiding him in disposing of them in this country; animated by his friend, Mr. Bartram persevered in investigating the plants of America with indefatigable labor, and with a success which rendered his name illustrious."

At first, Bartram received from his English patrons, in return for his plants and seeds, presents of money, clothes, and books; but as their demands for new plants became greater, and he was obliged to extend his excursions beyond the district of Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the Jerseys, he very properly hinted to them that his journeys were not profitable to him, as his expenses in travelling were considerable, and his farm was neglected in his absence. Collinson's reply is an amusing specimen of Broadbrim's dictatorial disposition in small things.

"As Lord PETRE desired to see thy letters, they are all there. He admires thy plain natural way of writing, and thy observations and descriptions of several plants. For want of them, I shall only take notice of thy proposal, in one of them, for an annual allowance to encourage and enable thee to prosecute further discoveries. Lord PETRE is very willing to contribute very handsomely towards it. He will give ten guineas, and we are in hopes to raise ten more. This, we think, will enable thee to set apart a month, two, or three, to make an excursion on the banks of the Schuylkill, to trace it to its fountain. But as so great an undertaking may require two or three years, and as many journeys, to effect it, so we must leave that wholly to thee. But we do expect, that after harvest, and when the season is that all the seeds of trees and shrubs are ripe, thou will set out; and them that happen not to be ripe when thou goes, they may have attained to maturity when thou comes back. We shall send thee paper for specimens and writing, and a pocket compass, — expect thee 'll keep a regular journal of what occurs every day; and an exact observation of the course of the river, which, with a compass, thee may easily do.

"It will, we apprehend, be necessary to take a servant with thee, and two horses for yourselves, and a spare one to carry linen, provisions, and all other necessaries. If the spare horse, and the man's horse, had two panniers or large baskets on each side, they will be very convenient to carry paper, to take specimens by the way, and to bring back the seeds; thee may make a good many little, middling, and large paper bags to put the seeds in; and be sure have some good covering of skins over

the baskets, to keep out the rain, &c. Take some boxes for insects of all sorts, with the nets; and on thy return, some particular plants, that thee most fancies, may be brought in the baskets if there is room."

An annual stipend of twenty guineas was finally promised, and paid for a long series of years, the two other subscribers being Philip Miller and the Duke of Richmond; but Collinson often complains of the difficulty of obtaining the money from "great folks." With this encouragement, Bartram every year undertook long journeys for the benefit of his foreign correspondents. He travelled over the Blue Ridge, and explored Virginia; he made various excursions through New York, and several times climbed the Catskills; he crossed the Alleghanies, and traced the Monongahela and Ohio for a great distance; he visited the Carolinas twice; and, at the age of sixty-seven, being appointed botanist to the King, he went to Florida, and ascended the river San Juan for four hundred miles from its mouth. All these expeditions in a wild and unsettled country were not unattended with risk. He writes to a friend, "thee may suppose I am often exposed to solitary and difficult travelling, beyond our inhabitants, in passing over rivers, climbing over mountains and precipices, amongst the rattlesnakes, and often obliged to follow the track or path of wild beasts for my guide through the desolate and gloomy thickets." And again, — "when I am travelling on the mountains or in the valleys, I chiefly search out the most desolate, craggy, dismal places I can find, where no mortal ever trod; — not that I naturally delight in such solitudes, but entirely to observe the wonderful productions of nature." It is evident that he richly earned his twenty guineas. The following shows how modest his expectations were, and throws a fine light on his kindly and simple disposition.

"I have received the nails, calico, Russia linen, and the clothes for my boys; all which are very good and well chosen, and give great satisfaction. The only thing that gives me any uneasiness is, that thee hath sent more than what is my due.

"Now, though oracles be ceased, and thee hath not the spirit of divination, — yet according to our friend Doctor Witt, we friends that love one another sincerely may, by an extraordinary spirit of sympathy, not only know each other's desires, but may

have a spiritual conversation at great distances one from another. Now, if this be truly so, — if I love thee sincerely — and thy love and friendship be so to me — thee must have a spiritual feeling and sense of what particular sorts of things will give satisfaction; and doth not thy actions make it manifest? for, what I send to thee for, thee hath chosen of just such sorts and colors as I wanted. Nay, as my wife and I are one, so she is initiated into this spiritual union; for thee has sent her a piece of calico so directly to her mind, that she saith that if she had been there herself, she could not have pleased her fancy better."

In the year 1743, Conrad Weiser, the general Indian interpreter, was despatched by government to Onondaga, to settle some differences with the Indians which originated in a skirmish, in the wilds of Virginia, between some of the Six Nations and the whites. Bartram did not let this opportunity pass unimproved, and on the 3d of July, he started on horseback to join Weiser's party, accompanied also by Lewis Evans, a skilful physician of that period, who afterwards published a map of the Middle States. Bartram's Journal during this expedition was published by his friends in London, in 1751, without his knowledge; and we refer the curious reader to it who is not satisfied with our slight sketch. The Journal treats of the soil, climate, productions, and natural curiosities of the rich hills and valleys of the interior of Pennsylvania. The course of the travellers lay through the vale of Wiomic, or Wyoming, since so celebrated as the scene of Campbell's poem, who doubtless gleaned material for his descriptions of natural objects from this work. The journey was not without its perils, for the route lay through the heart of the wilderness occupied by the Indians, who were not considered altogether friendly; the party were obliged to sleep upon the ground, to live on Indian fare, and there was often a scarcity even of that. They were so fortunate as to obtain the services, as guides through the forest, of an Indian chief and his son, who seem to have discharged the trust with fidelity, as they were everywhere received with marks of honor by the natives.

At one of the villages, a feast was given to Weiser in his character of peacemaker; on such solemn occasions, Indian etiquette enjoins that every morsel be eaten. Weiser, not being well, obtained permission to eat by proxy, and called

in his *compagnons de voyage* to aid him; but even their united forces were not sufficient to dispose of the neck of venison set before them, and one of them took up what was left to throw it to the dog. But before he could accomplish his design, an Indian seized it, and placing it on the fire, religiously covered it up with ashes. Bartram supposed this was done to appease the god of the chase; but it seems more probable that, in the opinion of the savages, the food which had once been touched by their guests became too sacred to be applied to vile uses.

After a journey of nineteen days, the party reached Onondaga, where the council with the Six Nations was held, which terminated amicably. Leaving Weiser to settle the diplomatic affairs, Bartram and his friend procured guides and continued their journey to the trading post of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, where they obtained provisions for their journey home. He remarks that the waters of this lake had considerably diminished in the course of years, and offers several conjectures on the cause of the phenomenon, which he finally leaves for abler naturalists than himself to determine. The travellers were kindly entertained by the traders and Indians at the Castle, and were fully equipped for their journey home, which they accomplished without difficulty.

The correspondence of Bartram and his friends was interrupted during the war of 1745, and some of their collections, which had been sent by sea, were seized by the French and Spanish cruisers. He writes to Gronovius, in December of this year: —

"I have sent thee many curiosities in a box directed to thee; which I hope our worthy friend, PETER COLLINSON, will send to thee according to my direction, — if the French and Spaniards don't hinder him from the opportunity of obliging us. Indeed, it is very discouraging to think that all my labor and charges may very likely fall into such hands as will take no farther care of them, than to heave them overboard into the sea, as I suppose they did all that I sent last year, by the Queen of Hungaria. If I could know that they fell into the hands of men of learning and curiosity, I should be more easy about them. Though they are what is commonly called our enemies, yet, if they make proper use of what I have labored for, let them enjoy it with the blessing of God.

"I have sent a variety of the clay-cells, which the singing Wasps

built last summer; but the wasps were gone, or dead, before thy instructions came to my hands. I believe we have a great variety of these kinds. I design, next summer, (if my affairs go on pretty well,) to make a fine collection of insects and fishes for thee."

In 1765, Collinson writes to his friend, "I have the pleasure to inform my good friend, that my repeated solicitations have not been in vain. For this day I received certain intelligence from our gracious king, that he had appointed thee his botanist, with a salary of 50 pounds a year; and in pursuance thereof, I received thy first half year's payment of the salary." In the autumn of that year, Bartram set off for Florida, going by sea to Carolina, and thence by land to St. Augustine. Collinson speaks of this journey as dangerous, and laments that it was undertaken at so unfavorable a season, for Bartram suffered much from seasickness and the "southward fever." His son William took a fancy to settle in Florida, a determination which cost his father much money and caused him great uneasiness. Their voyage up the San Juan was made in an open boat, and occupied nearly two months. The journal kept during the expedition was sent to London and published with notes by William Stork, M. D., who thus presents it to his readers: — "Mr. John Bartram, a native of Pennsylvania, the author of this journal, is well known and well respected in the learned world, as an able naturalist; his knowledge in botany recommended him to the esteem and patronage of the great, and procured him the honor of being botanist to His Majesty for both the Floridas. The usefulness of his journal, in making early known to the world what are the natural productions of the country to which it relates, is a sufficient proof of the usefulness of his appointment."

Friend Collinson likens himself to "the Parson's barn which refuses nothing;" others might class him with the horseleech's daughter, whose continual cry is, Give! give! Bartram sometimes grows a little pettish under these repeated calls, and says, "Do they think I can make new ones? I have sent them seeds of almost every tree and shrub from Nova Scotia to Carolina; very few are wanting, and from the sea across the continent to the lakes." "My correspondents near London write to me as freely for Carolina plants, as if they thought I could get them as easily as they do the

plants in the European gardens; that is, to walk at their leisure along the alleys, and dig what they please out of the beds, without the danger of life or limb." Collinson had a perfectly boyish fancy for turtles, and is never weary of sending for all the varieties of that class of animals, until he finds that the fish in his pond were rapidly diminishing, and at last discovers an enormous snapping turtle to be the depredator, when he forthwith prohibits the importation of any more. Yet the worthy Quaker expressed great delight when the formidable creature was first sent to him.

"My son and I were both surprised at the sight of the great Mud Turtle. It is really a formidable animal. He bit very fierce at a stick. He had near bit my finger. Thy former description is very good, excepting his sharp hook at the point of its bill, and his shell being very jagged or notched near his tail. It made an uncouth noise, I can't say barking; but what a full-grown one might do, I can't say. It is really a curiosity, and we are obliged to thee for sending it; for we had no notion of such an animal, for writers, in general, content themselves by saying there 's terrapins, or land and water turtles, &c.

"I wish BILLY could get one of this size, and draw it, in its natural dress; but pray let the shell be well washed, that the sutures of the shell may be well expressed. What eye it has, we can't well say, for they seem closed up, as if asleep.

"All the species of turtles, drawn as they come in your way, with some account of them, would prove a new piece of natural history, well worth knowing.

"The pretty Frog came safe and well, and very brisk: more of these innocent creatures would not be amiss. But pray send no more Mud Turtle. One is enough. The other Water Turtle is a pretty species; came very well."

Our countrymen travelling in England are often astonished by the great number of American plants which adorn the parks and gardens of the nobility, — plants considered rare even here, and proving by their size and vigor, that they must have been cultivated in English soil for many years. But after reading the letters of Bartram to his English correspondents, with the long list of seeds and plants constantly sent over the Atlantic, it ceases to be a matter of wonder that, in many gardens, a place is set apart as the American ground, whither our native woods appear to have been transplanted root and branch, from the magnificent White Pine to the

delicate Linnæa creeping at its foot. Plants and trees growing within the borders of our own State can now be procured from England at a cheaper rate, and with less risk, than from their original locality. We receive the vegetable savages, civilized by their sojourn abroad, and fitted to become very ornamental, and (what cannot be said of all travellers) very useful and contented, when returned to their native air.

These letters introduce us familiarly into the home and private life of Bartram. Collinson advises and corrects him in regard to his reading, and even in the matter of dress.

"One thing I must desire of thee, and do insist that thee oblige me therein: that thou make up that drugget clothes, to go to Virginia in, and not appear to disgrace thyself or me; for though I should not esteem thee the less, to come to me in what dress thou will, — yet these Virginians are a very gentle, well-dressed people — and look, perhaps, more at a man's outside than his inside. For these and other reasons, pray go very clean, neat, and handsomely dressed, to Virginia. Never mind thy clothes: I will send more another year."

Shortly afterwards, he writes again to say that he had sent a parcel of seeds "to your proprietor, Thomas Penn. Dress thyself neatly in thy best habits, and wait on him for them; for I have in a particular manner recommended thee to him." But the good Quaker forgets not to teach economy as well as neatness.

"One thing I forgot to mention before, and what very much surprises me, to find thee, who art a philosopher, prouder than I am. My cap, it is true, had a small hole or two on the border; but the lining was new. Instead of giving it away, I wish thee had sent it me back again. It would have served me two or three years, to have worn in the country, in rainy weather."

Bartram wishes his friend to buy Tournefort's book for him, which Collinson is unwilling to do on account of the cost, and he even misquotes Scripture to reprove him for his prodigality.

"I shall first take notice of thy request to buy TOURNEFORT. I have inquired, and there are so many books, or parts, done, as come to fifty shillings. The first part may be got, perhaps, second-hand; but the others are not yet to be expected. Now I shall be so friendly to tell thee, I think this is too much to lay out. Besides, now thee has got PARKINSON and MILLER, I would not have thee

puzzle thyself with others; for they contain the ancient and modern knowledge of Botany. Remember SOLOMON'S advice; in reading (?) of books, there is no end."

Bartram wittily replies "I take thy advice about books very kindly, although I love such reading dearly; and I believe if Solomon had loved women less, and books more, he would have been a wiser and happier man than he was."

The following enables us to picture to ourselves very distinctly the Quaker botanist as he appeared when arrayed in the clothes that were sent to him.

"In the trunk of the Library Company, thee 'll find a suit of clothes for thyself. This may serve to protect thy outward man, — being a drugget coat, black waistcoat, and shagg breeches. And now, that thou may see that I am not thoughtless of thy better part, I send thee R. BARCLAY'S *Apology*, to replenish thy inward man. So farewell. Success attend thee in all thy expeditions."

Bartram's reply is quite characteristic, and does honor to his feelings.

"I am greatly obliged to thee for thy necessary present of a suit of clothes, which just came in the right time; and BARCLAY'S Apology *I shall take care of*, for thy sake. It answers thy advice much better than if thee had sent me one of Natural History, or Botany, which I should have spent ten times the hours in reading of, while I might have labored for the maintenance of my family. Indeed, I have little respect to *apologies* and disputes about the ceremonial parts of religion, which often introduce animosities, confusion, and disorders in the mind — and sometimes body too: but, dear PETER, let us worship the one Almighty Power, in sincerity of heart, with resignation to His divine will, — doing to others as we would have them do to us, if we were in their circumstances. Living in love and innocency, we may die in hope."

Bartram engraved with his own hands, on a stone in the wall of his house, above the window of his own apartment, where it may still be seen, the following lines: —

"T is God alone, the Almighty Lord,
The Holy One, by me adored."

In the selection of a distich for the door of his greenhouse, he does not seem to have been equally fortunate; since the well known lines,

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God,"

gave offence to some of his staid Quaker brethren; and there is a tradition, that this public avowal of the liberality of his religious opinions caused him to be "read out of meeting."

We have quoted liberally from this entertaining volume, and find that we have no room left for extracts from the letters of Bartram's numerous other correspondents besides Collinson. Among them were many well known to fame, from Dr. Franklin down to an honest *savant*, whose Yankee origin is pretty clearly betrayed by the multifarious character of his employments, as the editor says that "he invented the drill plough, wrote a Dissertation on the Prophecies, and published a treatise on Inoculation for the Small Pox." We must find space, however, for an extract from a very characteristic epistle of Dr. Franklin's, dated at London, July 9, 1769; it shows Poor Richard's peculiar vein of opinion very clearly.

"Although it may not now be suitable for you to make such wide excursions as heretofore, you may yet be very useful to your country, and to mankind, if you sit down quietly at home, digest the knowledge you have acquired, compile and publish the many observations you have made, and point out the advantages that may be drawn from the whole, in public undertakings, or particular private practice.

"It is true, many people are fond of accounts of old buildings, monuments, &c.; but there is a number, who would be much better pleased with such accounts as you could afford them; and for one, I confess, that if I could find in any Italian travels a receipt for making Parmesan cheese, it would give me more satisfaction than a transcript of any inscription from any old stone whatever."

On the 22d of September, 1777, Bartram closed his eyes upon the world whose natural beauties had so long engaged his devout attention. His illness was short, and about half an hour before he expired, he seemed to be in considerable agony, and pronounced these words, "I want to die." One of his granddaughters, who recollects him distinctly, says, "he was exceedingly annoyed and agitated, (and she thinks his days were shortened,) by the approach of the royal army after the battle of Brandywine. As that army had been ravaging various portions of the revolted Colonies, he was apprehensive it might also lay waste his darling garden, the cherished nursling of almost half a century."

The two journals to which we have already alluded are all the writings of John Bartram which were given to the public, excepting some articles on Natural History in the Philosophical Transactions, between the years 1740 and 1750, and the notes and appendix to the American edition of Short's *Medicina Britannica*, published by B. Franklin and D. Hall.

His son, William, published his own travels in Carolina and the Floridas at a much later date; and the two Bartrams, as the mantle of the father descended upon the son, are often confounded. William, in his earlier years, led rather a roving life, to the great scandal of his father's mentor, Collinson, who constantly exhorts him to marry and settle, the good Quaker being strongly impressed with the divine truth, that it is not good for man to be alone. But William, satisfied with his pencil and specimens, lived and died a bachelor. He was the friend and constant assistant of Wilson the ornithologist, whose premature death science still deplores, and whose last wish, so strangely disregarded, has become familiar to us in the lines of M'Lellan: —

> "In some wild forest shade,
> Under some spreading oak or waving pine,
> Or old elm festooned with the gadding vine,
> Let me be laid."

After Mount Auburn was consecrated, some gentlemen applied to his only surviving relative in this country for leave to remove his remains from under the brick Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, where they were buried, to that beautiful resting place for the dead. But his sister, with the feelings of a true Scotch Presbyterian, replied; "Ye shall not disturb the bones of the dead; let them aye rest in peace where the prayer was first spoken over them."

The last hundred pages of this volume are devoted to the life and correspondence of Humphrey Marshall. He was born in 1722, at West Bradford, Penn., his mother and the mother of John Bartram being sisters. The editor remarks, "It is altogether probable that Humphry Marshall's taste for horticulture and botany may have been awakened and promoted by a familiar intercourse with his cousin John Bartram, and by the attractions of that cousin's interesting garden. Enjoying such privileges, he would at once catch the spirit, and profit by the skill and experience, of his enthusiastic rela-

tive." Marshall was apprenticed to a stonemason, whose trade he followed for many years; yet at the same time he showed his love of plants by embellishing his father's farm at the Forks of the Brandywine. In 1773, he built his own house, and planned and commenced the botanic garden at Marshallton, which he filled with curious plants, many of which, especially the noble oaks, pines, and magnolias, still survive, although the garden from neglect has become a mere wilderness. In 1780, Marshall began to prepare an account of the forest trees and shrubs of this country, which was published about five years afterwards, in a duodecimo volume of about two hundred pages. This was the first truly indigenous botanical essay published in the western hemisphere; it was in advance of the times, for it excited little interest in the community, and the publisher writes, "I have had accounts from Trenton and New York, but there is not one subscriber in either place; they sell but slow. I think we have not sold a dozen beside those to the subscribers." This book, the expense of the publication of which Marshall was obliged to defray for himself, was appreciated abroad, and translated into most of the languages of Europe.

In the latter part of his life, Marshall's eyesight was impaired by a cataract, and the operation of couching was performed with only partial success; but he was never entirely blind, and to the last enjoyed walking about his garden and examining the trees and plants. He died in 1801, aged 79. We have not room to make any extracts from his correspondence, although there are many interesting letters in it, particularly those written during the Revolution, which show the state of feeling on both sides of the Atlantic.

Art. IX.—*Lady Alice; or the New Una. A Novel.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 152.

"Of the bad preacher," says a recent writer, "it could not be told from his sermon, what age of the world he fell in;

whether he had a father or a child; whether he was a freeholder or a pauper; whether he was a citizen or a countryman; or any other fact of his biography." This sentence embodies a truth wellnigh universal. All the higher forms of literature are indeed cosmopolitan in their currency and their acceptance; but it is because, with incontestable marks of their birthplace, they are adopted to citizenship everywhere else. A sophomore's theme or a school-girl's lyric suggests no reason why it should have been written in New England rather than in Kamtschatka. Stupidity, sciolism, and those ambitious forms of composition for which neither consciousness nor experience furnishes material, are of no soil or zone. The man, who lacks a heart, or who claps an extinguisher upon it when he writes, may succeed in denationalizing himself. But not a strophe of the Hebrew poets could have been written out of Palestine. Shakspeare by the walls of Troy, and Milton in Pandemonium, are Englishmen still; and Dante no more sinks the Florentine in Purgatory than in exile. The aroma of Scottish heather would have belied the London imprint, had Burns made an anonymous *début* under the auspices of a metropolitan publisher; and, had the Waverley novels first appeared in Boston, no American would ever have been suspected of their authorship.

We regard it, therefore, as an equivocal compliment to the Lady Alice, that, on its publication in England, it should have been without question received, read, reviewed, ("highly reviewed," we are told in an advertisement to the edition before us,) as an English book. And, frequent as have been the instances of literary "conveyance" with which we have had reason to charge our trans-Atlantic brethren, we most cordially enter for them the plea of "not guilty" in the present instance. Had we not heard the author's name on the most trustworthy testimony, we should distrust the strongest array of title-page evidence to the cis-Atlantic origin of a work, of which the author evidently deems his own fatherland "not worthy." We have looked through it in vain for a single trace of American culture, sentiments, or sympathies, — for a single recognition of the liberal ideas and feelings as to religion, politics, or the distinctions of society, which are supposed to pervade all classes and sects in our republic. The only circumstance which might betray the

secret of its authorship to an English critic is the intense over-working of the aristocratic and hierarchical elements, the more than homage, the utter prostration of soul alike before coronets and liveries, and the unreasoning adulation of inveterate absurdities and abuses which, though tolerated, have grown intolerable in the land of their nativity.

The story has its first scene laid in the luxurious valley of Cava, between the Gulfs of Naples and Salerno, where Augustus and Frederic Clifford, Englishmen by birth, Romanists in faith, have fixed their residence for a season. They are possessed of ample wealth, and belong to a family which dates its patent of nobility from the Norman conquest. And, as regards pedigree, to avoid the necessity of farther detail, we will say once for all, that an ancestral tree of at least eight centuries' growth is an indispensable qualification, not only for a prominent actor, but almost for an interlocutor or a marplot, in this novel; while, from the author's abhorrence for the slightest plebeian stain, we cannot conceive of his characters as offshoots, however remote, from that primitive family in which "Adam delved and Eve span." To return to our story, Frederic saves the life of a beautiful girl, who is bathing a little apart from her companions; and, at the moment of her awakening to consciousness, they find themselves mutually in love. He ascertains that she is Alice Stuart, youngest daughter of the Duke of Lennox, himself originally a Presbyterian, but whose whole family, through the influence of his second wife, are devotedly attached to that phasis of religious belief and worship, which abjures the taint of Protestantism and begs to be called Anglo-Catholic. Her elder sister, Edith, a model of formalistic piety, has signalized herself by a clandestine marriage, a subsequent elopement, and then a wedding in full pomp ecclesiastic, having maintained her principle unimpaired through the whole transaction; for the Eucharist has hallowed what else might have been folly, and the confessional has at once smothered and sanctified the great secret of her girlhood. The dearest hope of her household circle is that Alice may grow up like her, and the maiden gives the most ample promise of emulating in manifold excellencies the sister whom she already surpasses in personal beauty.

After their hydropathic experiences, Frederic and Alice

next meet and interchange greetings at the Cathedral service in Milan; and their unaccountable intimacy at a ball the same evening obliges her to disclose to her mother the secret of their first acquaintance. Her parents intend that she shall marry the Marquis of Wessex, a *superannuated roué* of twenty-seven, whose leaden stupidity and stolid jealousy are excessively annoying, till toward the close of the story, he develops an heroic type of rascality, of which we were not prepared to find him capable. This worthy is one of the family party, in which Alice crosses the Alps. On this journey, she is thrown by a series of accidents into close intimacy with a certain Countess de Schönberg, who purports to be the wife of a distinguished continental diplomatist. Wessex is led by this lady to profess a guilty passion for her, while Alice's waiting-maid is so concealed, that she may see and hear what passes, and report it to her mistress. She afterwards relates to Alice the story of her life; and the author more than intimates that she thus, (and not unconsciously,) lays upon Alice's shoulders the expiation of her own follies and sins, so that an innocent person "paid the debt of personal humiliation, social banishment, and soul-piercing shame, owed by another." Nor is this vicarious expiation a mere freak of fortune, but "the genuine idea which, in the contemplation of faith, replaces the destiny that pursued the house of Atreus," and replaces it very much for the worse.

It seems that Madame de Schönberg was the second cousin of the Cliffords, but by a mother and grandmother who had not found it convenient to sanction their maternity by the rights of wedlock. She herself has been an unwedded mother, and Augustus Clifford her partner in guilt, or more properly her dupe. After the death of her child, and a variety of adventures in which she seems to have been perpetually dogged by a bad reputation, she had put herself in readiness to marry Count Schönberg, an old man of seventy; but, for some reason which she declines explaining, she had changed her mind; yet, to spare his feelings, had consented to bear his name and pass as his wife before the world. This disgusting recital concluded, "Alice laughed outright," and said, "then you are really an unmarried girl, like myself!"

The next important incident is the marriage of Augustus, now Lord Beauchamp, in Venice, to a masked woman, who

invites him to two successive nocturnal interviews in her gondola, with the purpose, as she says, of asking him to marry her; but whom he, captivated at first hearing, anticipates by proposing to her. Immediately after the nuptial ceremony, she, still unseen, leaves him, "it may be for years," as she says; and, though a reader of the bluntest perception sees at once through the sham, he does not know whom he has married till after the lapse of some months, and on the very evening of the opportune death of Count Schönberg, whose Protean widow thenceforward appears as Lady Beauchamp.

Prior to this fatal event, the *dramatis personæ* are all spending the fashionable season in London, and in their mutual proximity the plot thickens. At a ball given at Lennox house, to celebrate Alice's birthday, she invites Frederic to waltz with her, and then leads him to the conservatory for a mutual declaration of love in full form. To discuss the matter still farther, she takes him into the chapel, and there tells him that she will not marry a Romanist, expounding to him with rather more frankness than delicacy some of her reasons, and for others referring him to her uncle, the Reverend Herbert Courtenay. After parting with him, she falls asleep on a sofa, and, on being awakened by a kiss from her waiting maid, (transformed into a companion and friend by the discovery that she is half-sister of the apocryphal Madame de Schönberg,) she exclaims, "Frederic still here!" Only confidential persons, it is supposed, are present; yet this *piquant* bit of scandal transpires through the gay world, and finds its way into the public prints, leading shortly to the discovery of the traitor in the person of the butler Matson, who is in fact the elder, though unacknowledged, brother of Wessex, and plays a prominent part in the sequel of the story. Meanwhile Wessex has abandoned the pursuit of Alice, has become affianced to the sister of the Cliffords, and is exposed as a false and worthless man at the very ball at his own house, given for the express purpose of announcing his matrimonial arrangements.

Herbert Courtenay now undertakes the conversion of Frederic, who, finding that he can carry all his idols with him into the Anglican church, is easily reconciled to the change, and of course is cordially recognized as the future husband of Alice.

The Lennox family are now residing at their seat on the coast of Devonshire. An early day is assigned for the nuptials, — the earlier, because Alice has almost become the victim of an inexplicable plot for her abduction. In the very presence of Frederic, she is soon afterwards really carried off in a boat, which evades pursuit, and thence transferred to a yacht, which stands out for the French coast, and is foundered at sea the following night. No doubt remains that she has perished.

A few years after these events, the Cliffords and Lord Stratherne, Alice's brother, who is a suitor for the hand of their sister Grace, are at Rome, and are attracted by a magnificent picture of St. Cecilia,— the work of Fitzalan, a young English artist, who now distances all competitors alike in artistical fame and in those personal qualities which befit and adorn a creative genius of the first order. Frederic buys the picture, and contracts so close an intimacy with the painter, as to take possession of an apartment adjacent to his, and to become his inseparable companion except during working hours and the time necessarily given to repose. On Fitzalan's first introduction to the Clifford family circle, Grace discovers that he is Alice in disguise; and, being accidentally prevented egress, he finds his way to her private apartment, where he passes the greater part of the night, and narrates the circumstances and sequel of the abduction. In this affair, Wessex had been the principal, Matson the agent. Matson had compelled her at once to put on boy's apparel, and was attempting to force her to go through the marriage ceremony with him under the auspices of an infamous priest in his service, when the gale first struck the yacht, and threw her on her beam ends. He had then consented to save her in the boat, on her oath to retain her disguise, keep his secret, and obey him in every thing but dishonor, till he released her. Taken up by a ship after many days of exposure and suffering, she had been consigned to the keeping and the persecution of Wessex, from which Matson had at length delivered her, and left her free to pursue the path to artistical eminence, which she had so successfully trodden.

Fitzalan's sex remains unsuspected by the rest of the family; for Grace cannot persuade him, or her, to become accessory to the violation of the sworn covenant with Matson. But, by some strange caprice on the part of the captors, the

disguise is sometimes dropped. Frederic one day sees a female form strangely like Alice on horseback with Wessex, and again faints at St. Peter's before a like apparition, purporting to be a Russian princess, under the protection of her uncle, Prince Michael Galitzin, — an *alias* suitably sustained by Matson. On the night after this, Alice has a private interview with Matson, who gives her the alternative, to profess Romanism and resume the insignia of her rank and sex, or to retain her masculine disguise and depart the next morning for Naples, — a change of residence for which she has previously been bidden to prepare. She prefers Fitzalanhood to apostacy. She returns late. Frederic, aware of her intended departure, has been awaiting her return, has fallen asleep in a little terrace communicating with her apartment, and remains there till she has retired for the night. As he passes through her bedchamber the recognition takes place, and he posts himself as sentinel over her remaining hours of repose, with the avowed purpose of not losing sight of her again till she is free and his bride. When she next awakes he is delirious. His sleep in the open air had induced "the malaria fever," and for many days no hope is entertained of his recovery. Alice, now *in propriâ personâ*, watches perpetually by his bedside, and, by administering certain prescriptions of his own, given in a lucid interval, she saves a life which the most skilful physicians profess themselves unable to rescue. While Frederic lies at the point of death, Lord Stratherne wounds Wessex in a duel. Wessex discharges his pistol, with fatal aim, at his second, Baron Schwartzthal, under which title the ubiquitous Matson receives his death-wound. Wessex is not fatally injured, but commits suicide by tearing off his bandages. Nothing now remains but the double marriage of Alice Stuart and Grace Clifford, — "a ceremony such as has not been witnessed in England, since the early and unspotted reign of the sixth Edward, — such a service as Cranmer was wont to celebrate, which it would have gladdened the heart of Ridley to witness, and which exhibited the purified Church of England as she was in the beauty and love of her espousals, before an adulterous tampering with the foreign reformation had led her to prevaricate in her fidelity to the Eternal Bridegroom, and to hide under a bushel the hallowed light which once burned so clear on the altars of the Lord."

An author always furnishes, in his implied or avowed aim, the true standard of judgment for his work. A literary production should be criticized according to its kind, and with reference to the ends which it was designed to answer. Had the Lady Alice been thrown upon the public merely as an amusing tale, we might have pronounced it heavy in some parts, absurd in others, yet on the whole rather entertaining; or more probably, we should have said nothing about it. Had it issued from an avowed disciple of the Eugene Sue school, we should certainly have praised it as among the least bad of its class. But it has all the marks and numbers of a religious novel. There is no room for doubt that the author intended it as an instrument of religious instruction, impression, and proselytism. Of what religious system, then, is it to be regarded as the type? We reply, of no recognized or conceivable form of Christianity; and, in saying this, we have the highest authority in the church of which the author is a clergyman, and are assured that the sentiments of this book are in general disavowed, abjured, and condemned by intelligent and devout members of that very portion of the Episcopal body, with which, if with any, he would claim affinity. The theology of this story in doctrine symbolizes closely with the lowest type of fetichism, while in form it approaches the dignity of art-worship. There is nothing in it, which would indicate the existence of a spiritual divinity, or the possibility of spiritual worship, — no recognition of our Saviour as an object of faith, or as standing in any definite relation to the human race as Teacher, Exemplar, or Redeemer, — no acknowledgment of an unvarying standard of duty, whether in the inward law or the written Word. We can name no classic writer who did not anticipate much more of Christian sentiment than our author seems to have apprehended. We could point to unnumbered instances in which the nature, prerogative, and obligations of the spiritual life are more adequately perceived and more justly defined in connection with the ancient mythology, than they are in the book now under review. It makes a nearer approach indeed, to Romanism than to any other modification of Christianity; but it would be read with unmingled reprobation by an enlightened Romanist, while it represents just about the modicum of religious apprehension and Christian belief, which characterizes the most ignorant and priest-ridden of our Hibernian immigrants.

It is sufficiently evident that the writer of this story regards the ritual of religion not only as important, but as the only thing important. If there are only wax-candles and holy water, all is right. On a journey in Switzerland, performed on mules, the Lennox family are highly applauded for having brought with them "lights, and crucifix, and chalice, and all other decencies of worship;" though on the Sunday when these things were used, there must have been lacking on the part of the heroine that prepared heart which we have been wont to class among the "decencies of worship;" for she had sat up till midnight to finish Consuelo, which she had been reading by her clerical uncle's special advice. Great stress is laid on the "chanting" of praises and "intoning" of prayers, and on the use of the greater part of the service in Latin as "more edifying," — in fine, on whatever can detract from the intelligibleness of Christian worship, and transform it into a mere perfunctory recitative with appropriate modulations and genuflections. The leading personages of the novel are kept from yielding to temptation, not by religious faith or principle, but by the presence of influential symbols. Alice's purity under her masculine attire is ascribed chiefly to her keeping a crucifix on her bed, when she does not occupy it in person. The power of the Eucharist is not that which it exerts over the hearts of penitent and praying communicants; but whenever the sacrifice is offered, "*somewhere* the bonds of the afflicted are loosed, the strength of fainting virtue is revived, or (for this glorious communication between heaven and earth flies on the equal wings of mercy and judgment) the wicked are suffered to fill up the measure of their crimes, and seal themselves for perdition;" — by which we are to understand, that the celebration of the Eucharist is an efficient means of evil influence in the community, rendering the miasma of vice fouler and more deadly. What, then, are we to think of the philanthropy of those who would have this "sacrifice offered" daily on every altar?

Another noteworthy feature of this book is the irreverent flippancy with which things sacred and secular are constantly intermingled. Thus, Edith's birthday is celebrated by a "communion" and a ball; and she invites her lover to the former in the same loose, school-girl style of chit-chat, in which we should expect her to talk about the latter. In the same chap-

ter, there is an attempt made to establish an analogy between these two forms of the "joy of a mysterious commemoration." and to claim for dancing something of the sanctity of worship. We would quote the paragraph, did we suppose that our readers could understand it better than we do. No inconsiderable portion of the courtship between Frederic and Alice is performed in sundry churches and chapels, and consecrated emblems are repeatedly made the vehicles of love-passages. Thus, "at the *bénetier*, Frederic dipped the tip of his fingers and offered them to his companion. She touched them with a smile." But the most offensive specification to be made under this head is when, on the Sunday in Switzerland already referred to, immediately after the performance of divine service, Herbert Courtenay is told that Alice has just finished Consuelo; and he enters upon a monologue, of which that vile fiction and the Holy Supper furnish the double text and the blended theme.

Lady Alice and all the *good* personages in this novel belong to the same school in theology with those Syrians, who said, "Jehovah is God of the hills, but he is not God of the valleys." Their religion changes with their residence. Entire conformity to the worship of the country where they happen to be is spoken of as a sacred duty. Alice, while in Italy, complies with every portion of the Romish ritual, and in the latter part of the story has a Romish priest for her confessor, which may account for the morbid tenderness of her conscience as regards her forced oath, and its unfeminine supineness as to the amount of suffering perpetuated for others, and of moral exposure incurred by herself under her unnatural disguise. She is ready to promise Matson never to be present at any other than Romish worship, except in England, or on board a British ship. Indeed, long before she had attained to man's estate, she is specially commended for her habit of leaving the English chapel at Rome "immediately after Even Song, without waiting for afternoon sermon," to attend Vespers at the Romish church hard by. It is this pliancy of the Anglican religion which wins Frederic over to its communion. In a letter announcing his conversion, he intimates that there is much more of truth in the doctrine, and fitness in the ritual, of the church which he leaves than in that which he enters; but he abjures Romanism solely

because it does not suffer its disciple to coquet with Protestantism in a Protestant country.

Yet we ought not to deem this *indifferentism* a matter for surprise. Our author endorses all the peculiarities of Romanism, except the universal jurisdiction of the Pope. Latin chants, holy water, candles, and crucifixes, are employed as means of grace in those private chapels of the nobility, in which alone "is realized that divine idea of visible and audible worship, which gathered the thoughts of Israel around the ancient temple." The Eucharist is spoken of as a sacrifice, and its celebration as the commutation of the elements into the body and blood of Christ. The practice of auricular confession is said to be necessary in order to restore the lost dignity of the pastoral office in the English church. Herbert Courtenay, the religious hero of the tale, calls the worship of the virgin "a beautiful and poetical feature of mediæval Christianity with which he is not inclined to meddle," "a part of natural piety." We are not skilled in raiment, which throughout this book is made of more consequence than doctrine; but if Courtenay and his six assistant chaplains at Alice's wedding, did not devise their own dresses, their "chasuble and dalmatic of white silk and gold, albes of lace, like bridal veils, and richly broidered stoles" must have been borrowed from Rome. There is but one characteristic of Romanism that we miss, — its spirit of humane and tender regard for the poor and lowly. Our author makes religion a perquisite of the aristocracy. Plebeian worship and piety are beyond his conception; and, while the New Testament speaks of some difficulty on the part of the rich in entering heaven, a plurality of estates and titles, with an infusion of Plantagenet or Stuart blood, can alone give entrance to his paradise.

But follies of this class are a slight blemish compared with the thoroughly licentious character of the novel before us. Our reading in this department of literature is, indeed, very limited, both in extent and kind; but we doubt whether, in the whole of it, we have found so much that seems adapted to minister to the lowest passions, and to justify the loosest style of manners and opinions, as in this single volume. Every opportunity for a voluptuous picture of personal charms is eagerly embraced. The details of seduction and concubinage

for three generations are described in Madame de Schönberg's narrative with a minuteness of indecency, for which we know not how to give expression to our abhorrence. The immaculate Edith and Alice, too, are presented, the latter we can hardly say how often, in circumstances utterly revolting to delicacy; and infinite merit is claimed for them, because they can linger long on the border ground of vice, and at the last moment escape unharmed. The author, in repeated instances, attempts to reason away the prejudices of scrupulous moralists on subjects connected with personal purity. The waltz is his favorite dance, and, in describing it, he takes good care to group around it every association of sensuality that can appertain to it. Promiscuous public bathing of both sexes is represented as offensive only to a taste not sufficiently catholic; and "Clifford, who knew the customs of all countries, and had reasoned on all with the calmness of philosophy, thought not the worse of the modesty" of the Italian women for their attachment to this custom. The use of the "nude model" by artists is a favorite topic, to which the author often recurs argumentatively, with the evident purpose of making the imagined exigencies of art paramount to considerations of intrinsic propriety, and of doing away the prudish prejudice in favor of apparel; for, "in the eye of art, clothes are only drapery, and the artist sees, mentally, every one undressed, as God sees us all." In accordance with the pervading spirit of the tale, Alice's masculine attire is managed, not as a mere emergency of the plot, but so as to make the most of every exposure and liability connected with her disguise, and to render its indelicacy gratuitously glaring and incongruous.

Nor are the outrages on morality confined to this one favorite department. When we consider the sacred profession of the reputed author, we cannot repress our indignation at the apology for duelling conveyed in the paragraph, which, that we may not be suspected of unfairness, we quote entire.

"Whether the removal of one of the grave responsibilities which have hitherto attached to the actions of the higher classes in Christendom, can take place without endangering a principle that has hitherto separated the Gothic civilization from that of the East, and of pagan antiquity — the principle, namely, that the individual, though subject to the state, is never resolved into it — merits the consideration of moralists and students of the higher politics.

The reconciliation of the law of chivalry with the law of Christian love, is so little difficult that they may indeed be said so to oppose as mutually to sustain each other — that is to say, they are, as it were, the polar manifestations of one living principle, now exhibiting itself as meekness, and now as self-denying courage; here showing the lamblike nature, and here the lion heart; prompting, in the same individual, forgiveness of injuries and generosity to foes, and resistance to oppression, the defence of the oppressed. And, without confounding in this vindication of the knightly character (traditional though now it be,) any apology for the false code of honor and the miserable custom of modern duelling, it may be affirmed, unhesitatingly, that *God gave not men swords in vain*, and that he meant them to be so used as to secure the awful seriousness of our life in this world, militant from the beginning to the end." pp. 149, 150.

The style of the "Lady Alice" is ambitious and gorgeous, yet marvellously free from sustained rhetorical merit of any kind. It would be impossible to quote from it a single gem-like sentence, or a paragraph which exhibits peculiar felicity of thought, conception, or expression. The richest passages remind us of the forms and lines of the kaleidoscope; and are made imposing by the accumulation and juxtaposition of cheap and paltry gaudinesses. The descriptions of architecture and painting, which are very numerous, are confused and incongruous, in no instance presenting a clear and symmetrical conception of the object, but overwhelming the fancy by minute and often incompatible details.

But we have already given the work more space than it merits. We have extended our jurisdiction over it, not for its worth, but for its pretending worthlessness, and to enter our solemn protest against the intrusion upon English literature, under the garb of religious purism, of the vilest forms and worst features of modern French fiction, of which the flood that of late set in upon us is just beginning to ebb. The Lady Alice is the "New Una." In the name of decency let her remain "*Una*," and be the *Prima* to no successor of her kith and kin.

ART. X. — *Histoire Philosophique du Regne de Louis XV.* Par le COMPTE DE TOCQUEVILLE. Paris: D'Amyot. 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE Count de Tocqueville is, we believe, the father of M. de Tocqueville, the distinguished writer on Democracy in America, and recently the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Republic. We learn from the preface to this history, that it is written by one in the decline of life, whose sympathies are with the principles and institutions of a former age, with an order of things that has almost wholly passed away. The history itself is an epitaph engraved on the tomb of monarchy in France, — an epitaph written, not indeed to eulogize the departed, but to point out the errors and the crimes which dimmed the glory of royalty, and finally brought down its grandeur and power to the dust. The author has evidently formed his style and sentiments upon those of Tacitus, and labors effectually to give a gloomy and tragic interest to his narrative. He is a Christian moralist, and his task is to describe sin and its consequences. He deplores the fall of the monarchy, but he shows that it was the inevitable result of the dissoluteness, corruption, and impiety, the wasteful and inglorious character of the reign of Louis XV. The results were slow in unfolding themselves; but few of them were visible during the lifetime of the depraved monarch. Still there was a general foreboding that such a state of things could not last, that a crisis was at hand, when so rotten a social edifice could no longer sustain itself, but with a fearful crash would plunge into ruin. It is reported that Louis himself said, "this thing will last as long as I shall; my successor may get out of it as he can." He did "get out of it" by the way of the scaffold. Voltaire was still more explicit: — "All around me, they are sowing the seeds of a revolution, which will inevitably happen, though I shall not have the pleasure of beholding it. The French are late in coming to their object, but they arrive at last. The light has gradually diffused itself so far, that an explosion will take place on the first opportunity, and then there will be a fine hubbub. The young folks are lucky; they will see great things." The

remark was characteristic ; the old mocking infidel hugs himself at the prospect of the completion of his work. The National Convention did well to install his image with all the honors in their pantheon, just as they were beginning the excesses of the Reign of Terror.

The Count de Tocqueville calls his work a philosophical history, as his object is to trace the connection of cause and effect between the errors and the crimes of the period which he describes, and the fearful scenes of the revolution which followed it. He reflects the light of subsequent events upon the reign of Louis XV., and thus determines its true character and influence. The contemporary historian is a mere chronicler, who can only describe scenes and narrate events, without any clear perception of their consequences. Posterity alone can read the whole lesson, for in their eyes alone the tree is known by its fruits. This is the true idea of the philosophy of history, — to develop the consequences of actions, and to point out the bearings of events upon each other ; for in this manner, the great laws of political economy and morality are shown to be exemplified in history, and the ways of God with man are justified.

There is a spurious philosophy of the subject, much in vogue with historians of the present day, which is a mere development of the doctrine of fatalism ; it teaches, that men are not responsible for their conduct, as they act only under an overruling necessity, which controls the whole course of events, the human agents in them being merely unconscious puppets, and the issues of things being determined by fate without regard either to their strivings, their merits, or their crimes. Philosophers of this school waste no words upon the moral character of the events which they narrate ; they survey with equal composure the unmerited sufferings of a Louis XVI., and the crimes of his murderers. The actors in history are estimated by the quantity, not the quality, of the effects produced by them ; the power which they exercised, instead of the moral or immoral use which they made of it, is the standard by which they are judged. Viewed in this manner, Mirabeau towers over Lafayette, and Bailly appears insignificant by the side of Danton. Carlyle is almost the only English historian of this class ; while Thiers, Michelet, Mignet, Lamartine, and a host of others, are its representatives

in France. Picturesque narrative, exaggerated description, startling contrasts, and a pointed and epigrammatic style are the qualities upon which such writers depend for success. They aim only at immediate effect, and care nothing about tracing actions to their causes and consequences, if they can only hurry the reader away by the brilliancy of their coloring, and by the absorbing interest of their narrative. History is thus degraded to a level with fiction; it ceases to instruct, and labors only to astonish or amuse. It borrows the vivid colors of romance, and the imagination is invoked to supply the deficiencies of the story, and to fill up the picture. By thus gradually losing a strict regard for truth, it ceases to be trustworthy as a whole, and no longer affords even the materials for instruction. Lamartine's History of the Girondists, apart from its moral taint, its affected and sentimental style, and its utter disregard of the requisitions of humanity and justice, is a mere historical romance; minute particulars and long conversations are reported in it which could not by any possibility have come to the knowledge of the narrator. No authorities are cited, and no credit can be given to the writer's blank assertion, that he has had access to unpublished documents and original sources of information, of which he may perhaps give some account at a future day. We cannot allow the evidence of historical events to depend upon M. Lamartine's reputation for carefulness and veracity. We seek more direct testimony, more definite citations of proof.

The shortest method of characterizing the Count de Tocqueville's work is to say, that in style and sentiment, in the opinions avowed, and the mode of narrating the facts, in all the essential qualities of a history, it is the very opposite of the class of books just described. It is addressed to a different class of readers; it is an appeal to the thoughtful, cultivated, and religious student of human affairs; to the philosophical statesman and the earnest and patient seeker after truth. He has none of the artifices of style, the affected smartness and exaggerated manner, or the appeals to national vanity and the flattery of popular prejudices, by which such writers as Michelet and Lamartine have sought to gain the applause of the multitude. His manner is rather formed upon that of Tacitus and Montesquieu; it is concise, sententious, sometimes abrupt, and shows more of the spirit of the philosophical moralist

than of the suitor for popular favor. Far from pandering to the diseased appetite for national glory, which is the most salient trait of French character, he labors to reprove and subdue it, by exhibiting the decline of monarchy in France as leading to the extinction of the political influence of the country and the loss of its power and renown. In his eyes, the glory of France culminated under Louis XIV., and then passed rapidly through all the stages of decay, till it was lost in the horrors of the first Revolution. The saturnalia which then prevailed, the destruction of the monarchy, the nobility, and the church, and the triumph of irreligion and Jacobinism, was the just punishment of the disorders and wickedness of the court and the people under Louis XV. This is the grand but gloomy moral of his work, which the writer inculcates with the fervid indignation of an ancient prophet. He appears sincerely attached to the Roman Catholic church and to the cause of royalty; and he regards the decayed condition of religion in France and the extinction of the sentiment of loyalty as the greatest misfortunes which could befall his countrymen. He engages in no labored defence of his opinions against the democratic spirit of his age; he merely narrates the facts from his own point of view, and leaves it for others to view them under a different aspect, if they can. The lesson that he draws from them is a stern and sad one, like that which was uttered by the miserable Phlegyas from the darkness of his place of punishment: —

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."

It is a little singular that, while the son has gained so much distinction as the philosophical observer and analyst of the spirit of democracy and the progress of democratic institutions, the father should have occupied himself with tracing the last lines of the history of royalty, and expounding the causes of its decay. Both are men of marked abilities and cultivated tastes; they are quick and accurate observers, and their speculations are both original and profound. Their writings are addressed to thinkers, and are not designed to please the multitude. They come nearer to the English than to the French school of philosophy; though the son shows something of the fondness for rapid and sweeping generalizations which has usually characterized the speculations of his

countrymen. But neither of them indulges in the vague and sentimental declamations, the tinsel ornaments, the appeals to popular prejudices, and the shallow profundity of such writers as Lamartine and Cousin. With them, rhetoric never assumes the place of logic, and their weight of thought seeks no aid from brilliancy of expression. If affectation is ever visible in their writings, it is when they attempt to philosophize on too slight occasions, and seek to render some very profound reason for that the cause of which lies upon the surface. The son, we believe, has never attempted to write history; and the father certainly does not excel as a narrator of events or a delineator of characters, though he gives a very clear, neat, and concise summary of facts, and arranges his materials with admirable method. His work will be a classic in French history long after the more showy productions of many of his contemporaries are forgotten.

We give an extract from the preface, that shows with great clearness the purpose which the writer has had in view, and the general character of his work.

"When the tomb received the remains of Louis XV., the old French monarchy was interred in it along with him. The acts of this king, his faults and his vices, gave a great impulse to the movement which was urging the nation forward to a new order of things. The principles both of religious belief and political opinion underwent a severe investigation; and when, guided by false lights, men strove eagerly to annihilate all religious faith, did they not thereby exalt human pride beyond all limit?

"The philosophical inquiry into the causes, which, during a great part of the eighteenth century, prepared the minds of people for the great revolution which marked the end of it, is worthy of our serious attention. I have undertaken it with the more ardor, because it appears to me that hitherto it has been hardly commenced. In order to understand the origin of the prodigious changes which have taken place in our day, it is a useful, I may say almost a necessary, condition to have seen something of the old *régime*, and thus to be able to compare the causes with the effects which they have produced. After a revolution which has reversed so many fortunes, and kindled so many passions, old age is not a bad period in which to write the history of the times that are not yet remote from our own; the years, as they accumulate, complete our knowledge of the human heart. Having become a stranger to the affairs that agitate the world, the writer looks upon them dispassionately; the rude shock of events has

worn away his prejudices; and in taking the pen, he has no other attraction than the truth, no other object than to instruct mankind.

"The book which I offer to the public is not a metaphysical work. In it the facts are narrated in detail; but I have endeavored to group them in such a manner that their consequences may be very obvious."

Monarchy never seemed more firmly established than it was in France at the death of Louis XIV. In spite of the reverses which clouded the later days of the Great Monarch's career, the people had been dazzled by the factitious splendors of his reign, and by his absorption of all the powers of government into himself. He had scattered all obstacles to the unlimited domination of the crown; he had exiled the Huguenots, had forced the great nobles to become supple courtiers, had compelled the parliaments to be merely the declaratory organs of his will and pleasure, and had caused nearly every country in Europe to tremble at the success of his arms. His noted boast, *l'état, c'est moi*, was a truth which his people were as proud to acknowledge, as he was to utter; they had learned to identify the national glory with the absolute dominion and personal renown of the king. They were as proud of the despotism of the monarch as the English were of the freedom of the people. Louis XIV. had given unity to the kingdom of France, and had gilded it over with foreign conquests and alliances, with the glory of letters and the arts, and with every form and attribute of splendor at home. The national vanity was satisfied, and the French people have never asked for any thing more.

Unfortunately, the crown passed from the head of Louis to that of an infant; and the dying monarch himself, as if a long minority were not fraught with hazards enough for royalty, increased the danger by attempting to extend his power beyond the limits of his own life, and to regulate the manner in which France should be governed till his great grandson should come of age. His will directed that a council of regency should be established, of which the Duke of Orleans should be the head, though he should have but one vote in it, and of which two of his natural children, whom he had legitimated, were to be members. This delegation of royal power to a numerous committee, instead of an individual, would

have been fatal to the promptness and energy of the government, and was consequently so unpopular, that the Duke of Orleans easily persuaded the parliament to set the will aside, and to appoint him sole regent. This step was perhaps necessary for the tranquillity of the kingdom; but it had the effect to persuade the people, that there existed in the state a power which was above the throne, and which had authority to annul the expressed wish of the king. It was so far unfavorable to royalty. It had a similar, though not an equal, effect with the act of the British parliament which, after the revolution of 1688, altered the succession to the throne.

The Regent Duke of Orleans was an abler statesman than Charles II. of England, whom in other respects he greatly resembled. He was a good-natured, indolent debauchee, riotous and extravagant in his pleasures, but having sense enough to prevent his boon companions and his mistresses from exercising any influence over him in matters of state. He was attached to peace, because he dreaded the troubles and expenses of a war; he loved to see France quiet and prosperous, both because he was naturally amiable and kind-hearted, and because the tranquillity of the kingdom allowed him more leisure for his private amusements. But he was careless and prodigal, and his facile disposition yielded to the importunity of suitors what his better judgment denied. The finances consequently fell into great disorder, and as the Regent had an inquiring and speculative turn of mind, and was fond of experiments, chemistry or alchemy being one of his private amusements, he naturally lent a ready ear to the wild financial projects of John Law.

This was the age of commercial bubbles and stockjobbing; the temporary success of the Mississippi scheme in France favored the inflation of the South Sea bubble in England, and the explosion which soon followed spread almost universal bankruptcy through the two kingdoms, and ruined the reputations as well as the fortunes of many of their leading statesmen and nobles. And the governments did not escape; the impoverished and exasperated people imputed all the blame to their rulers, who, in truth, had only shared the delusion with themselves. The practical talents and financial sagacity of Sir Robert Walpole broke the force of the blow in England; warned by him, the ministry did not get

deeply implicated in the affair, and the Bank of England stood entirely aloof. But in France, Law's schemes were adopted at an early day by the Regent, and the whole force of the government was exerted to carry them through. The sufferers, consequently, had a right to impute their ruin in some degree to the state, and to look to it for indemnification and for the punishment of the guilty. The Duke was both too good-natured and too just to punish when he had himself been an accomplice in the crime, if it was one; for the more lenient will call it nothing but insanity. He protected Law, or allowed him to escape, and bore with his usual thoughtless indifference the reproaches which were showered upon his administration. The lustre of the crown which he represented had been stained by his meddling at all in such transactions; and after the bubble burst, his refusal or inability to relieve the sufferers covered it with ignominy. The thirst for gain, when it rises to fever height, levels all distinctions of rank; during the prevalence of the mania, princes of the blood, nobles, ladies of rank, ministers of state and the church, had mingled with the crowd in the Rue Quincampoix, and chaffered eagerly with stockjobbers and swindlers. The material advantages of wealth came to be prized more highly than the factitious differences resting on prescription, or created by the favor of the crown. Hereditary rank and inherited honors lost ground in public estimation; opulent bankers began to vie with the proudest nobles, not only in the sumptuousness of their style of living, but in direct influence at court. As the power of the aristocracy declined, that of the crown, which was dependent upon it, was also diminished; the people ceased to respect their rulers, and the *prestige* of the monarchy in their eyes was gradually effaced.

The gross and dissolute conduct of the Regent and his court, moreover, did much to wean the affections of the nation from the constituted authorities of the state, and to prepare the way for the fall of royalty. Every form of vice and impiety was practised by them without restraint and without concealment. The libertinism of Louis XIV. and his courtiers was veiled by the strictness of etiquette and by a decent regard for the forms of morality and religion, even after their spirit had departed. Under this covering, it might truly be said that "vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its gross-

ness." The Duke of Orleans rudely tore down this veil, for he was by nature no hypocrite, and his frank and affable disposition was impatient of the restraints of etiquette. He threw open to the public gaze the penetralia of royalty, and exposed every act of debauchery and excess by which they were profaned. The gross and shameless violation of all the laws of morals and decency soon created weariness and disgust; ordinary pleasures, common vices, ceased to allure or to charm, and the means of stimulating the jaded appetites were eagerly sought in the refinements and extravagancies of debauch. Those who had ceased to respect themselves had no fear of the judgment of others, and the publicity of their wickedness increased their enjoyment of it, and inspired them with an ambition to startle the multitude by fresh enormities. The orgies of the Regent and his low companions, his mistresses and his daughters, were so frequent and shameless that men ceased to wonder at them; and the habit of regarding vice with callous indifference was soon established even among those whose temperaments did not incline to licentiousness, or who were shielded by avarice or ambition from other and more degrading vices. As is usual when the debasing influences proceed from a licentious court, the upper classes of society were the first corrupted; the middle ranks as yet preserved their purity of life, and therefore could not fail to regard with disgust and abhorrence the practices of their superiors.

Foremost in these licentious courses and most abandoned in his profligacy was the instructor and prime minister of the Regent, the infamous Cardinal Dubois. This wretch, of low origin, being the son of a poor apothecary, was endowed with consummate tact, activity, shrewdness, and matchless effrontery. Hypocrisy was the only vice that could not be imputed to him; he paraded the scandals of his life with as much pride as other men show in displaying their virtues. Having first corrupted the mind of his princely pupil by instruction in every species of wickedness, and made himself necessary to him both in the conduct of state affairs and in the procurement of pleasures, he demanded as the price of his services to be elevated to the highest honors of the church. While he had yet a wife, before he had taken priest's orders, or made any effort to conceal the turpitude of his life, he was nomi-

nated by his shameless master to be the successor of the saintly Fenelon in the archbishopric of Cambrai. This was an insult to religion, and the archbishop of Paris, resenting it as such, nobly refused to consecrate him. More supple bishops, among whom we grieve to find the illustrious Massillon, were persuaded to assist at the ceremony; and the newly constituted archbishop immediately began his intrigues to obtain a cardinal's hat. The diplomacy of France, as he was now minister of foreign affairs, was conducted by him for some years solely with a view to this end; and he at length succeeded, though the life of Pope Innocent III. is said to have been shortened by the remorse which he felt for having elevated Dubois to this dignity. But the French clergy were not ashamed to prostrate themselves before the new cardinal, who was now prime minister of the kingdom. In one of their assemblies, which took place in 1723, he was unanimously chosen their president; and thus the "severity of Christianity bowed down before the splendor of the dignities with which successful vice had clothed itself." Religion itself received a fatal blow through the dishonor of its ministers; and the people were encouraged to doubt or despise all that they had hitherto held most sacred.

The opportunity being so favorable, the champions of infidelity began to distinguish themselves by the boldness and rancor with which they assailed the faith of the common people. Their doctrines were no longer insinuated with some reserve, but were openly avowed, and defended with all the arms of sophistry and ridicule. Impiety became the fashion; it was vulgar to preserve any respect either for morality or Christianity. To undermine the doctrines of natural religion and to mock at revelation was the shortest and easiest mode of obtaining the appellation of a philosopher. But the glory of emancipating one's own mind from the prejudices of the age would be imperfect if the freedom were not shared with others, as the teacher's fame is often measured by the number of his disciples. Hence the free thinkers and free livers showed themselves as eager to make proselytes to their opinions, and converts to their mode of life, as if they had been partisans of opposing sects in religion. The clergy, who should have resisted their attacks, were wholly occupied with the miserable disputes between the Jesuits and the Jansenists,

a controversy which paralyzed the efforts of Catholicism in France for more than a century. The powers of the civil magistrate, the terrors of the law, were directed rather against heretics than unbelievers; the writings of Voltaire and the earlier productions of Montesquieu remained unanswered, while the press teemed with confutations of Arnaud and Quesnel. Cardinal Noailles was persecuted, while Cardinal Dubois held the highest office in the kingdom.

The Regency foreshadowed the character of the reign which it introduced; it was the evening that ushered in the night. Louis XV. had all the faults of the Duke of Orleans without any of his virtues. He was an indolent, feeble, and selfish voluptuary, without energy enough to become a tyrant, and without the firmness of purpose and belief which is the only redeeming quality of the bigot. His vices were of that mean and scandalous character on which indignation seems wasted; the meanest of his subjects could only despise them. No thought for the honor of his throne or the happiness of his people seems ever to have disturbed him in the midst of his debaucheries. He was incapable of real attachment even to the companions and ministers of his pleasures; he tolerated them only because they catered skilfully to his appetites, and surrendered into their hands the reins of government only because he had not spirit and energy enough to retain them in his own grasp. His listless temperament and feeble intellect sought nothing but repose and sensual gratification. During the whole of his long reign, the destinies of France were swayed entirely by the abandoned females who were successively raised to the post of the king's mistress. Most of these women came from so low a condition in life, that they did not represent any party or interest in the state, and never became connected with one; their influence, consequently, was not exerted with a steady purpose of raising or depressing one of the dominant factions at court, or of favoring one line of policy in preference to another. It was directed exclusively by the caprice of the moment, a view to the favorite's immediate advantage, or by her personal preferences or dislikes. The king disappeared behind his mistress. The history of Louis XV. is a history of the successive reigns of Madame de Mailly, the Duchess de Châteauroux, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barri.

An administration so conducted could not but be productive of tumult and disorder at home, and of defeat and disgrace in its foreign relations. The policy of the Regent, as we have seen, had been pacific; a cordial understanding existed between him and the English ministry, represented successively by Stanhope and Walpole, both of whom were eager to preserve peace in Europe, as the surest means of strengthening the house of Hanover in its yet insecure possession of the British throne. A short and unnatural war with Spain, that grew out of the frantic projects of Alberoni and the foolish conspiracy of Cellamare, was the only contest in which France was engaged under the Duke of Orleans. The influence of Fleury, bishop of Fréjus, then became predominant in the kingdom, and fortunately he was like his predecessor in the love of peace. He had been the king's tutor during the minority, and was accused of favoring the natural timidity, irresolution, and indolence of Louis, in order to keep him in a state of perpetual tutelage. However this may be, the king seemed to think it was quite right that his sagacious old instructor should become his first minister, and in fact should govern France without interference or control for the remainder of his life, which was prolonged far beyond the period usually allotted to man. He made a wise and temperate use of his power, almost the only charges brought against him being the artifices through which he acquired and retained his station. Thus, he chose a mistress for the king with the same coolness with which he had just before selected a wife for him, his only object being to find one whose gentle and unambitious character promised to give no trouble to the administration. Maria Leczinska was a mild and uncomplaining wife, and Madame de Mailly, the king's first mistress, was probably the only one who loved him for his own sake, and was content to share his affection without grasping at his power. Fleury was prudent, shrewd, simple in his tastes, and economical in the management of the finances; and his administration, on the whole, was the most prosperous portion of his sovereign's reign. But he had no generous impulses, no regard for the honor of the king, or the glory of the kingdom. He did nothing to retrieve the reputation of the monarchy, which had been tarnished by the excesses of the Regency and by the virtual bankruptcy of the government. Despising

in France. Picturesque narrative, exaggerated description, startling contrasts, and a pointed and epigrammatic style are the qualities upon which such writers depend for success. They aim only at immediate effect, and care nothing about tracing actions to their causes and consequences, if they can only hurry the reader away by the brilliancy of their coloring, and by the absorbing interest of their narrative. History is thus degraded to a level with fiction; it ceases to instruct, and labors only to astonish or amuse. It borrows the vivid colors of romance, and the imagination is invoked to supply the deficiencies of the story, and to fill up the picture. By thus gradually losing a strict regard for truth, it ceases to be trustworthy as a whole, and no longer affords even the materials for instruction. Lamartine's History of the Girondists, apart from its moral taint, its affected and sentimental style, and its utter disregard of the requisitions of humanity and justice, is a mere historical romance; minute particulars and long conversations are reported in it which could not by any possibility have come to the knowledge of the narrator. No authorities are cited, and no credit can be given to the writer's blank assertion, that he has had access to unpublished documents and original sources of information, of which he may perhaps give some account at a future day. We cannot allow the evidence of historical events to depend upon M. Lamartine's reputation for carefulness and veracity. We seek more direct testimony, more definite citations of proof.

The shortest method of characterizing the Count de Tocqueville's work is to say, that in style and sentiment, in the opinions avowed, and the mode of narrating the facts, in all the essential qualities of a history, it is the very opposite of the class of books just described. It is addressed to a different class of readers; it is an appeal to the thoughtful, cultivated, and religious student of human affairs; to the philosophical statesman and the earnest and patient seeker after truth. He has none of the artifices of style, the affected smartness and exaggerated manner, or the appeals to national vanity and the flattery of popular prejudices, by which such writers as Michelet and Lamartine have sought to gain the applause of the multitude. His manner is rather formed upon that of Tacitus and Montesquieu; it is concise, sententious, sometimes abrupt, and shows more of the spirit of the philosophical moralist

than of the suitor for popular favor. Far from pandering to the diseased appetite for national glory, which is the most salient trait of French character, he labors to reprove and subdue it, by exhibiting the decline of monarchy in France as leading to the extinction of the political influence of the country and the loss of its power and renown. In his eyes, the glory of France culminated under Louis XIV., and then passed rapidly through all the stages of decay, till it was lost in the horrors of the first Revolution. The saturnalia which then prevailed, the destruction of the monarchy, the nobility, and the church, and the triumph of irreligion and Jacobinism, was the just punishment of the disorders and wickedness of the court and the people under Louis XV. This is the grand but gloomy moral of his work, which the writer inculcates with the fervid indignation of an ancient prophet. He appears sincerely attached to the Roman Catholic church and to the cause of royalty; and he regards the decayed condition of religion in France and the extinction of the sentiment of loyalty as the greatest misfortunes which could befall his countrymen. He engages in no labored defence of his opinions against the democratic spirit of his age; he merely narrates the facts from his own point of view, and leaves it for others to view them under a different aspect, if they can. The lesson that he draws from them is a stern and sad one, like that which was uttered by the miserable Phlegyas from the darkness of his place of punishment: —

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."

It is a little singular that, while the son has gained so much distinction as the philosophical observer and analyst of the spirit of democracy and the progress of democratic institutions, the father should have occupied himself with tracing the last lines of the history of royalty, and expounding the causes of its decay. Both are men of marked abilities and cultivated tastes; they are quick and accurate observers, and their speculations are both original and profound. Their writings are addressed to thinkers, and are not designed to please the multitude. They come nearer to the English than to the French school of philosophy; though the son shows something of the fondness for rapid and sweeping generalizations which has usually characterized the speculations of his

countrymen. But neither of them indulges in the vague and sentimental declamations, the tinsel ornaments, the appeals to popular prejudices, and the shallow profundity of such writers as Lamartine and Cousin. With them, rhetoric never assumes the place of logic, and their weight of thought seeks no aid from brilliancy of expression. If affectation is ever visible in their writings, it is when they attempt to philosophize on too slight occasions, and seek to render some very profound reason for that the cause of which lies upon the surface. The son, we believe, has never attempted to write history; and the father certainly does not excel as a narrator of events or a delineator of characters, though he gives a very clear, neat, and concise summary of facts, and arranges his materials with admirable method. His work will be a classic in French history long after the more showy productions of many of his contemporaries are forgotten.

We give an extract from the preface, that shows with great clearness the purpose which the writer has had in view, and the general character of his work.

"When the tomb received the remains of Louis XV., the old French monarchy was interred in it along with him. The acts of this king, his faults and his vices, gave a great impulse to the movement which was urging the nation forward to a new order of things. The principles both of religious belief and political opinion underwent a severe investigation; and when, guided by false lights, men strove eagerly to annihilate all religious faith, did they not thereby exalt human pride beyond all limit?

"The philosophical inquiry into the causes, which, during a great part of the eighteenth century, prepared the minds of people for the great revolution which marked the end of it, is worthy of our serious attention. I have undertaken it with the more ardor, because it appears to me that hitherto it has been hardly commenced. In order to understand the origin of the prodigious changes which have taken place in our day, it is a useful, I may say almost a necessary, condition to have seen something of the old *régime*, and thus to be able to compare the causes with the effects which they have produced. After a revolution which has reversed so many fortunes, and kindled so many passions, old age is not a bad period in which to write the history of the times that are not yet remote from our own; the years, as they accumulate, complete our knowledge of the human heart. Having become a stranger to the affairs that agitate the world, the writer looks upon them dispassionately; the rude shock of events has

worn away his prejudices; and in taking the pen, he has no other attraction than the truth, no other object than to instruct mankind.

"The book which I offer to the public is not a metaphysical work. In it the facts are narrated in detail; but I have endeavored to group them in such a manner that their consequences may be very obvious."

Monarchy never seemed more firmly established than it was in France at the death of Louis XIV. In spite of the reverses which clouded the later days of the Great Monarch's career, the people had been dazzled by the factitious splendors of his reign, and by his absorption of all the powers of government into himself. He had scattered all obstacles to the unlimited domination of the crown; he had exiled the Huguenots, had forced the great nobles to become supple courtiers, had compelled the parliaments to be merely the declaratory organs of his will and pleasure, and had caused nearly every country in Europe to tremble at the success of his arms. His noted boast, *l'état, c'est moi*, was a truth which his people were as proud to acknowledge, as he was to utter; they had learned to identify the national glory with the absolute dominion and personal renown of the king. They were as proud of the despotism of the monarch as the English were of the freedom of the people. Louis XIV. had given unity to the kingdom of France, and had gilded it over with foreign conquests and alliances, with the glory of letters and the arts, and with every form and attribute of splendor at home. The national vanity was satisfied, and the French people have never asked for any thing more.

Unfortunately, the crown passed from the head of Louis to that of an infant; and the dying monarch himself, as if a long minority were not fraught with hazards enough for royalty, increased the danger by attempting to extend his power beyond the limits of his own life, and to regulate the manner in which France should be governed till his great grandson should come of age. His will directed that a council of regency should be established, of which the Duke of Orleans should be the head, though he should have but one vote in it, and of which two of his natural children, whom he had legitimated, were to be members. This delegation of royal power to a numerous committee, instead of an individual, would

different view of the revolution that began in 1789 from that which has long been common among his countrymen. In his eyes, it was the inevitable and deplorable conclusion of a long course of national disaster and crime. It was a grand convulsion which engulfed alike the monarchy, the nobility, and the church, — the punishment which all had merited and brought upon themselves by persistence in licentiousness, frivolity, and impiety. The people of France were no longer proud of their government, they were even disgusted with it, and were strongly desirous of a change; but the ground of their discontent was not political oppression or religious persecution. They were themselves nearly as much demoralized as their rulers, and though weary of an inglorious despotism, they had no rational desire or conception of freedom. Accordingly, when the evils of the state had reached a crisis, and could no longer be endured, the people became frantic, and tore down the whole edifice of the constitution and the laws, without any distinct conception of what was to be erected in its place. The king, the nobles, and the clergy became alike the objects of their insane fury, which was restrained by no prudential regard for their own welfare, no idea of political principle, and no sense of religious obligation. They had no definite object in view, such as guided the efforts of the English patriots in the rebellion against Charles I., and in the revolution of 1688. The freedom which they vindicated for themselves, at the cost of so much blood and treasure, was gladly relinquished only fifteen years afterwards, when the people almost with one voice made Napoleon emperor with absolute power. Three and a half millions of votes were given in favor of this change, and only about twenty-five hundred were opposed to it. The remark of the historian is perfectly just, that there is no other example recorded in the annals of the world of so unanimous an approbation of the foundation of a dynasty, no instance of a nation so joyfully taking refuge in the stillness of despotism.

live in courts and camps. We must all remember what was done by Clarkson and Wilberforce, yet the power with which they worked was purely a moral power—that power in our day has been immeasurably increased. Since Wilberforce has been gathered to his fathers, the power of the press and of education has gone on advancing; steam navigation and railroads have united together the most distant lands. You may travel from Bala to Pesth in less time than you could have gone from Bala to London a hundred years ago. I feel assured that great and extensive benefits will flow from this meeting. Lord Bacon said that he would leave his reputation to the care of future ages and of distant nations, and by the same test must the oppressor and the oppressed eventually stand or fall. From this remote spot, not agitated by any political feelings, and when nothing but the sentiments of humanity can have prompted those present, the expression of opinion which emanates from those assembled, will be an impressive response to such an appeal."

IRELAND.

THE PROTECTIONIST AGITATION.—Several county meetings were fixed for the present and the ensuing week. The landlords are joining with apparent zeal in this movement, although they must be convinced in their hearts that the experiment is utterly hopeless, and that this agitation cannot be carried on without certain danger of still further exciting the demand for tenant-right and greatly reduced rents. The county of Wexford assembled on Monday at Enniscorthy, under the presidency of the high sheriff, Mr J. Power. The only peer whose name was attached to the requisition was the Earl of Arran. Many of the leading gentry, including Lord Carew, lieutenant of the county; Lord Courtown, Lord Stopford, Lord Templemore, Mr Grogan Morgan, one of the county members, and the owner of very extensive estates; Mr Boyse, of Bannow, and other gentlemen occupying the highest rank amongst the proprietors, did not sign the requisition. This fact shows that the Irish gentry are far from unanimous in seeking for the revival of protection. The county of Monaghan has been convened by the high sheriff for Tuesday next, the 8th inst. The requisition is signed by Lords Clonmel and Blayney; Mr C. P. Leslie, one of the county members; the Messrs Shirley; Mr E. Lucas, formerly Under-Secretary for Ireland; and more than twenty of the local gentry. But the names are missing from the requisition of Lord Rossmore, the county lieutenant; Lord Cremorne, vice-lieutenant; the Hon. T. V. Dawson, the second county member; Colonel Westenra; also the representatives of the Marquis of Bath, who possesses a vast and well-managed estate in the barony of Farney, and other large proprietors. Other counties (including the North Riding of Tipperary) are convened; but the most presentable requisition is that for the county of Dublin, summoned by the high sheriff, Mr J. Ennis, for yesterday, which is signed by Lords Brabazon, Milltown, Gormanstown, Longford, and St Lawrence, and by the gentry, Whig and Conservative, to a considerable extent.

ANOTHER PROTECTIONIST "DISCOURAGEMENT."—Pursuant to requisition, the Protectionists of the county of Wexford mustered on Monday, for the purpose of "lifting up their voices" against free trade, and to demand a return for protection to native produce and industry. The attendance, however, was so meagre that the requisitionists could not with any face proceed with the business at hand, and the "demonstration" died a natural death. There was, it appears, a large array of free traders present, ready to propose an amendment had the meeting gone on.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL IN CORK.—The 'Cork Reporter' contains the following announcement:—An intimation has been received from the Lord-Lieutenant, stating that the sum of 1,400*l.* shall be expended on the erection of farm-buildings, in connexion with the agricultural professorship of the Queen's College, Cork, in order to aid the successful establishment of an agricultural model school for Munster. The interest of the residue of the grant of 5,000*l.* is to be applied to the maintenance of the institution.

he certainly would not have deemed the larger portion of them important enough to be placed before the public. They are the careless effusions of a few leisure minutes of the day, when he sought relief from the irksome perusal or inditing of legal documents by scribbling nonsense to an old associate. The following is a fair specimen, though a short one, of the epistolary trifling of which Mr. Wirt was very fond, and by the aid of which his biography has been swelled to the compass of two large octavo volumes.

"My ink was rather too thick to write with pleasure, so I have thinned it, and mended my pen; — and now, sir, here 's at you.

"Why yes, sir, as you say, it is a pleasant thing to lead the life of a county court lawyer; but yet (as one of Congreve's wittol squires said, when his guardian bully suffered himself to be kicked, and called it pleasant) 'it is a pleasure I would as soon be without.' Yet I doubt not that your sum of happiness is as great, if not greater, than if you were a 'general court lawyer,' as the phrase used to be

"Those same *returns* that you speak of. — My God! Does not a man, at such times, live as much in a minute as, in ordinary times, he does in an hour or a day! These are the breezes of which poets and orators sing and say, that they shake the atmosphere of life, and keep it from stagnation and pestilence. I know that *your* life would be in no danger of stagnation or pestilence, even if you were to live forever at home: yet, I imagine that there is no man, however happy in the circle of his family, who does not find himself made more conscious of that happiness, and his feelings of enjoyment quickened by these occasional separations. This is the way in which I reconcile myself to them; since, although not a county court lawyer, *at this present*, I am doomed to these separations as well as you.

"As to the labor and fatigue which you undergo, — look at the health which you derive from it, and the consequent clearness of brain, and capacity for happiness. Besides, mark the majestic *obesity* which you exhibit, in spite of all your exercise, and consider 'what a thing you would be if you were bloated,' as Falstaff says, — by inactivity."

We object further to the very *lengthy* quotations from Mr. Wirt's speeches on the trial of Aaron Burr, one remarkable passage in which is familiar to every school-boy in the land, and to copious extracts from a political pamphlet, that was written for a temporary purpose, and has very properly been forgotten.

And now, having discharged our conscience as reviewers by reprehending in very plain terms a most pernicious practice in biography, we are free to express our obligations to Mr. Kennedy for what is, on the whole, an excellent memoir of his friend, alike candid, faithful, and elegant. The materials appear to have been collected with great care, from a variety of sources, and they throw ample light upon the whole history and character of the person to whom they relate. Mr. Wirt's abilities as an advocate, a lawyer, and an author, are set forth with fulness and discrimi-

it could not be got out when wanted, which is the common fate of boats on a long voyage. There are two things requisite for safety which seamen invariably neglect, light and boats. They hate showing lights, and they have a decided preference for having their boats so full of lumber or otherwise in such a state as to present the greatest impediments to launching in case of need. The lumber is to be got out, the davits to be shipped and rigged, the falls to be found and rove, the rullock-pins are never forthcoming the cooks have lit the fire with them, the oars are mislaid and when the boat is got into the water it is discovered that the cork is not in the bottom, but for the drawing of the for the Hampdens, but for the Jeffries and the Straffords of the day?

If such unworthy denials of the best qualities of Englishmen are to be excused by the prevalence of panic, and by the aversion which every commercially-developed community entertains of disorder, how are we to account for the rancour which pursues the fallen cause, the foul calumnies gathered from the vile sinks of the police, to be pelted at the head of the patriots in exile and distress?

We do not think that there is to be found in the annals of any press, much less of the English, an example of vindictiveness so ungenerous, calumnies so personal and so foul, slander so wanton, and rancour so unmanly, as that which has marked the communications of the 'Times' from Vienna, and which has even crept into the leading articles of that journal, respecting the unfortunate members of the Hungarian emigration. We have heard of the 'Satirist,' and the penalties to which its editor was subjected for speculating in attacks on private character. We hear now and then much virtuous indignation against the licence and personalities of the American press. But we declare never to have met in either or any of these organs the scurrility and slanders with which Kossuth has been assailed in the columns of the 'Times,' and not only Kossuth, but young and innocent females of the most spotless life and reputation, who were merely guilty of the crime of flying from the whip of the Austrian executioner. It is plain enough that the Austrian military police, baulked of its prey, and unable to have the satisfaction of tying up Madame Dembinski to the triangle in order to administer to a young creature of eighteen some hundred lashes—this police consoles itself for the disappointment by raking up the most infamous lies through its agents, and pouring them forth upon the English public, to the credulous and sullied columns of the 'Times.'

The well-known author of the 'Revelations of Russia,' however, in his letter published in our columns on the 1st of January, has done justice by these calumnies. It was scarcely to be expected by the writer who slandered Kossuth from the Danube and from Vienna, that an eye-witness of all that passed in these regions would be here in London. Good fortune enabled us at once to give a refutation of his calumnies.

With respect to the other stories that the Austrian police have raked up for him out of their archives against Kossuth, we, of course, cannot be prepared with such a specific answer. But they are sufficiently refuted by the high character which Kossuth bore, not only with the public and popular party, but with the Hungarian magnates, who oft-times proposed to endow him with fortune and estates, offers which Kossuth invariably refused. After a long and unchecked control over the resources of so rich a country as Hungary, with millions sterling at his disposal, Kossuth has retired penniless from the land; and the chests of treasure with which the caterers for the 'Times' supplied him have dwindled, by the testimony of an Englishman who accompanied his flight, into a pair of saddle-bags!

The name and the shade of Kossuth, however, still disquiets Austrian tyranny; and well it may, for one scrap of the President's handwriting is obeyed like a sacred Firman at this moment throughout Hungary, and even his paper-money, though it be felony to keep it, is still bought up by the Jews for reselling to the Magyars. The aim of Austria is, however, to injure by calumny a character whose greatness and purity they dread; and we blush to find an English journal making itself, even unwittingly in this, the catspaw of the vilest motives of the vilest men.

Of Kossuth's character and Kossuth's greatness there can be but one opinion. If ever an individual's name was legitimately identified with a nation's cause, it is Kossuth's. We say this even without reference to the isolation in which the gallows and platoon have left him. It was undeniably his sagacity which forewarned, his eloquence which roused, his administrative energy and financial genius, which organised and prepared but for Russian [illegible] a struggle wherein it is universally allowed that [illegible] and Görgey's [illegible]

a favorite with all from his winning manners and sportive humor, he participated with keen enjoyment in all the pranks of his young associates at the bar, and in the festive meetings of the neighborhood, and was for a time in imminent peril of becoming a victim to dissipation and excess. But an early marriage saved him from the snares of the tempter, and supplied a motive for the exertion of the brilliant talents with which he was endowed. He soon became distinguished as an eloquent advocate, and slowly laid the foundations of his fame as a sound lawyer. His companionable qualities secured for him a large circle of friends, and business flowed in apace.

Mr. Kennedy has given many pleasant sketches of the leading members of the bar, the distinguished politicians, and "the first families of Virginia," at this epoch, which was about the commencement of the present century. He does not wholly avoid the temptation of painting them in too flattering colors; living in the immediate vicinity, and writing about a generation that has not yet wholly passed away, many of whom, probably, were his own early friends, it was natural that he should be more eager to praise than to discriminate. Excessive laudation is the great vice of contemporary biography; it is favorable to the first success of a book, but lessens its chance of going down with honor to posterity. Distance in space produces about the same effect on the judgment as the lapse of time; and, under the cold climate of New England, we may be excused for thinking that our author has showered his compliments rather too freely to make them of much value.

We cannot follow the story of Mr. Wirt's rapid and brilliant success at the bar. At the early age of thirty-five, he was employed for the government on the important case of Aaron Burr's trial for treason; and though some of the oldest and most eminent lawyers in the United States were his associates, he equalled, if he did not surpass, them all in the display of forensic talent. A severe taste might condemn his speeches as too rhetorical and ambitious, and his flights of imagination as too frequent, for the sober purposes of legal discussion; but he showed also so much argumentative power, knowledge of law, and sagacity in the conduct of the case, as to win the grave approbation of the bench, no less than the applause of the bar, and the shouts of the multitude. The distinction which he acquired in this cause attended him through life, and was fully justified by his subsequent efforts. The politicians endeavored to make a prize of him; he was once chosen, almost without his knowledge, to the legislature of Virginia, and Mr. Jefferson urged him strongly to enter Congress. But fortunately, he had little taste for the wrang-

Reprise des relations diplomatiques entre la Porte et la Russie.

Le différend turco-russe est enfin terminé. Le 31 décembre, M. de Titoff, ambassadeur moscovite s'est rendu chez le grand-visir pour renouer officiellement ses relations avec le Divan. M. de Sturmer, ministre d'Autriche, a commis une faute en n'imitant pas son collègue : il se tient encore à l'écart, attendant des instructions de son gouvernement, sur des points de détail qu'il ne parviendra évidemment pas à emporter, aujourd'hui surtout qu'il se trouve seul et privé de l'appui de la Russie.

Aux termes de l'accord définitif, les sujets russes qui se sont réfugiés sur le territoire ottoman, après les affaires de Hongrie, sont seuls obligés de le quitter. avec passeports turcs, français, anglais, etc., selon le pays où il leur sera permis d'aller.

Les sujets russes qui résidaient en Turquie à un titre quelconque avant ces affaires, continueront à y résider sans autres conditions que celles qu'il plaira à la Porte de fixer.

Quant aux sujets de l'une et l'autre puissance qui se sont faits musulmans, la Porte s'oblige de veiller à ce qu'ils ne puissent rien entreprendre contre la sécurité des deux Etats ; mais ils n'auront d'autre résidence que celle qu'il lui plaira de désigner. Suivant une correspondance anglaise, Bem et douze autre polonais seraient cependant exceptés de cette mesure et devraient être internés sur un point désigné.

La difficulté qui arrête encore une conclusion semblable avec l'Autriche, se rattache à la question d'internement. La Porte en effet consent à éloigner de la frontière un certain nombre de réfugiés désignés nominativement (34, dit-on, en tête desquels figure Kossuth) ; mais l'Autriche voudrait maintenir cette liste ouverte, avec faculté d'y ajouter tels autres noms qu'il lui conviendrait. Elle cèdera sans nul doute à son tour.

« L'Autriche et la Russie, dit à propos de ce dénouement une correspondance, avaient compté sans la France et l'Angleterre ; elles avaient compté sans l'opinion publique, qui s'est révoltée contre leurs exigences ; elles avaient même compté sans la Turquie, qu'elles avaient trouvée toujours si facile, si débonnaire en fait de concessions avant le ministère de la réforme. Tant de prétentions superbes ont été réduites purement et simplement au droit de la Turquie. Rien de plus, rien de moins. »

Disons néanmoins que, dans l'opinion générale, les concessions faites par la Russie en cette circonstance laissent chez elle une arrière-pensée de revanche et de rancune. La nouvelle du prochain départ des escadres anglaise et française a causé une vive sensation, bien que tout soit terminé et que leur présence paraisse désormais inutile dans le Levant.

« Le général Aupick et M. Canning, écrit on le 6 janvier, après avoir conféré ensemble, écrivent à leurs gouvernemens que la présence des flottes n'est plus nécessaire.

« Ces deux diplomates oublient que la Russie garde 35,000 hommes en Moldo-Valachie, sans motif, et contrairement même à la convention de Balta-Liman, et qu'il faudra peut-être, dans deux mois, faire revenir les flottes pour obtenir l'évacuation des Principautés danubiennes.

« La facilité avec laquelle le cabinet de Saint-Pétersbourg a accepté les explications du gouvernement ottoman n'aurait-elle pas dû faire comprendre au général Aupick que la Russie désirait avant tout la retraite des flottes, sauf après à ressaisir dans la question moldo-valaque les avantages de position perdus dans l'affaire des réfugiés ? »

On lit dans le *Daily-News* :

« Nous avons le plaisir d'annoncer que la femme de Kossuth est parvenue à s'enfuir de la Hongrie, et qu'elle est arrivée à Belgrade, d'où elle doit aller à Shumla pour rejoindre son mari.

« Dans quelques jours, les réfugiés qui sont à Schumla quitteront cette ville pour se rendre à Kutaya, lieu de leur résidence. On pense que c'est Ahmed-Effendi qui réglera leur départ en se rendant dans les principautés. »

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Clarence, or a Tale of Our Own Times. By Miss C. M. Sedgwick. Author's Revised Edition. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 515.

The Neighbours, a Story of Every Day Life. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Mary Howitt. Author's Edition, with a New Preface. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 439.

Half Hours with the Best Authors; selected and arranged, with short Biographical and Critical Notices. By Charles Knight. Vols. III. & IV. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo.

The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, including a Variety of Pieces now first collected. By James Prior. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 586.

Poems by Robert Browning. A New Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague. New and Revised Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. p.205.

Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States. By John P. Kennedy. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By David Hume, Esq. To which is prefixed a Short Account of his Life, written by himself. A New Edition, with the Author's Last Corrections and Improvements; to which is added a Complete Index of the Whole Work. Vols III., IV. & V. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1849. 12mo.

The Monuments of Egypt; or, Egypt a Witness for the Bible. By Francis L. Hawks, D. D., LL. D. With Notes of a Voyage up the Nile, by an American. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 8vo. pp 256 & 162.

History of the French Revolution of 1848. By A. de Lamartine. Translated by Francis A. Durivage and William S. Chase. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 245 & 270.

Greenwood Leaves; a Collection of Sketches and Letters. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 406.

Windings of the River of the Water of Life, in the Development, Discipline, and Fruits of Faith. By George B. Cheever, D. D. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 384.

Orations and Occasional Discourses, by George W. Bethune, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 428.

The Canton Chinese, or the American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire. By Osmond Tiffany, Jr. 1850. 12mo. pp. 271.

History of the Siege of Boston, and of the Battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill; also, an Account of Bunker Hill Monument; with Illustrative Documents. By Richard Frothingham, Jr. Boston: Little & Brown. 1849. 8vo. pp. 420.

Journals of the Rev. Thomas Smith and the Rev. Samuel Deane, Pastors of the first Church in Portland; with Notes and Biographical Notices, and a Summary History of Portland. By William Willis. Portland: Joseph S. Bailey. 1849. 8vo. pp. 483.

The Poetical Works of William Motherwell; with a Memoir by James M'Conechy, Esq. Third Edition, greatly enlarged. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1849. 16mo. pp. 433.

The Laird of Logan; or Anecdotes and Tales Illustrative of the Wit and Humor of Scotland. Seventh Thousand. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1845. 16mo. pp. 528.

Whistle-Binkie: a Collection of Songs for the Social Circle. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1846. 24mo. pp. 640.

Songs for the Nursery. Glasgow. David Robertson. 1846. 12mo. pp. 128.

Elements of Moral Science. By Francis Wayland, D. D., President of Brown University. Abridged, and adapted to the Use of Schools and Academies, by the Author. Twenty-sixth Thousand, Revised. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1849. 18mo. pp. 212.

Exercises in Greek Prose Composition, adapted to the First Book of Xenophon's Anabasis. By James R. Boise, Professor of Greek in Brown University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 185.

The Old World, or Scenes and Cities in Foreign Lands. By William Furniss. Accompanied with a Map and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 290.

Quotations of Humor, Wit, and Wisdom. Boston: Nathaniel Dearborn. 1849. 18mo. pp. 280.

The Practical French Teacher; or a New Method of learning to write, read, and speak the French Language. By Norman Pinney, A. M. New York: Huntington & Savage. 1849. 12mo. pp. 400.

Boston Notions; being an Authentic and Concise Account of "that Village" from 1630 to 1837. By Nathaniel Dearborn. Boston: Nathaniel Dearborn. 1848. 16mo. pp. 426.

Reviews and Essays. By E. G. Holland. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 400.

Success in Life. The Merchant. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 188.

Family Pictures from the Bible. By Mrs. Ellet, Author of "Women of the Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 223.

The Progressive French Reader; suited to the Gradual Advancement of Learners generally, and especially adapted to the New Method; with Notes and a Lexicon. By Norman Pinney, A. M. New York: Huntington & Savage. 1850. 12mo. pp. 277.

Poems by John G. Saxe. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1849. 12mo. pp. 130.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Blank Verse. By William Cowper. Edited by Robert Southey, LL. D. With Notes by M. A. Dwight, Author of Grecian and Roman Mythology. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 617.

Saint Leger, or the Threads of Life. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 384.

The King of the Hurons. By the Author of "The First of the Knickerbockers." New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 319.

Mahomet and his Successors. By Washington Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 373.

The Seaside and the Fireside. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 141.

The Birds of Aristophanes; with Notes, and a Metrical Table. By C. C. Felton, Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1849. 12mo. pp. 228.

A Statistical View of the Principal Public Libraries of Europe and America. By Edward Edwards, Esq., of the British Museum. Third Edition. London. 1949. 4to. pp. 48.

Discourse on History as a Branch of the National Literature; delivered before the Belles Lettres Society of Dickinson College. By Job R. Tyson, an Honorary Member. Philadelphia: T. K. & P. G. Collins. 1849. 8vo. pp. 53.

RNING EDITION----TUESDAY

Important Commercial Movements of the Austrian Government.

[From the London Times, Nov. 19.]

The Austrian government has addressed to the other members of the Germanic Confederation, and especially to those States which belong to the Prussian Zollverein, a proposal at once so liberal and so bold, that it gives the most ample proof of the determination of the cabinet of Vienna to turn the late calamitous revolution into the channels of enlightened reform.

can; but his cardinal triumvirate are there, suppressing free opinion, and damaging the cause of liberty to the utmost of their power. Germany lies prostrate at the feet of the great hypocrite of Prussia; and in Prussia itself, the solemn farce of the trials of revolutionists is acting, at once melancholy and disgusting. Mr. Waldeck, the bold and able reformer, after having lain nearly eight months in prison, on the charge of the most seditious designs and practices, has been put upon his trial, and such a tissue of contemptible stuff brought against him as proves that the government is so anxious to trump up a charge against him, that it has exposed itself to the ridicule of the whole public. One Ohm, a carpenter, stands forward as the government witness, with a heap of pretended plots and evidently forged letters, so rhomontading and absurd, that no man in his senses could have listened to them seriously for a moment, had there not been a keen desire to find some cause against the dreaded patrica. The very enemies of the liberal party are ashamed of the affair, and the public predicts that for once M. Waldeck must escape the claws of the black eagle.

Hungary lies in its blood. Haynau reigns there, like Death in the midst of desolation. They who have read the elaborate and unanswerable defence by M. Fulsky, in the *Daily News* of Tuesday, of the late noble-minded Count Batthyani, will turn with renewed regret to the contemplation of that devastated country. All who have read Richard Cobden's excellent letter to Dr. Bach, the Austrian Minister, will feel how exactly Austria is now where England was 160 years ago, under the most bigotted and cold-blooded monarch that ever sat upon the throne of these kingdoms. Such is the effect of the policy of Metternich and the Jesuits, that Austria is more than a century and a half behind the rest of Europe in civilization. The land of soft pleasure, the walls of whose capital are generally covered with placards of every possible amusement, has proved itself the land of the most cruel and bloody spirit, at once the most effeminate and most sanguinary nation in Europe.

Over Germany and Austria the friends of rational

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BU[illegible]TON'S THEATRE, Chambers street—HEARTS AN[illegible] TRU[illegible]—SERIOUS FAMILY.

NA[illegible]IONAL THEATRE, Chatham square—F[illegible] GU[illegible]—ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER—HAPPIEST DAY O[illegible] LIFE—

OL[illegible]MPIC THEATRE, Broadway—CINDERELLA—CROWN PRI[illegible]—TELEMACHUS—PROMISSORY NOTE.

CHRISTY'S OPERA HOUSE—ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.

STUYVESANT INSTITUTE—VANDENHOFF'S READINGS OF SHAKSPEARE.

AMERICAN MUSEUM—AMUSING PERFORMANCES EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

CHINESE BUILDINGS.—PANORAMA OF THE NILE.

CIRCUS, Astor Place—EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES.

New York, Tuesday, December 11, 1849.

they brought here. Conversation News. told me that the offers to induce them ... Islamism were very pressing. Bem wished them to ... our ... a military colony on the Lower Danube, which he offered to organize. Candia was also proposed to those who did not like the Danube, with two chifliks to each officer; but of the force of 3,540 Hungarians, 900 Poles, and 300 Italians, only 240 embraced Islamism, mostly Russian Poles, who preferred anything to Siberia. One poor devil, to whom the knout was more formidable than the terrors of Munker and Nekur, was one day unconsciously eating a piece of Bologna sausage, when a Turk, by a sharp box in the ear, which knocked his cap off his head, reminded him of his new faith. Kossuth, it appears, had shaved off his large beard, so as to be scarcely recognizable. He was always in good spirits, and killed time with cards, which, after so active a life, hung heavy in a place like Widdin.

The war is ended, but it will be long before the Banat recovers itself, in consequence of the *bellum in bello* of race against race, in addition to that of the large armies. I have seen several villages, a mile and a mile and a half in length, with every house and farm yard a prey to the flames, and yet here the inhabitants have again begun to dwell. Necessity is the mother of invention, and one cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which the black rafters of out-houses have been used, along with branches of trees, remains of agricultural implements, and straw, to construct roofs. As for windows, they are not to be thought of; but how the poor creatures are to hold out the winter cold, I cannot conceive. In spite of the bombardment of Temesvar, the opera is re opened, and Donizetti's "Bellisario" is to be given this evening, for the benefit of the town hospital. Success attend it.

It is stated that despatches have been received at Constantinople, announcing that the Emperor of Russia will be satisfied with the safe keeping of the Hungarian and Polish refugees by the Porte until they can

Sandwich Island Princes.

We learn that the Doctor, with his youthful companions, will set sail from New York on Wednesday, in the steamer for Liverpool. After spending a short time in England, and viewing its curiosities and antiquities, they will proceed to France, spend some time perhaps in Paris, and then proceed to some other countries of Europe—Italy, and Spain.

The determination to sail thus immediately for England is quite sudden, as it had been till yesterday the intention of the Doctor to go on to Washington City. He proposes, however, on account of the young princes being quite unprepared for the severities of a winter in Washington, (where the bleak winds and beating snows render the cold almost as intense as it can be in Siberia,) to hasten on to to milder climates for the present winter, and returning in the early summer months, to give them a longer view of our eastern country, at a more genial and pleasing season. This arrangement will be the more suitable, as we are informed that the official business on which Dr Judd left his Majesty the King, whose Prime Minister he is, for this country, has already been satisfactorily settled with Commissioner James, whom the Doctor met for that purpose at San Francisco, the capital of what we may soon, if not now already, call the great State of California.

In speaking of these Princes of the Sandwich Islands,

Vera, Philadelphia.

Brig Alexander Millikan, St Martin's, 20th ult. *Left barks Piedmont, for New York, in four days; Cabarga, for New Orleans, same day; brigs Heraclie, for New York, two days;* J M Clayton, do do; J R Daw, for Boston, do.

Brigs Sapex, Savannah; Benj Franklin, *Baltimore;* T P Perkins, Philadelphia; schs Mary, Anguilla; Rebecca, Petersburgh; John Compton, Baltimore; Bravo, Corene; Oregon and Leander, Albany; Richmond, Hero and O L, New York; Wm Clark, New York; Albany, Detroit, and Augusta, Albany.

Cleared—Ships Aldebaran, East India; Charlemagne, New Orleans; Huguenot, Mobile; barks Bay State, Baltimore; Delaware, Philadelphia; Acelia Rogers, do; brig Pulaski, Mobile; sch Rusk, Aux Cayes.

NEWBURYPORT, Dec 8.

Sailed—Schr Edwin, St Jago.

SALEM Dec 9.

Sailed—Schr Billow, from Manchester, for California.

NEW BEDFORD, Dec 8.

Arrived—Schr Lucy Ann, Philadelphia; sloop Republic, New York.

Sailed—Schr Sarah, New York.

PROVIDENCE, Dec 8.

Arrived—Schrs Leander, B A West, Orion, Norwich, and Americus, Albany; sloops Arion and F Brown, New York.

Sailed—Brig Richmond, Havana; schs H Jones, F F Randolph, Philadelphia; Enterprise, New York.

9th—Arrived—Schr Cornia, Albany.

Sailed—Sloops Rhode Island and Charles, New York.

City Intelligence.

TREMENDOUS UPROAR IN THE PARK—THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE ENTERED BY BURGLARS—INDICTMENTS AND OTHER IMPORTANT PAPERS STOLEN.

Great consternation was experienced yesterday morning, by the District Attorney and the police department, on the discovery that the office of the District Attorney

Putnam's Remainder Catalogue.

A

CHEAP LIST OF VALUABLE BOOKS,

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN,

Many of which are offered at one-half the original price.

By G. P. PUTNAM, 155 Broadway, N. Y.,

Importer for the Trade and Public Institutions.

N. B. As there are but single copies of most of the books, early orders are desirable.

Adams (Rev. Ja's).—Elements of Moral Philosophy. Roy. 8vo. cloth. $3, for $1 50. N. Y. 1837.

Adams's Illustrated and Descriptive Guide to the Watering Places of England. 12mo. cloth. Map and woodcuts. 50 cts. Lond. 1848.

Æschilii Tragœdiæ ex Editione Thom. Stanleii accedunt var. lect. notæ &c. S. Butleri. 6 vols 8vo. cloth. $6. Cantab. 1836.

Akerman's (J. Y.) Coins of the Romans relating to Britain, described and illustrated. 8vo. cloth. Plate. $1 75. Lond. 1849.

Akerman's (J. Y.) Introduction to the Study of Ancient and Modern Coins. 12mo. cloth. $1 63. Lond. 1848.

Andryane (A.)—Memoirs of a Prisoner of State. Translated by F. Prandi. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth. $5, for $2 25. Lond. 1842.

A New Collection of Enigmas, Charades, Transpositions, &c. 12mo. cloth. 50 cts. Lond. 1810.

Animal Biography; consisting of singular and interesting Narratives and Anecdotes. 8vo. boards. $1 50. Lond. 1840.

Animals in Menageries described and illustrated. 3 vols. 12mo. cloth. Woodcuts. $3 75, for $2. Lond. 1846.

Anstey's New Bath Guide. Illustrated by Cruikshank and Williams. 12mo. cloth. Woodcuts. $1. Lond. 1830.

Anthon (Cha's A.)—Pilgrimage to Treves, &c. 12mo. cloth. 50 cts. N. Y. 1845.

Archæologie Chrétienne ou Precis de l'Histoire des Monuments Religieux. Cr. 8vo. roan gilt. $2 50. Tours, 1844.

Aristotle.—A New Translation of the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. 8vo. half cloth. $1 50. Oxford, 1846.

Arrian's Voyage round the Euxine Sea. Translated. 4to. boards. Maps and Plate. $5, for $2 50. Oxford, 1805.

Backwoods of Canada; with an Account of the Country of the Oregon. 12mo. cloth. 63 cts. Lond. 1846.

Baptistery (The); or, the Way of Eternal Life. 8vo. cloth. $3 75, for $2 75. Oxford, 1846.

Barham (W.)—Descriptions of Niagara; selected from various Travellers, with original Additions. 8vo. cloth. Plates. $3, for $1 50. Gravesend.

Beattie (James)—Poetical Works of; with a Memoir of the Author. 12mo. boards. 63 cts. N. Y.

Bethune (G. W.)—Lays of Love and Faith; with other Fugitive Poems. 8vo cloth gilt. $1 50. Phila. 1848.

Bernan (W.)—On the History and Art of Warming and Ventilating Rooms and Open Buildings by Open Fires. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth. 240 woodcuts. $2 75. Lond. 1848.

Biographies of Eminent Men in Literature, Arts, and Arms, from the Thirteenth Century. 4 vols 12mo. cloth. Portraits. $2 50. Lond.

Blessington (Countess of).—The Confessions of an Elderly Lady. Cr. 8vo. cloth. 8 beautifully engraved portraits. $3, for $1 25. Lond. 1838.

Blind Girl (The), and other Poems. By Frances Jane Crosby, a pupil at the New-York Institution for the Blind. 12mo. cloth. 37 cts. N. Y. 1844.

Book of the Poets, from Chaucer to Beattie. 8vo. cloth. Engravings. $5, for $2. Lond. 1842.

Bourasse (M. l'Abbe J. J.)—Du Symbolisme dans les Eglises du Moyen Age. Cr. 8vo. roan gilt. Plates. $2 50. Tours, 1847.

Bourienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte. 4 vols. 8vo. cloth. Portrait. $6. Lond. 1836.

Bourne (Vincent).—Poetical Works, Latin and English. 18mo. cloth. 75 cts. Cambridge, 1838.

Bradford's Wonders of the Heavens; being a Popular View of Astronomy, including a full Illustration of the Mechanism of the Heavens. 4to. half bound. Fine plates. $7 50, for $5. Boston, 1845.

Bradshaw's Journal; a Miscellany of Literature Science, and Art. Royal 8vo. cloth. Plates. $1 50. Lond. 1842.

Bremer (F.)—The H—— Family, Tralinnan, Axel and Anna, and other Tales. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth. $6 25, for $2 50. Lond. 1844.

British Almanac and Companion, for 1845 and 1846. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth. $1 25, for 50 cts. each. Lond. 1846.

Brougham's (Lord) Dialogues on Instinct; with an Analytical View of the Researches of Fossil Osteology. 18mo. cloth. 38 cts. Lond. 1844.

Browne (Sir Tho's)—Works of; including his unpublished Correspondence and a Memoir. Edited by Simon Wilkin. Large paper, 4 vols. royal 8vo. cloth. Portrait. $12. Lond. 1846.

Burns (Jabez).—Sketches of Sermons designed for Special Occasions. 12mo. cloth. $1 50. Lond. 1846.

Butler (Mrs.)—A Year of Consolation. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth. $6, for $2. Lond. 1847.

Buttman (P.)—Greek Grammar, for the use of Schools. 8vo. sheep. $1. Boston, 1826.

Byron's (Lord) Giaour and Bride of Abydos 18mo. cloth, gilt leaves. 50 cts. Lond. 1842.

From Constantinople.—Appeal in Behalf of the Hungarian Refugees.

It has been said that the Refugees have not been kindly received among the Moslems. The following extract from the forthcoming number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* abundantly proves the contrary. The correspondent of that periodical in Constantinople writes to its Editor as follows:

"As the Hungarians had, and still have, many sympathizers in the United States, I thought it might be agreeable to learn how they could assist them. You have no idea of the distress which political troubles have brought upon these poor people. Many of those here are men of family and fortune in their own land; and, *although Mussulman charity and benevolence puts Christendom to the blush*, Turkey offers but few resources by which they can procure a subsistence. The officer and the soldier have found home and service in Turkish houses, but many are still houseless. I presume many Hungarians will reach the United States, for which they have a strong predilection. The 'Appeal' is to the philanthropic in favor of the political refugees at Constantinople by a committee of the most respectable merchants resident there. It is translated from the *Journal de Constantinople* of the 29th of November:

'If, under the existing circumstances of the present day, distress and want are greatly felt by the political refugees in this city, still greater are the hearts of those who are alive to the noblest emotions of benevolence. In the presence of the total deprivation which the rigors of the season are about to increase, who will be insensible to the sufferings of the helpless? What hand can remain closed against them by selfishness? Mutually bound together by a common feeling of commiseration toward those unfortunate men, we come forward also to propose a means of rendering that sentiment active and efficacious, by opening a subscription in favor of all those persons who have found a refuge on the hospitable soil of Turkey.

"Their wants baffle and surpass the resources of private charity; and it is only a collective benevolence which can meet and relieve them. The little offering of each one is like those drops of fine rain which, infinitely multiplied, fall with generous influence upon the parched and arid surface of the earth.

"Here political opinions have no part. We disdain so injurious a suspicion, and reject it upon whoever shall venture to conceive or to express it. Has not Humanity a paramount duty with man in the misfortunes of his fellow-creature? And before giving the morsel of bread to the famished, or bestowing the garment upon the shivering, must he seek first to learn by what blow the sufferer has been disabled, or by what weapon the wound has been laid bare? Humanity! that virtue which is offered to each son of the common parent, God, and of that common country, the earth; thou alone sufficest us in our love for our fellow mortal, and presidest us forward to his rescue when in distress!

"This noble and true sentiment will be that of all those who enjoy the tranquillity and good order which characterize the Government of His Majesty, Sultan ABD-EL-MEJID.

"Difference of race, of color, or of faith, will make none in the hearts of all those who are created of one type, and are carried forward toward the commission of the same act of benevolence.

"In closing the present appeal to the generous and the benevolent, the undersigned announce that they have formed themselves into a Committee for the purpose of collecting offerings in behalf of those political refugees now suffering from want in Constantinople.

"They call upon all those whose hearts are open to the commission of good deeds, for whatever they may be pleased to give; and in this they believe may be included all the inhabitants of this Empire, without distinction of faith or nationality.

"Signed by J. H. BLACK, Treasurer.
"DAVID GLAVANY, CH. HANSON,
"P. DURAN, CH. EDE,
"EUG. BOIE."

CITY ITEMS.

an historical [illegible]
Lond. 1844.

Das Dritte teyl des allten Testaments—Martini Luther. Small folio, morocco, old style. Very rare. $5. Wittemberg, 1524.

Dawes (R.)—Miscellanea Critica in Sectiones quinque Disjecta. 8vo. calf. (With autograph of Thomas Campbell, the poet.) $1 25. Cantab. 1745.

Dennis (J.)—The Cid. A short Chronicle, founded on the early Poetry of Spain. 18mo. cloth. 38 cts. Lond. 1845.

De Quincy (M. Q.)—An Essay on the Nature, the End, and the Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts. 8vo. half calf, neat. $2 25. Lond. 1837.

List of Valuable Books.

Description and History of Vegetable Substances used in the Arts and in Domestic Economy, Trees, Fruits and Fruits. 12mo. cloth. 63 cts. [illegible]

Destutt (M. Comte de Tracy).—Elémens de Idéology. 4 vols. 8vo. paper. $4 50, for $3. Paris, 1817.

Diary of the Life and Times of George IV. By Lady C. Bury, Miss Sheridan, and John Sait. 4 vols. 12mo. $10, for $4 75. Lond. 1838.

Discussion (The); or, the Character, Education, Prerogatives, and Moral Influence of Woman. Fine cloth. 50 cts. Boston, 1837.

Distinction: a Tale. By the author of the Baroness. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. cloth. $4 50, for $1 50. Lond. 1835.

Dodd (C. R.)—The Annual Biography: being Lives of Eminent or Remarkable Persons who have died within the year 1842. 12mo. cloth. $2 50, for $1. Lond. 1843.

Duncan (W.)—Select Orations of Cicero: with Notes. 8vo. cloth. $1 75. Oxford, 1841.

Duncan (J.)—The Dukes of Normandy, from the Time of Rollo to the Expulsion of King John by Philip Augustus. 12mo. cloth. $1 50, for $1. Lond. 1839.

Dyer and Color (The) Makers' Companion. New cloth. $1. Lond.

Edgeworth's (M.) Castle Rackrent, and Irish Bulls. 12mo. mor. gilt, gilt edges. $2, for $1 50. Lond. 1832.

Edwards (Pres. Jonathan)—Treatise concerning Religious Affections. 18mo. silk. $1 25 for $1. Lond.

Elephant (The)—Principally viewed in Relation to Man. 18mo. cloth, woodcuts. 50 cts. Lond. 1844.

Elliot (J.)—Diplomatic Code of the United States of America. 8vo sheep. $3. Washington. 1827.

Evangiles (Les) de Notre Seigneur Jésus Christ. Selon S. Matthieu, S. Marc, S. Luc, S. Jean. Traduction de Le Maistre de Sacy. Roy. 8vo. hf mor. gilt. $6 50, for $4. Paris, 1837.

Faust, a Tragedy by J. W. Goethe. Part II. Translated into English Verse. 12mo. cth. $1. Lond. 1841.

Ficlite (J. G.)—Memoirs of, by William Smith. 2nd edition. post 8vo cloth. $1 25. Lond. 1845.

Finlay (G.)—Greece under the Romans, a Historical View of the Condition of the Greek Nation from 146 B.C. to A.D. 717. 8vo. $4 25 for $2 25. Lond. 1844.

Florian (Œuvres de). 13 vols. 8vo. hf calf, neat. With a portrait and 24 engravings. $15. Paris, 1827.

Footprints, or Fugitive Poems. 12mo. bds. 37 cts. Phila. 1843.

Foreign Quarterly Review. 35 vols. 8vo. hf calf, neat. (a fine set.) $40. Lond. 1827-44.

Gallatin (A.)—The Right of the United States of America to the North Eastern Boundary claimed by them, &c. 8vo. cloth. $1 25, for 50 cts. N. Y. 1840.

German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories; as told by Gammer Grethel. Translated by Edgar Taylor, with woodcuts by George Cruikshank. 12mo. cloth. $1 25. Lond. 1846.

Gervais (M. P.)—Atlas de Zoologie in Collection de 100 Planches, Comprenant 257 Figures. royal 8vo. half bound, colored plates. $8 50. Paris, 1844.

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Laing (Sam'l)—National Distress, its Causes and Remedies, (the Atlas Prize Essay for £100). 8vo. cloth. 50 cts. Lond. 1844.

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Interview Between the Hungarian Refugees and General Taylor.

Several of the Hungarian refugees, ex-Governor Ujhazi, Col. Pragay, Major General Dambourghy, Count Wass, Capt. Oswell, Theodore Ujhazi and Capt. Waise, were presented to Gen. Taylor, on the 15th inst. The following is the speech of ex-Governor Ujhazi on the occasion, and reply of Gen. Taylor:—

Mr. President—I have attained at last the most desirable moment of my life, the honor of standing before the chief magistrate of the freest and most glorious of nations; before its elect one, whose majesty is not radiating from a jewelled crown, but in whom, by the confidence of his fellow citizens, the power, the honor, the humanity of that great nation are centred; for one hour of your efficiency for the good of mankind surpasses that of a whole life of the so-called rulers of other nations. Behold me, sir, in your presence, with some of my unfortunate fellow refugees, a fragment of the Hungarian struggle for liberty, nationality and progress. We present ourselves to you with the more confidence of a kind reception, as you had the benevolence of expressing, in your reply to my letter, that you "but speak the universal sentiments of your countrymen in bidding me and my associates a cordial welcome to your soil, the natural asylum of the oppressed from every clime." You offer us protection and a free participation in the benefits of your institutions and laws, and trust that we may find in America a second home. Please to receive our warmest thanks for the hospitality of these United States thus offered to us. We have already been cheered with many and great acts of sympathy from your fellow citizens; corporations and societies, as well as individuals, have vied with each other in tokens of brotherly love towards us. They have poured a healing balm in the wounds of our hearts; although the simple grasp of the hand of an American freeman be in itself more worth than many favors that are bestowed in the Old World. We came hither, prompted to do so by a presentiment of cordial welcome, and with the intention of paying to you, and through you to the whole people of these United States, the homage of our deepest respect and admiration. Mr President, be pleased to receive for yourself and for your great and noble country the assurance that we are unable to utter in words all that we feel of love and gratitude. We beg leave, at the same time, to put ourselves, and all our fellow-sufferers who may follow us hither, under the broad shield of this powerful Union, for protection and participation in the blessings which Divine Providence has showered upon it. As a feeble representation of the Hungarian people, and in the name of human liberty, we lay ourselves on the bosom of this free and humane nation, the pulsations of whose heart in favor of humanity at large, and of our cause especially, we have already felt while yet beyond the Atlantic. It is our most ardent desire to render ourselves worthy of the benevolence shown to us. Our happiness at feeling ourselves surrounded by our American friends is, however, much alloyed by the bitter grief at not seeing all our unhappy countrymen in the enjoyment of the same good fortune. How enviable is our lot, compared with theirs! We, therefore, must humbly pray to God to grant them a speedy and safe deliverance from their present thraldom. We feel it to be our first duty to raise our feeble voice in their behalf. We trust that we shall be excused for allowing ourselves to make a most humble appeal to the people and government of these United States to use their powerful intercession with the Sublime Porte, in a manner which they may deem proper, in order to obtain the liberation of Kossuth and of all his fellow-refugees, that they may be able to come to those hospitable shores and to become partakers in all and every bounty which may be granted to us. I beg leave, on my own part to say that the moral death of such a man as Kossuth would be a loss to humanity—to general liberty. Sir, President, please to allow me the honor of handing to you, on this occasion, the present letter of introduction, and accept the expression of the greatest respect from your most humble servants and future fellow-citizens, the Hungarian delegation.

To which the President replied as follows:—

Governor:—It is with feelings of sincere pleasure that I welcome you, and those around you, to the capital of these United States. During your noble and valiant struggle for liberty, no people have watched the progress of the Hungarian cause with more solicitude than those of this Union. Wherever the standard of liberty is raised, there will be the aspirations of the American people. They participated in the hopes with which the contest for the national independence of Hungary opened, and to its close your countrymen commanded their whole sympathy. Though it is no part of the policy of the United States to meddle with the affairs and conflicts of European nations, yet had Hungary succeeded in establishing her independence, we would have been the first to welcome her into the family of nations. As it is, her sons, and the oppressed of every land, will here find the same protection which we ourselves enjoy. Here your rights, and liberty of religion will be respected, and unmolested. I partake of the regret you express because Kossuth and his distinguished associates are not with you. I hope they will yet reach our shores in safety; and that those of your families, relatives, and friends you have been compelled to leave behind, will join you in the land of free institutions. Here, I trust, you and they will forget much of the hardships and trials you have gone through, in the enjoyment of the liberties and blessings of a new home. You are all welcome. I speak the sentiments of our whole people in bidding you God speed!

Truth, Style, and Importance of the Holy Bible. 12mo. cloth. $1. Lond. 1838

Paley (W.)—Natural Theology, with Notes, by Henry Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell. 4 vols. 18mo. $1 25 for $1. Lond. 1840.

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Poetarum Scenicorum Græcorum, Æschyli, Sophocles, Euripides, et Aristophanes ex recensione G. Dindorfii. Royal 8vo. cloth. $5. Oxon. 1846.

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Porter's Principles of Textual Criticism with fac-similes of Biblical Documents. 8vo. cloth, plates. $4 25 for $3. Lond. 1848.

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Waagen (Dr.)—Peter Paul Rubens; His Life and Genius. Translated by R. R. Noel. sq. 8vo. cloth. $2 for $1 25. Lond. 1840.

Wieland's (C. M.) Sammtliche Werke Herausgegeben von T. G. Grubner. 27 vols. sm. 4to. hf bd. $28 for $14. Leipsig, 1824.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Calumnies against Kossuth. — This letter has been addressed by Colonel Asboth to the 'Times:'—Sir, — Your paper, of which only accumulated numbers occasionally reach us, contains unfounded imputations on the Hungarian refugees, and in particular on the late President Governor of Hungary. As having been, during several months, and up to the present time, attached to, and never separated from, the person of M. Kossuth, and as being perhaps as cognizant as himself of his private transactions and affairs, I am enabled circumstantially to refute the charges to which you have attempted to give currency. Being the only person, beside Count Casimir Batthyani, who accompanied him when he retired from Arad, I consider myself so far implicated in your general remarks as to feel entitled to claim the insertion in your columns of the facts which constitute that refutation. On the 13th of September M. Kossuth, having conditionally delegated the powers of government, with which he had been invested by the Diet, to Georgey, quitted Arad. He had then 1,000 ducats (less than 500*l.*) in his possession. At Maria-radna we were met by M. Duschek, the Finance Minister, who asked his instructions as to the disposal of 90 cwt. of gold and silver ingots, valued at 5,000,000 florins, nearly 500,000*l.* of your English money. M. Kossuth had then due to him upwards of 33,000 florins, being two months' arears of the salary awarded to him by the Diet. The State was at the same time indebted to Count Casimir Batthyani in nearly the full amount of his salary since he had been Minister, besides 42,000 florins advanced to the Treasury out of his private purse. M. Kossuth sent this treasure back untouched to Arad for public purposes, ordering M. Duschek only to pay over out of the arrears due to him as President-Governor 5,000 florins to the account of his mother. The 1,000 ducats which M. Kossuth took with him from Arad had been diminished by various expenses, mostly of a public nature, to less than half by the time he reached the Turkish frontier; and this sum, together with a small travelling bag, was all the property with which the late President-Governor of Hungary entered Widdin. As to the crown of Hungary, it was sealed up by a committee of the Diet, and delivered into the charge of the responsible Minister, who duly provided for its safety. I can solemnly aver, to the best of my belief and knowledge, that the President-Governor never saw it in his life These, Sir, are the facts to which, as a gentleman, I pledge my word of honour. They will, I think, dispose of the calumnies by which, wittingly or unwittingly, you have allowed your columns to be disgraced. To the correspondent or correspondents—your authority—I cannot even extend the benefit of this alternative indulgence. I cannot believe that their calumnies were forged even at Pesth or Vienna, because Kossuth's Austrian enemies would assuredly have framed some scandal more plausible than a charge of which his whole life had been a glaring refutation. Everybody in Hungary knows that M. Kossuth's disregard of his personal interests induced several proprietors and magnates to propose, even before he was yet a member of the Diet, endowing him with considerable estates. Everybody knows that M. Kossuth refused this honourable testimonial, as well as, on all other occasions, the frequent offers made by his political admirers and friends to compensate the injury to his private affairs occasioned by the exclusive dedication of his time and talent to the public interests. The Parliamentary transactions of a more recent period show with how much difficulty he was induced, as President-Governor of Hungary, to accept the salary of 200,000 florins voted to him by the Diet; and the whole of Hungary is aware how large—how inconsiderably large I may venture to remark—was the proportion of this salary spent in charities. I am a soldier, not a penman, Sir, and can therefore only call on your anonymous informant or informants to come forth, that I may fling by name the falsehood in their teeth. At the same time you must understand that, as I am yielding to a purely personal impulse, the publication of this letter can form no impediment to such legal steps as the late President-Governor, on his arrival in England, may think fit, in vindication of his character, to take against yourself, as the responsible circulator of such calumnious aspersions.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, **Alexander Asboth**, Lieutenant-Colonel, Adjutant-General to the ex-President-Governor of Hungary.—Widdin, Nov. 1.

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The Hungarian Exiles.

New York, Dec. 29, 1849.

To Ladislaus Ujhazy, late Governor of Comorn.

Dear Sir:—I avail myself of the earliest moment, on my returning health, to address you, inasmuch as it was not in my power to meet you, and greet you on your arrival, as I had greatly desired. Though I anticipate that such a meeting would be a pleasure, yet it would give occasion to feelings of a saddening nature, for I cannot evermore banish the reflection that you was so recently wrestling with the enemies of liberty in your own native Hungary; that you was so recently battling with the tyrant's power; and that so recently in your last great, sad extremity, you was driven with whirlwind violence from most of your beloved friends and home.

But you have this consolation, that in seeking a refuge from such scenes, you have at length, reached a land where liberty lives and dwells; where the very soil spurns the tyrant's tread, and the oppressor's arm has no power to harm. You may now exclaim, O, Liberty! here is thy home! This is truly the asylum of the oppressed.

We take pleasure in assuring you that we sympathize with you. We welcome you, the whole American people welcome you, and we most sincerely and heartily invite you to a full participation of all the blessings of liberty and independence which we ourselves enjoy.

Ours is an extended and wide spread country, and in the delightful regions that lie towards the setting sun, there is space and verge enough not only for us but the tried millions whom you have left behind. There they may enjoy all the blessings of freedom, with none to molest or make afraid; there they may possess beautiful fields and forests in perpetual peace and happiness and there they and their descendants may fill the sweet valleys with the songs of liberty till ages have mingled their memories with those of the just and of the free.

Allow me now, through you, to offer to your friends and companions in misfortune, my deepest sympathies, and at the same time to cheer them with the prospect of a speedy and happy realization of all their hopes and anticipations under the free institutions and laws of their newly chosen country

I am, with great respect, your very obedient serv't,

CALEB S. WOODHULL,

Mayor of the city of New York.

The following answer has been handed to the Mayor by L. B. Breissach:—

New York, January, 1850.

To Hon Caleb S Woodhull,

Mayor of the city of New York.

Sir: The friendly welcome, arising from the fullness of a noble heart, which you so kindly sent to my dear comrades of the Hungarian emigration and myself, has moved our warmest feelings. You have poured balm into the wounds inflicted by wanton tyranny.

It excites one of the bitterest emotions of the human heart to be forced to leave the graves of our ancestors and all the monuments of a national existence that has endured for a thousand years; but, if there is any emotion which can equal the love and fond memory of one's country, it is the warm feeling of gratitude for proofs of sympathy.

Your kind letter has awakened such a feeling in its full force in my companions and myself

We know how to honor these friendly expressions which have their origin in the nobleness of our soul, and proceed from a man who has been chosen by the confidence of the citizens of the first city in the Union to be their chief magistrate.

Any words of gratitude that I could utter would be but poor interpreters of our feelings, and I can only say that your letter will ever remain in our memories.

We have indeed been driven by a wild tempest from our unhappy country, but after the storm, more fortunate than many a poor mariner, we find ourselves not merely on a shore of safety but in a haven of brotherly friendship and hospitality.

We came hither inspired with warm admiration for the free and grand institutions of this glorious country - a country, as you tell us, whose fertile plains can still furnish room for countless millions; and as we will not spare our strength to obtain, by a laborious life, that independence which is the first want of man, we have only a cheerful future before us and we all join in the cry—Man's true country is that where freedom is!

I am heartily rejoiced to learn that your health is restored, and I take the occasion to request you to appoint a time when I may have the opportunity of expressing my regard in person; with the assurances of which, meantime, I remain your obedient servant

LADISLAUS UJHAZY.

his and in the name and behalf of his companions

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l Books, in every Department of Literature, is now in supplied gratis on application.

Une lettre de Klapka.—Intégrité de Kossuth.

Le *Times*, organe du torysme anglais, a lancé dans ces derniers tems à diverses reprises de graves accusations contre les Hongrois. La défaite ne les a pas mis à l'abri de la calomnie: la cruauté des héros Maggyares et la probité du chef illustre qui les inspiraient, ont été tour-à-tour mis en question. Le vaillant défenseur de Comorn, le général Klapka, s'est chargé de faire justice de la première assertion; voici la lettre qu'il a adressée au *Times*:

« Monsieur, M. Charles Heinzen, qui, dit-on, est un radical allemand, a récemment prétendu, dans une lettre accueillie par votre feuille si répandue, que *les Hongrois avaient pendu et fusillé des milliers de réactionnaires.*

« Je n'aurais pas songé à répliquer à cette assertion de M. Heinzen, si vous n'aviez fait de sa lettre et d'une autre communication postérieure de la même personne, l'objet d'un premier article dans le *Times* d'aujourd'hui. Cette circonstance m'engage à en appeler à vous-même en faveur de ma noble et malheureuse patrie, et d'une cause qui est restée pure, et que n'a point souillée une inutile effusion de sang.

« Si M. Heinzen veut dire que nos soldats ont tué des milliers de leurs ennemis autrichiens et russes dans un combat loyal, dans les retranchemens des forteresses et sur les champs de bataille que vous connaissez, il a dit vrai, mais il s'est mal expliqué.

« Si, au contraire, M. Heinzen veut dire que des adversaires de notre cause ont été fusillés ou pendus par voie de persécution publique ou privée; s'il veut dire que nous avons poursuivi et tué des hommes pour leurs opinions politiques, je repousse avec indignation une accusation qui, si elle ne repose pas sur la plus grossière ignorance des faits, dénote, permettez-moi de le dire, une situation d'esprit que je m'abstiens de qualifier.

« Sans doute, nous avons eu à déplorer quelques excès isolés. Dans quelques districts mixtes, les Hongrois ont été persécuteurs et quelquefois aussi persécutés. Mais ces excès ont toujours été sévèrement réprimés par nos autorités civiles et militaires.

« Pendant la guerre, nous avons fait des milliers de prisonniers, dont aucun n'a été pendu. Même quand les Autrichiens eurent fait exécuter quelques Hongrois tombés entre leurs mains, nous dédaignâmes d'imiter leurs cruautés, bien qu'alors deux généraux, quinze officiers d'état-major, trois cents officiers et quinze mille soldats fussent en notre pouvoir et vécussent à nos dépens. Aucun de ces prisonniers n'a eu à se plaindre de mauvais traitemens de notre part.

« Dans les dernières semaines du siége de Cormorn, quand déjà nos chefs étaient prisonniers des Autrichiens, et que quelques-uns avaient été fusillés à Arad, les Hongrois de la forteresse firent prisonnier le prince de Cobourg-Cohary, né Hongrois et officier dans l'armée autrichienne.

« Le prince ayant fait observer qu'une détention dans l'intérieur de la forteresse ruinerait à jamais sa santé, on le remit en liberté, lui Hongrois et officier autrichien, et on lui permit de retourner à Vienne au sein de sa famille.

« Voilà ce que j'avais à répondre aux assertions de M. Charles Heinzen, qui, par sa conduite en ces derniers temps, s'est acquis des titres incontestables à la reconnaissance du prince Schwartzemberg.

« Je suis, etc.,

« *Général* KLAPKA. »

ALLEGED CRUELTIES OF THE HUNGARIANS.—General Klapka has addressed a letter to the editor of the 'Times,' on the subject of a statement lately made by M. Heinzen, that "the Hungarians had hanged and shot thousands of Reactionaries." General Klapka asserts that if this statement means that any opponents of the Hungarian cause were either shot or hanged by means of private or public persecution—if it means to say that the Hungarians were guilty of prosecuting and killing people for their political opinions, he gives an indignant denial to the charge. In the course of the war, he adds, the Hungarians made thousands of prisoners, but none of them were either hanged or shot, and if the Austrians executed some Hungarians who fell into their hands they scorned to imitate that cruelty, though upwards of 300 officers and 15,000 Austrian privates were living on their resources. General Klapka says in conclusion: In the very last week of the siege of Comorn, when our chiefs were already prisoners in the hands of the Austrians, and when some of them were shot at Arad, the Hungarians from the fortress captured Prince Coburg Cohary, a native of Hungary and a major in the Austrian army. On the representations of the Prince that to be a captive in Comorn would irremediably ruin his health, this native of Hungary, and an Austrian officer, was allowed to go at large, and to rejoin his family at Vienna.

L'accusation personnelle à Kossuth a été rélevée avec beaucoup d'énergie par le lieutenant-colonel Alexandre Asboth, aide-de-camp de l'ancien dictateur. Cet officier écrit de Widdin au journal anglais :

« Monsieur, votre journal contient, dans plusieurs de ses numéros, des accusations non fondées contre les réfugiés hongrois en général, et contre M. Kossuth en particulier.

« Comme attaché depuis plusieurs mois et encore aujourd'hui même à la personne de M. Kossuth, et connaissant aussi bien que lui-même ses actes et ses relations, je suis à même de réfuter point par point les accusations auxquelles vous avez voulu donner cours.

« Le 13 septembre, M. Kossuth quitta Arad, après avoir délégué conditionnellement au général Gœrgey les pouvoirs dont la Diète l'avait investi. Il avait alors en sa possession 1,000 ducats (12,000 fr. environ). A Mariadna, nous rencontrâmes le ministre des finances, M. Duscheck, qui demanda au président ses instructions pour disposer de 90 quintaux d'or et d'argent représentant 5 millions de florins (13 millions de francs environ).

« Il était dû alors à M. Kossuth 33,600 florins sur son traitement. L'Etat, au même moment, devait au comte Batthiany, qui accompagnait M. Kossuth, tout son traitement, en outre des 42,000 florins qu'il avait avancés lui-même au Trésor.

« M. Kossuth n'en envoya pas moins à Arad le Trésor intact, donnant seulement à Duscheck l'ordre de payer, sur l'arriéré qui lui était dû, 5,000 florins à sa mère.

« Les 1,000 ducats que M. Kossuth avait emportés d'Arad ont servi à payer différentes dépenses, principalement d'intérêt général, et il ne lui en restait pas la moitié quand il passa la frontière turque ; cette somme avec une petite malle, est le seul bien qui restât à l'ex-président, gouverneur de la Hongrie, à son entrée à Widdin.

« Quant à la couronne de Hongrie, elle a été placée sous le sceau d'un comité de la Diète et remise à un ministre chargé, sous sa responsabilité de la mettre en lieu sûr. Je puis ajouter qu'il est à ma connaissance, personnelle, que, de sa vie, le président gouverneur n'a vu ce précieux insigne.

« Tels sont, Monsieur, les faits que j'affirme sur ma parole de gentilhomme. Ils sont de nature à détruire les calomnies auxquelles vous avez ouvert vos colonnes.

« Tout le monde sait, en Hongrie, que le désintéressement personnel de M. Kossuth avait décidé un grand nombre des magnats de la Diète, lorsqu'il en était encore simple membre, à lui offrir un riche domaine, et tout le monde sait que cette offre honorable a été repoussée par lui, aussi bien que tous les efforts du même genre faits pour l'indemniser du sacrifice perpétuel qu'il faisait à l'intérêt public, de ses intérêts propres et de ceux de sa famille.

« On a su publiquement, par les comptes-rendus des travaux de la Diète, qu'on ne le décida qu'avec peine à accepter, comme président gouverneur de la Hongrie, un traitement de 200,000 florins, et toute la Hongrie sait que la plus grande partie de ce traitement a toujours été employée en bonnes œuvres.

« Soldat et non écrivain, je ne puis que traiter de mensonges les informations que vous avez reçues ; il restera à M. Kossuth, à son arrivée prochaine en Angleterre, à vous demander, par les voies légales, la réparation due à son caractère pour les calomnies dont vous vous êtes fait l'éditeur responsable.»

Or, Wit and Wisdom for Every Day in the Year.

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A LECTURE ON HUNGARY.

To the Editor of the Daily Advertiser,—

Sir:—It is somewhat remarkable, that an unpublished Lyceum Lecture, of very humble pretensions, delivered to a small audience in a neighboring town, should call forth vehement censure from three or four of the daily newspapers in Boston,—censure which has at last taken the form of gross personal abuse and repeated appeals to the public to withdraw their confidence and support from a person who is suspected of having preached very obnoxious doctrine. Not a sentence of the Lecture has yet appeared in print; not even an abstract of it has been reported for the press. I have the best reasons for believing that not one of the newspaper editors who have attempted to hold it up to public reprobation was present during its delivery, or has any direct knowledge of what the Lecturer said. Nothing is known about it except a vague rumor that it contained such an account of Hungary, and of the character of its population, as to render it doubtful whether the late insurrection in that country is entitled to be called a war for freedom, or whether the right was wholly on the side of the Magyar insurgents. Now the charge brought against me is, not that this account was a prejudiced or unfair one, that it contained mis-statements, or that it colored the facts with improper and deceptive hues. No such charge could be made, because my accusers have no means of knowing what the contents of the Lecture were. But they do know, for they have alluded to the fact, that the whole will soon appear in print, in the next number of the North American Review, for which, indeed, it was originally prepared, not a line of it having been written with a view to delivery in the form of a public address.

A polite request was made to me, about two months ago, by the directors of the Lyceum in this place, that I would lecture before that institution in the course of the season. I had frequently declined invitations of this sort, as my tastes and studies had unfitted me for these occasions of public display; and I have since refused several requests to repeat this very Lecture. But at this time it was represented to me, that there was some difficulty in obtaining Lecturers, and that an institution designed for popular entertainment and instruction had some claims upon the gentlemen of scientific or literary pursuits, who lived in the immediate vicinity, to do something for its support. To this I answered, that I had nothing on hand which was fitted for such use, and had no leisure to prepare anything; but that I had just finished a Review article, on which a good deal of labor and research had been expended, and as it contained much that had appeared new and very interesting to me, perhaps a popular audience might not be unwilling to hear a portion of it read to them. At the same time, I intimated very distinctly, that it presented a view of recent events in Hungary, which was much opposed to the prevailing impressions of the public upon the subject, and which I had myself adopted very unwillingly, as I had shared the common enthusiasm in relation to the war, and had come to the study of its causes, with a mind strongly prepossessed in favor of the Magyars, and fully expecting to find that their cause was as honorable as was that of our fathers in our own memorable struggle for independence. Several of my friends can vouch, from conversations held at the time, that such was my preconceived opinion, and that I began to study and write in the hope of doing a little to increase the ardor of public feeling in favor of Hungary. The Lyceum directors were informed that the article was much too long for a lecture, but if they wished, I would read a part of it on any evening when they could not provide more suitable or popular entertainment. It was accordingly announced, and on the appointed evening, about three weeks since, an unusually large and respectable audience listened to me with so much apparent attention and interest, that I was induced to trespass upon their kindness for half an hour beyond the usual time; and when I broke off with an apology, several *gentlemen* came to me to *express a polite regret that* I had not continued for an

Under these circumstances, I cannot understand what has brought me before the awful tribunal of the Boston newspapers for judgment. In this case, there are none of the usual pretences by which some public journals attempt to justify their course personalities and rude invasion of other people's private affairs.—I am not, in the common sense of that phrase, a "public man;" I hold no public office, have never held one, never been a candidate for one, and do not wish ever to be a candidate. I am not even a citizen of Boston, but an humble inhabitant of Cambridge, where I claim the privilege of living outside of the jurisdiction of the *Traveller*, the *Chronotype*, and the *Transcript*.—Having done what was asked of me as a favor, and received as a favor, by my own friend and neighbors, the names of many of whom, did I feel at liberty to mention them, would command universal respect, and who are certainly competent to manage their own affairs, and form their own opinions, I find myself rudely and violently assailed; again and again, in some of the Boston newspapers, and accused in direct terms, "of blaspheming the cause of Liberty and God." I am *suspected* of *incivism*, of anti-republicanism, and of other heinous crimes unworthy of a citizen of this enlightened country, where the press is free, and every man is at liberty to speak and to write what he thinks. It is almost insinuated, that I am a disguised emissary of Austria or Russia, hired by the despotic rulers of those countries to preach up absolutism in the United States. The offensive discourse related exclusively to the history and public affairs of a country on the eastern confines of civilized Europe, with whose inhabitants the American people have had no political or commercial intercourse whatever. Any one, I had supposed, was as free to form and express an opinion respecting the national character of the Magyars and the peculiarities of their institutions, as he would be with regard to the ancient Greeks and Romans, or the modern Chinese. This opinion might differ from the common notion upon the subject; but if it had been formed with proper care and study, it seems but fair to wait for the facts and arguments upon which it is founded, if it is known that these are soon to be published, before we denounce a person for entertaining it, or invoke public vengeance upon his head for daring to think of publishing them. My assailants are not willing to wait. They not only condemn my opinions as wicked and absurd, and hold them up "to scorn, contempt, and indignation," before they know what these opinions are, before they have heard or seen the facts and arguments on which they rest, but they make an appeal to the public to prevent me from publishing either the opinions or the facts; that is, they accuse me, without one particle of evidence, of holding unfounded and disgraceful opinions, and they ask the public to destroy my property in order to prevent me from telling what my real opinions are, and from publishing the evidence by which they are supported. And this is the idea which these gentleman have of the liberty of opinion and of the press in America! The *Transcript* of Saturday evening last, speaking of the subscribers to the North American Review, says:—

> "So far from receiving any new ones—it ought to lose what it has—and should a simple manifestation be made of the determination of a large majority to take off their names from its subscription list *in consequence of this article's being announced*,—it might perhaps prevent a disgrace upon a time-honored representative of American opinion. Cannot something be done about it—*or shall we be dumb dogs*—and *worse*—viz. made to appear as blaspheming the cause of Liberty and God?"

So far as my own interests are concerned, self-respect would prevent me from taking any notice of an attack so indecent and outrageous as this; it may safely be left for the community to form their own opinion of it. For this reason, when two previous articles of a similar character appeared in the *Transcript*, and two more in the *Traveller*, I passed them over with silent contempt. But the property of my excellent and liberal publishers is now wantonly attacked, and it behooves me, as far as

possible, to guard them from injury. From the nature of my contract with them, any loss or gain to the subscription list of the North American Review, at present and for some years to come, will exclusively affect Messrs. Little & Brown, my own income from the work remaining fixed. The assertion borrowed by the *Transcript* from the *Traveller*, that the patronage of the work is falling off, is absolutely untrue; on the contrary, it has been steadily, though slowly, increasing ever since I became its editor; and it never increased more rapidly than during the present year, at the beginning of which the edition was considerably enlarged, and especially during the last few weeks. If these newspaper editors wished to know whether the Review ought to be denounced because the opinions of its editor were hostile to Republicanism, they might easily have satisfied themselves; the materials for forming a judgment were quite copious and accessible. For the whole contents of the twelve octavo volumes of the Review which have appeared since I became its editor, I am fairly responsible; about a fourth part of these contents are of my own [illegible]ting. For the [illegible]her three-fourths, the public are i[illegible]bted to a l[illegible] list of contributors, which conta[illegible] many of the [illegible]st honored names in American l[illegible]ature and science; among them are Prescott, Sparks, Norton, Wayland, the two Peabodys, Felton, Hillard, Peirce, Sabine, Lowell and Whipple. The topics considered in the work during this period are tolerably miscellaneous; the contributors and the editor have had something to say upon many matters connected with the history of this country and the character of its institutions, especially as compared with the history and polity of many nations of Europe. From a diligent collation of these materials, a pretty shrewd guess may be formed whether the editor is a Republican or an Absolutist, a blasphemer or a Christian. The *Chronotype* may perhaps remember an article in the very last number on "French Ideas of Democracy and a Community of Goods," which has been vehemently assailed in that paper, not because it was anti-republican in tone, but because it attacked the doctrines of socialism. If he would look further, he may consult an article on the "recent Revolutions in Europe," published in July, 1848, and a series of rather elaborate articles, that appeared in 1847 and 1848, on the Social Condition of England and Ireland, as affected by the laws regulating the descent of property. Some have thought, that these last mentioned essays savored a little of radicalism; or, at any rate, that they did not manifest much affection for the doctrine of hereditary right in respect even to the inheritance of wealth. However this may be, they certainly evince no lack of sympathy with the proletary class of the English and Irish population. As the *Transcript*, of Saturday last, avers, that the atrocious sentiments which it attributes to me in relation to the war in Hungary are "in keeping with the whole tone" of my "mind and writings," I may be excused for referring to the fact, that nearly all of what I have published besides what is included, in the N. A. Review, has been devoted to a defence of Natural and Revealed Religion against the latest assaults of infidelity.

Some of your readers, Sir, may be inclined to ask by this time, what possible connection there can be between my private affairs, and the merits or faults of the Hungarian insurgents. I echo the question, and know not where to look for an answer to it but to these newspapers which first brought these and other equally relevant matters into juxtaposition. I am too old a reviewer, sir, to object to the utmost [illegible]verity of literary criticism upon any book, pamphlet, magazine or newspaper article, or other publication which is fairly offered to the public to stand or fall by its own merits. I have heard of such practices as reviewing books before reading them; but I never knew till now, that it was customary to review them h[illegible] [illegible]ere published, before the critic had any [illegible]em, except from vague rumor, or to [illegible] against private character upon [illegible] This is even a harsher mode [illegible]pted by Rhadamanthus:—

Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri.

A journal which appears only once in three months cannot often discuss recent events while their interest is fresh. It is justly expected to make up for this deficiency by the thoroughness and amplitude of such discussions as the writers in it have leisure to prepare, and by the care and research employed in the formation of the opinions which are finally expressed in it. I shall not anticipate the publication of the article on the War in Hungary, nor alter one sentence in that portion of it which was read to the Cambridge Lyceum. It shall be published precisely as it was when delivered, it being already in the hands of the printers for that purpose. Those who do not wish to wait for its appearance, or to read it when published, can easily investigate the subject for themselves; and I would advise them to do so before expending the whole ardor of their *republican* sympathies upon the cause of the Hungarian Magyars, the most aristocratic race in Europe, every seventh man among them being a noble. Among them, but yesterday, the feudal system existed in full vigor, and in its most odious form; their 600,000 nobles owned all the lands, and made all the laws. The position of this race in Hungary has been, for nine centuries, what that of the Normans in England was for the first century after the Conquest. They form less than half of the population of Hungary proper, and less than one third, if the dependent provinces of Croatia, Transylvania, &c., be taken into the account. The Sclavonians, who alone outnumber the Magyars—the Wallachians and the Germans, with a motley crowd of Armenians, Gipsies, and Jews, make up the remainder of this strangely heterogeneous population. The late war commenced in the open rebellion of the Sclavonic tribes, the Wallachians, and the Transylvanian Germans or Saxons, against the aristocratic Magyars, who had ruled them with a rod of iron for centuries, and whose yoke they would no longer bear, when the dominion of their former common sovereign, the emperor of Austria, was withdrawn. The so-called Hungarian Declaration of Independence is occupied, for the most part, in a fierce denunciation of the Croatian, Servian, and Wallachian *rebels*.

The question as to the merits of this rebellion cannot be here discussed; it is an intricate and difficult one. The comparative amount and value of the improvements effected in the feudal institutions of Hungary by the noble Szecheny and his associates before August, 1848, and by the revolutionists who clutched the reins of power after that period, cannot be determined in such brief space as is afforded by a newspaper. Upon these matters I have endeavored to throw some light in the article which has been so strangely denounced, before any portion of its contents was known. Perhaps a portion of the public will now be indulgent enough to wait till it is published before they make up their minds upon the grave charges that have been preferred against it, and upon the serious question which has been mooted by the *Traveller*, the *Chronotype*, and the *Transcript*, whether the editor of the North American Review is a recreant to the principles of American republicanism, and a blasphemer of the God who made him.

Respectfully yours,

FRANCIS BOWEN.

Cambridge, Dec. 3, 1849.

Prior's Life of Oliver Goldsmith; from a variety of original sources. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. Portrait. $3 50. Lond. 1839.

Prus (Murle D.)—Histoire des Reines de France. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. Portrait. $5, for $3. Londres, 1846.

Puckle (James).—The Club; or, a Gray Cap for a Green Head, &c. 12mo. cloth. Woodcuts. $1. Lond. 1834.

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Reeves.—The Progress of Romance; with Remarks on the good and bad Effects of it, &c. 2 vols in 1, 12mo. half bound. $3 50. Scarce. Colchester, 1785.

Retzsch's Outlines to Shakspeare's Merry Wives of Windsor. Oblong 4to. 13 plates. $6, for $3. Leipsic, 1844.

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Buda-Pest, 1849-ki julius 1 én.

„UL."

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Kossuth Lajos

Kemeny Gerolamo

Zehn Gulden. Deszat forinti.

Deszat zlaty ΞΕΝΕ ΦΛΟΡΙΝΙ

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beváltatik és minden közpénztáraknál fizetés gyanánt elfogadtatik.
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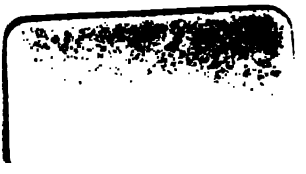
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